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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XIII. JANUARY 1, 1822. N^o. LXXIII.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 15th of the month, announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

We hope that Q in a Corner will excuse us for hinting, that he has not at least chosen the most inviting subjects for his first communication. His scheme is a good one, if conducted with spirit.

Mr. J. M. Lacey's More about Old Maids in our next Number, if possible.

The Second Series of Anecdotes of Artists and the Arts is in the hands of the Printer.

We have to thank Mr. Strodington for several favours, which are under consideration.

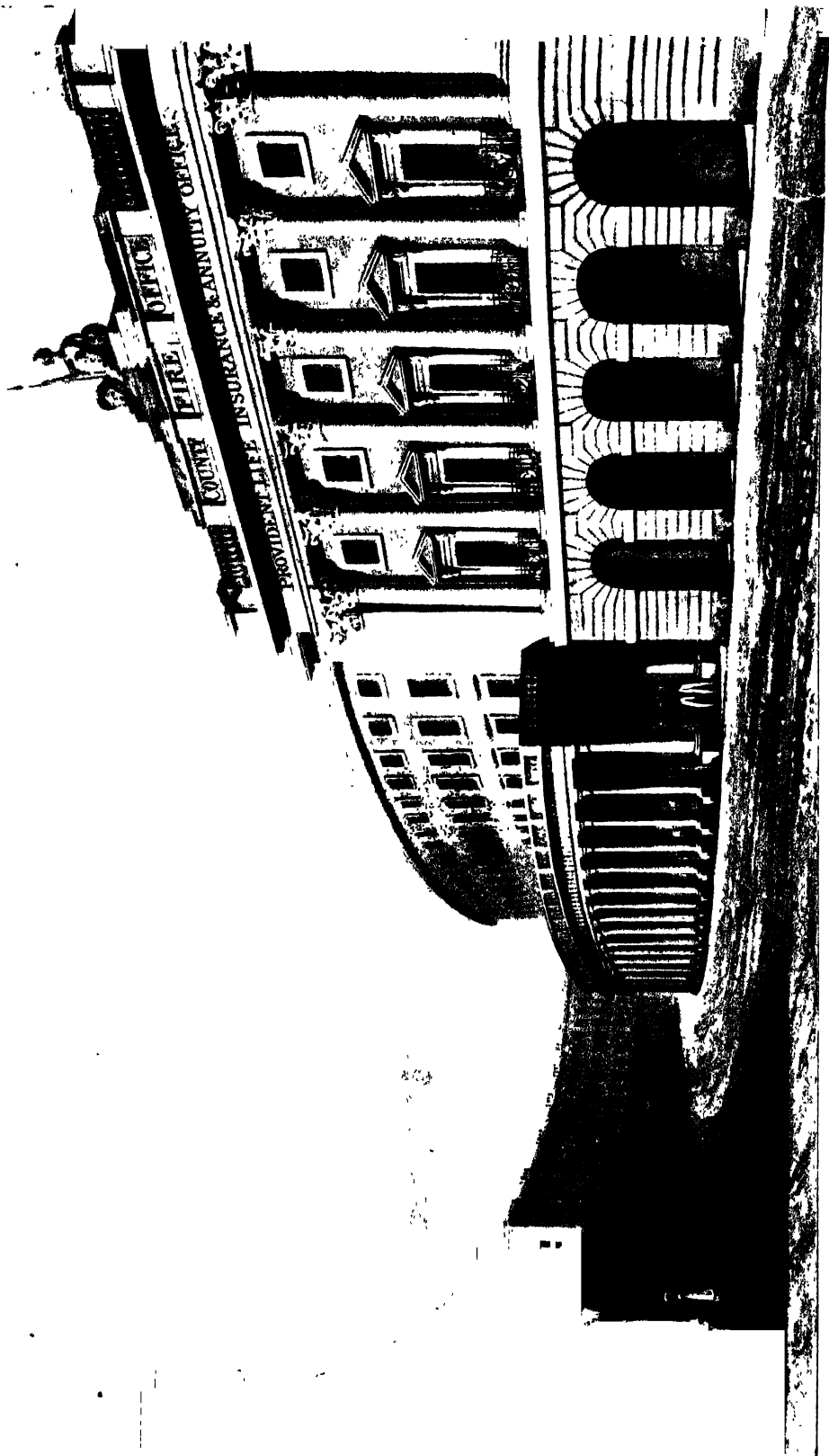
The personalities contained in the article headed, The Life of Lord Byron, we totally reject. The real or supposed plagiarisms have been pointed out before.

The Poetical Hackney-Coachman shall have, through us, an opportunity of giving publicity to a select few of his productions.

B. B. in an early Number.

We have been obliged to postpone many poetical contributions.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.



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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XIII.

JANUARY 1, 1822.

NO. LXXIII.

SELECT VIEWS OF LONDON.

PLATE I.—THE ENTRANCE OF THE QUADRANT, REGENT-STREET.

DURING the last four years of the Second Series of the *Repository of Arts*, a considerable number of designs, illustrative of domestic architecture* and its correspondent gardening, have been the leading embellishments of the work: as they have been honoured by the approbation of its readers, the proprietor is therefore induced to offer further novelty and information on matters connected with architectural pursuits, by now selecting for picturesque views, such prominent buildings in the metropolis† as in the mean time have started up before our eyes, as if in obedience to the favoured powers of another Aladdin. It is presumed that the remarks which will accompany these subjects may yield to our readers a familiar acquaintance with the purposes to

which the buildings are devoted, the demands they make upon the notice of the public and of strangers, and rejecting the severities of fastidious criticism, may point out the defective parts, without detracting from the claims to respect, as a whole, which every meritorious edifice ought to command.

In a work of architecture, as in a picture, even in the most perfect, many points will remain liable to censure, or at least to the wish that they had been performed otherwise; but provided such faults, if they must necessarily be so, are few and small in proportion to the more prominent beauties, surely the artist's work should be permitted the reputation readily afforded to it by the voice of science, unalloyed by the censures of invidious criticism. But to too many who take upon themselves to judge of architecture, there is a charm in the language of censure, an irresistible delight in an assumed superiority of judgment, a gratifica-

* Published as "Rural Residences" in 1819, designed by Mr. J. B. Papworth.

† A volume of "Select Views in London," compiled and arranged by Mr. Papworth, was published by Mr. Ackermann in 1816, which these continue.

tion arising from the system which seeks to level all talent down to one common standard; so that amidst "the cavil of a thousand tongues," we should rather wonder at so much forbearance, than that it is so little exercised.

Every one, said a shrewd observer of mankind, is *born* an architect; all architectural accomplishments are *intuitive*; and unfortunately for the students in that art, their capacity to practise it well is in the inverse ratio of the quantity of their studies. Hence we see the boldest of its critics are those who have learned the least about the matter. Such critics, continued the satirist, write much, assume more, and censure most; but whenever they venture to suggest a substitution for that part which they condemn, they betray the imposture.

"I would have the building," wrote one of these intuitive geniuses, who, by the bye, had already denied the justly celebrated James Wyatt all knowledge of the principles of his art—"I would have it like a pure Grecian temple, with eight columns to the portico, forming twelve columns on the sides." Now unfortunately this first step of his architectural career was a false one; for it seems, the ancients, wishing to give a peculiar dignity to the portico, endeavoured to prevent the peristyle from demonstrating a centre, always making its columns odd in number, thereby in part preventing a conflict with the grandeur of the portico; the greater number of pillars and real magnitude of the peristyle might else have encountered it with advantage.

This was perhaps a part of the

architectural *philosophy* of the ancients (if the modern philosopher could have found it out), and which they employed still further, both as it related to effect, and to the relative proportions of the edifice.

The remains of the Parthenon have eight columns to the portico, presenting seventeen on the sides; in the cell of the building, eleven.

In the temple of Jupiter Olympius, ten to the portico, and twenty-one as the peristyle. The temple of Ilissus has no peristyle, but its proportion is formed by the space that would have engaged nine pillars.

Without such research, Vitruvius or Palladio would have informed the critic, that Grecian temples usually presented six columns to the portico, and eleven to either side, including those of the portico itself.

In truth, if candour be not exercised, there are few buildings in any country that would escape some censure; and it may be well expected that many cannot merit the highest eulogy in our metropolis at least, when the great value of ground whereon to build, and its consequent limitation, economy, and too often parsimony, adverse fancy, acts of parliament, and the terrors of invidious criticism, are mighty obstacles in the artist's way towards the perfection of his works.

The subject of the annexed engraving is a view at the top of Regent-street, looking westward, taken at a short distance from the entrance of the Quadrant, and presents one of the most novel features of the improvements now in progress. The concave and convex

In this manner, year after year rolled away, and still Tardy did not find the peerless she who was to transform him into a Benedict. In the mean time, he began to meet with mortifications; girls whom he had known in frocks grew up into women, and so far from treating him with all that deference which he deserved, they had the impertinence to turn him into ridicule. The *belles* of his earlier days, who knew how to set a proper value upon his civilities, were either married or had become old maids. The male friends with whom he used to lounge away his mornings were settled into sober family men, who sometimes hinted to Tardy, that they thought he was in danger of becoming an old bachelor; a hint which he always answered by declaring, that at thirty-nine a man has still plenty of time to choose a wife, and for his part, he was determined not to hurry himself.

Just before he attained his fortieth year, he was attacked with a nervous fever, and as he had lost his mother some years before, he felt the want of female care and tenderness during the long confinement which his illness occasioned, so forcibly, that when he recovered he resumed his pursuit with more earnestness than he ever felt before; and he soon determined upon addressing the young and beautiful Celia, in whom he thought he had at last found the *rara avis* he had been so long in search of. But as he was now known to be a noted dangler, the fair Celia made use of him without scruple to cover an amour which she was secretly carrying on with a handsome young

officer, with whom she eloped at the very moment that Tardy thought himself sure of her.

This disappointment was gall and wormwood to the pride of poor Tardy; his acquaintance ridiculed him unmercifully, and he determined to be revenged, by shewing them how easily he could get a handsome wife when he chose to set in earnest about it: but somehow he did not find it such an easy matter; he was not dashing enough for the fashionable Miss Flutter, nor sufficiently clever for the young widow Bon-mot, and his fortune was too small for the prudent Miss Matchwell. In short, to his astonishment and chagrin, he found, that although he lowered his pretensions, there still seemed very little chance of his getting a wife.

Tardy at last prudently determined to be satisfied with a sensible and amiable woman, even though she was neither rich nor handsome; but he was now turned of forty-five, he looked older, and he had acquired besides certain habits rather inimical to domestic comfort, and which are usually considered as the decided characteristics of an old bachelor. These peculiarities made him laughed at by young ladies, who regarded him as an old quiz, and dreaded by staid middle-aged ones, who feared that he would turn out a tyrant. Enraged at his various disappointments, he has now, at fifty-five, forsworn matrimony, and boasts of the perfect freedom he enjoys, while in reality he is a slave to his house-keeper, and of his happy exemption from domestic cares, though he is incessantly squabbling with his servants for cheating him. In

short, his abuse of the holy state puts one in mind of the fable of the fox and the grapes; for, whenever you see him in company with a happy couple, his countenance says plainly enough, "Oh! who would be an old bachelor?"

IROLDO AND PRASILDO.—PART II.

(Translated from BOIARDO's "Orlando Innamorato.")

WHEN his strange tale the messenger had said,
At her young heart Tisbina felt a frost.
She threw herself dismay'd upon her bed,
In agony inconsolable lost:

"What have I done?" she cried, while tears
she shed,

Her mind upon a sea of troubles tost;
"Ah! wretched me, my woes all hope defy,
Nor death itself can remedy supply!

"To kill myself my plighted faith would
break,

I may not thus such generous zeal deceive.
How idly, madly do they think and speak,

Who say love cannot every thing achieve!
All heav'n and earth compar'd with him are
weak;

Hè tramples upon all—in vain they grieve.
Prasildo is return'd, but till this hour
Who had believ'd in mortal man such pow'r?

"Wretched Iroldo, what becomes of thee
When thou hast lost thine own Tisbina dear?
Thou bade me venture on this dangerous sea,
And of our fondest hopes made shipwreck
here.

Yet in the scheme did my consent agree,
And mine the tongue that promis'd with-
out fear.

! wretched tongue, why from me wer't
not torn,
Ere that dire promise, which I now must
mourn?"

Iroldo overheard the sad lament
Of his Tisbina, weeping in despair;
He overheard her bitterly repent

All she had done to ease Prasildo's care:
Speechless with grief, he rush'd incontinent
Into the chamber, and embrac'd her there:
Thus breast to breast they stood, while sense
and speech

Approaching death appear'd to take from
each.

They seem'd like melting ice beneath the sun,
So fast the tears cours'd down each pallid
cheek.

At last his voice return'd, and one by one
These words Iroldo faintly strove to speak:
"None other suffering, other anguish none,
Is half so bitter as to see thee, meek

And gentle as thou art, in grief and pain
At the deep sorrows I have to sustain.

"But well thou know'st, belov'd and lovely
soul,

By the clear reason in thyself possess'd,
That love and jealousy at once controul
And reign triumphant in the selfsame
breast.

Of this misfortune I have wrought the whole,
With me the suffering then alone should
rest:

'Twas mine alone that promise to persuade,
By me alone its consequence be paid.

"I should alone the punishment endure,
If now thy plighted faith I caus'd thee
break:

But I entreat by all thy beauty pure,
By that true love I cherish'd for thy sake,
Perform thy promise, and preserve it sure,
And let Prasildo the rich guerdon take
Of all his perils and his labours past,
By you impos'd, by him achiev'd at last.

"Delay it but until Iroldo's dead,
For this sad day his utmost date shall be:
Whate'er I suffer, let it not be said
That I that latest bitterest grief could see!
Oh! let me know until my soul be fled,
That lovely face was lovely but for me!
E'en then methinks, when life's last strug-
gle's o'er,
To know thee his would make me die once
more."

And longer had he his lament pursued,
But that his failing voice refus'd its part;
Grief-struck, devoid of sight and sense he
stood,

As from his breast were torn his living
heart.

Nor less their hopeless lot Tisbina rued,
Whose face bespoke her bosom's bitter
smart.

At length, as from a trance she seem'd to
wake,

And thus with trembling, falt'ring tongue be-
spoke:

"And deem'st thou me so ingrate as to live,
When from thy side belov'd by death I'm
torn?

Where is the love from me thou didst receive;

Or where that love by which thou oft hast
sworn,
That if great God another heav'n would give,
Without me it were dismal and forlorn?
Yet now desirest thou to die alone,
And I survive, in life and death thine own.

"No, I am thine while vital breath is left,
And thine no less will I in death remain;
Immortal love can ne'er by death be left,
Nor sweet remembrance from the soul be
ta'en!

When death's cold dart Iroldo's heart has
cleft,
Think'st thou I could endure the cruel
stain,
That I surviv'd to be another's wife,
And thus to death prefer'd dishonour'd life?

"Still shall my latest moment be delay'd
Only until my promise I complete,
That fatal contract which Prasildo made,
Then by this hand my wish'd-for death I'll
meet.

Our souls united shall death's realms invade,
Our bodies in one grave, one winding-
sheet:

By this embrace, and by this failing breath,
We liv'd one life, so let us die one death.

"I know a drug of subtle gentleness,
A poison wrought by art and temper'd
mild;

By this our spirits shall wax less and less,
And finish in five hours our sorrows wild.

"Meanwhile Prasildo's promis'd hope I'll bless,
For with vows' breach my memory be re-
viv'd;

Then welcome death shall hide us in his
shade,
And end the woe our sad delusion made."

Thus they resolv'd a willing death to seek,
And truest faith in bitterest woe appears.
One 'gainst the other laid the pallid cheek,
And more than ever flow'd their gushing
tears;

Each strove in vain a sad farewell to speak,
As if this fond embrace must last for years:
At length Tisbina on the poison thought,
By an old leech with skilful labour wrought.

He sent the cup of gentle power but sure,
By her own messenger, at her request:
Iroldo look'd on it with spirit pure,
And said, "Thy office, fatal cup, is blest;
Of wretched souls, the only hope and cure!
Fortune no more my life shall e'er molest;
Thus and thus only is her pow'r defied,
And thus we triumph o'er her tyrant pride."

When he had drucken half the cup contain'd
Of poisonous juice, securely, willingly,

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With trembling hand he proffer'd what re-
main'd,
Not trembling basely that he fear'd to die,
But that Tisbina's fate he inly plain'd.

Then turning from her face his tearful eye,
He bent on earth an agonizing look,
And seem'd to die while the dread cup she
took.

Not from the poison, but from grief acute,
That he the means of death to her should
lend,
She with a heart, though timid, resolute,
Receiv'd the cup Iroldo's hands extend;
And blaming fortune that could thus trans-
mute
Their joys and love to such disastrous end,
She took the venom to her inmost soul,
And drain'd the latest drop within the bowl.

Iroldo hid his face from that dread sight—
How could he look upon that horrid deed
Which gave to certain death his best delight?
Tisbina's heart afresh began to bleed,
To find how slowly came death's welcome
night,
And that so hard a task must still succeed.
The fatal promise she must yet fulfil
Doubled each grief, augmented every ill.

To keep her faith she could not now postpone,
And went to where Prasildo did reside.
She pray'd to speak with him, and him alone,
For it was day, and she accompanied.
When her request was to the baron known,
He scarce believ'd his senses, but he hied
With speed to meet her with all honours due,
But so confounded, what he did scarce knew.

But when they reach'd alone the secret place,
He used all efforts to revive her cheer:
With tender words, soft voice, and courteous
grace,
In vain he strove to cause a smile appear
Upon the features of her tearful face.

He little dreamt Tisbina's death was near;
He little thought the tale with which she came,
But held her tears the signs of maiden shame.

With low earnestness the knight conjur'd,
By every thing earth that she lov'd
best,
To tell whence came the grief she now
dur'd,
And why such woe her flowing eyes ex-
press'd.

With all love's zeal the lady he assur'd,
That to die for her he should hold most
blest'd:
And thus he forc'd from her the dreadful word,
Which, when pronounc'd, he wish'd he ne'er
had heard.

Tisbina thus replied : " The love, sir knight,
That by such toil and peril you obtain'd,
Is now within your power, and yours by
right :

For four hours only can it be retain'd.
Then must I yield to death's resistless might ;
Life can no longer please when honour's
stain'd :

**I quit the world with one of love most true,
But first I come to keep my faith to you.**

**" Had it but been my fate in happier time
 To know thy bosom felt for me love's pain,
 I should have held it a discourteous crime
 Not to have met that love with love again.
 It was forbidden by the powers sublime,
 And but one object can the heart contain :
 But though on thee I could not love bestow,
 I ever felt compassion for thy woe.**

“ Compassion for thy loving wretched state
Has now o’erwhelm’d me with this woeful
flood:

'Twas that which mov'd my hapless tongue
when late

I heard thee deeply moaning in the wood.
What then I felt now hurries on my fate,
And hastens death, that cannot be with-
stood."

She told him then, with sobs and failing breath,
She and Iroldo both had taken death.

Heartstruck with grief to hear this dreadful tale.

Prasildo stood in anguish of distress,
Speechless with horror, motionless, and pale :

He saw the source of hoped-for happiness
At once destroy'd, and certain death assail
Her whom he lov'd with life's devotedness.
He look'd upon that face on which depended
Along his life, as if but now 'twere ended.

“ It pleas’d not thee, Tisbina, nor high
Heav’n.

To put to trial all I could endure,"
Prasildo said; "and therefore love has driven
To this extreme of woe a passion pure.

That to two lovers death at once be given,
There want not in the world examples;
But here three wretched lovers join to invade,
And join to dwell in infernal shades.

"Must not trust the love my spring
that blighted?"

And wherefore not thy promise given recall,
Rather than thus preserve the faith thou
plighted?

Ah! cruel maid, this proof, more hard
 Than all,
 Might have been spar'd, nor thus my pas-
 sion slighted.

If I must die, must death on thee too fall?

**Why might not I alone resign my breath,
Not doubly die in witnessing thy death?**

“ Ah! wert thou so offended by my love,
That to fly me thy death thou would'st
embrace?

Heav'n knows how often, but in vain, I strove
To conquer love, and all thy charms efface.
Though in the wood compassion might thee
move

To linger out my days some little space,
Yet what compell'd to this extremity,
That if I fall thou too must also die?

“ Thy favour only have I hop’d so long,
Thy pleasure will I seek, have ever sought,
Of my whole life the lasting purpose strong,
To gain thy love, with zealous service
bought:

If ought else thou believ'st, thou dost me
wrong,

And even now by latest proof be taught:
Thy late-repentèd vow I here release,
I am content if thus thy troubles cease."

Tisbina heard what from Prasildo came,
And with compassion touch'd, thus made
reply :

“ So conquer'd am I by thy generous flame,
That for thee only would I wish to die:
Would that our fate perverse we might not
blame;

But death already clouds my heavy eye :
Yet e'en that bitter fate is now more sweet,
For now, methinks, I could it calmly meet."

Prasildo's frame with fiercest anguish shook,
Though of his own sad end he felt no fear,
But was so lost, so dead in mind and look,
Her pitying words fell senseless in his ear.
One only kiss of her pale lips he took,
Then left her, shedding many a bootless
tear :

He tore him from a sight his grief that fed,
And cast himself despairing on his bed.

Dying Trubina then return'd again
To where Iroldo lay with face conceal'd;
She made Prasilido's generous passion plain
And the sole kiss of agony reveal'd.
Iroldo started up whence he had lain,
And with clasp'd hands and upcast eyes
appeal'd

To highest Heaven on his bended knees,
That in its grace and mercy it would please,

The guerdon for Prasildo to prepare
Of love so pure, and in its care him keep.
But while he thus address'd his fervent
PRAYER.

'Tisbina sunk, and seem'd as though asleep :

As if the poison o'er her person fair
 Had greater power, and did more quickly
 creep
 Through all her feebler frame: a tender heart
 To passion soonest yields, and mortal smart.
 There seem'd a frost within Iroldo's eyes,
 When he beheld Tisbina's senses fled;
 A filmy veil before him seem'd to rise:
 Tisbina look'd as though asleep, not dead.
 Then he accus'd the sun, the stars, the skies,
 That thus had heap'd new misery on his
 head:
 Fortune he curs'd, and love, his cruel foe,
 Who by his death would never end his woe.
 Iroldo in his passion now we leave,
 To look upon that other hapless knight,
 Prasildo, who in chamber close did grieve,
 And thus bespake in anguish and despite:
 "Did fortune e'er before so foul deceive?
 Or did the world e'er see so wretched
 wight?
 For if the lady I would now pursue,
 Ere long my certain death I suffer too.
 "Thus a new triumph will that archer gain,
 Whom love I will not call, but deadly hate:
 But take delight in all my bitter pain,
 And on my woes awhile luxuriate,
 The time shall come thy transports to restrain,
 I never can endure a harder fate:
 The pains of hell itself I could defy,
 And think them less than thy false tyranny."
 While he gave utterance as his grief inspired,
 Behold with speed arriv'd an ancient leech:
 To see the Lord Prasildo he required;
 None to the chamber dar'd the way to teach.
 But the old man, by urgent business fired,
 Insisted that Prasildo grant him speech.
 "If you refuse me entrance now," he said,
 "Your noble lord will ere 'tis night be dead."
 The chamberlain who heard this fearful news,
 Took courage to break in upon his lord;
 For he another key did often use,
 Which, when he wish'd, an entrance would
 afford.
 He begg'd Prasildo he would not refuse
 To let the old man speak a single word;
 And after much entreaty, the sad knight
 Allow'd the leech to come before his sight.
 The old man thus began: "Great signor dear,
 To whom my love and service have been
 paid,
 I have much reason to suspect and fear,
 Lest now thou shouldst be cruelly betray'd:
 Where love and jealousy and scorn appear,
 And passion that can never be allay'd,
 That rarely can submit to reason's will,
 They oft impel to the extremest ill.

"Thus do I say, because this very morn
 A secret poison was from me procur'd,
 And by a servant to Tisbina borne:
 But a short time before I was assur'd
 Your breast for her had rankled with love's
 thorn;
 Then guess'd I why the poison was secur'd,
 And hasted here, by anxious fears oppress'd,
 To shew the deadly flame that fires her breast.
 "Yet no suspicion need'st thou entertain;
 In truth I gave no draught of pois'nous
 powers,
 For if this subtle potion thou hast ta'en,
 It will but cause thee sleep for five short
 hours:
 Thus will her deadly malice prove in vain:
 Would it might always in this world of ours,
 For in this age, it is a truth most sad,
 For one goodwoman there are hundreds bad."
 When good Prasildo heard this welcome tale,
 It seem'd his dead heart to reanimate:
 As the rude rain beats down the violet pale,
 And offers insult to the rose's state;
 But when the sunshine gladdens hill and dale,
 Their hues return, they lift their heads
 clear:
 Thus at the news Prasildo felt delight,
 And his glad heart shone through his features
 bright.
 With thanks and guerdon the old leech he
 crown'd,
 Then to the dwelling of Tisbina hied,
 Where brave Iroldo desperate he found,
 And told the fact that could not be denied.
 Then flow'd his gratitude above all bound;
 Though loving more than life or aught be-
 side,
 Iroldo own'd Prasildo's higher claim,
 Her the reward of his most generous flame.
 Iroldo's claim Prasildo still defended,
 But hardly could his rival's will deny;
 One with the other strenuously contended
 Which should exceed in gracious courtesy:
 Iroldo firmly stood, and soon he ended
 The noble strife, the loving enmity;
 He left Prasildo with the lovely dame,
 And flying from them, thus he overcame.
 He left great Babylon, again alive
 Never within its wide walls to return.
 Soon as Tisbina did from sleep revive,
 All things from first to last they caus'd her
 learn:
 Though grief at first did her of sense deprive,
 And still her heart did for Iroldo yearn;
 But when she found he ne'er could be re-
 gain'd,
 She took the remedy that yet remain'd.

THE SHORT STAGE, OR RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ROAD.

Mr. EDITOR,

I AM arrived at that time of life which others call *oldish*, a word that signifies a degree or two younger than old: I call myself middle-aged, or to speak more definitely, I am just fifty-seven. I live *out of town*, I cannot exactly say in the country, because it is only four miles from London; but still I imagine that I breathe air a little more pure and wholesome than when I used to live in Philpot-lane, Cannon-street. Still my business (for I am in trade) calls me to London generally twice or three times a week, and as I keep no vehicle of any kind, and do not like to venture on horseback, I always travel by what is called a short stage. I do not know whether your readers will understand what I mean by a short stage, though the term is very applicable, for it is a public conveyance drawn by only two horses, and going only a short distance from London: such are those to Highgate, Paddington, Hammersmith, Camberwell, and a thousand others. Many people, especially ladies, are fond of talking on such occasions; but I am always remarkably silent, and take all possible pains not to be drawn into conversation, even if there be no other passengers but myself and one companion, whether male or female. The coach is, however, generally full, and as my hour for going to London is not that of ordinary men of business, I have the good fortune of not commonly meeting day after day with the same set of persons, with the same faces, the same ha-

bits, and the same modes of thinking and speaking. This, by the bye, I hold to be one of the greatest nuisances to which a man of my sort can be exposed.

A very pleasant variety, however, always accompanies me in the stage to London; indeed, so great, that I shall not attempt to describe it in the outset, as (provided you think what I write worth inserting) I shall have occasion to give something of their characters hereafter. Of course, I see a great deal of real life and manners, and as the people who pay their fares are generally a little above the world in circumstances, I have an opportunity of seeing how much above or below it they are in knowledge, opinions, and prejudices. It occurred to me not long since that what I see and hear might frequently be useful and entertaining to my contemporaries, and as I have a good deal of leisure in the evening, I have been in the habit of late of putting down what passed, or what presented itself to me, upon these occasions. I inclose therefore a few short extracts from my memorandum-book, and if I find them in your next Number, I will follow them by other specimens of the same kind.

I cannot very conveniently give you my name and address, because that would lead to the discovery of what stage I go by, and every body who knew me and saw me in it would be afraid of placing themselves in my company.

"A chiel's amang ye taking notes," would be the general cry, and instead of being a benefit to Mr. —,

the owner of the coach, as at present, I might really do him and his concern a serious injury. I shall therefore only subscribe myself yours, &c. *Q in a Corner.*

— Row,
Nov. 23, 1821.

In the following quotations from my *memoranda*, you will perceive that I have begun with the first day of this month, but as there are many days when nothing at all occurs worthy of observation, there are large intervals between the dates.

Nov. 1. There were four of us in the coach this day, viz. a venerable-looking man in black, who I afterwards found was a clergyman; a single lady of about forty-five, and a gay young gentleman of about three or four and twenty. As it was the 1st of November, the month in which self-murder is said to be most frequently committed in this country, the conversation turned upon suicide. It was agreed that it was a calumny of the French to assert, that men and women more frequently destroyed themselves in England than elsewhere; and the clergyman referred to a comparative statement he had seen of the number of suicides committed in England and France in the year 1820. Hence it appeared, that in November fewer persons were found guilty of *felo de se* than in any other month of the year in both countries. The whole balance was decidedly in favour of England.

The maiden lady (who, by the way, sat opposite to the young gentleman, and had taken care to pull off her left-hand glove more than once—(N.B. she was by no

means forbidding or ill-tempered in her appearance)—observed, that love in this kingdom was the great source of self-murder: she thought that coroner's juries in such cases ought never to bring it in *felo de se*, for it was clearly insanity. Love was nothing but madness.

Her opposite neighbour, who, it seemed, had just returned from the Continent, said, that gaming in France was considered to produce more deaths in this way than all the other vices.

"Including love?" inquired she.

"Yes, if you include love among the vices." He added: "Gaming in France is carried to an incredible extent. While I was there, a month ago, a curious circumstance occurred in Paris. A gamester shot himself with his last louis-d'or, having crooked it so that it would go into the mouth of a pistol. There is a depository there for self-murderers, and frequently two or three bodies are in it at a time."

The clergyman said, that a very curious case of the kind had come within his knowledge a very short time before, as it had fallen to his lot to bury the body, the inquest having found a verdict of *insanity*. A young man of the name of J— had drowned himself in the Thames: being an expert swimmer, he had fastened a heavy weight to his legs. His family owned much property in the neighbourhood of H—, but from some disappointment, aided probably by natural inclination, he had got into such a habit of drinking, that he did not care with whom he associated, and his ordinary companions were the men who attend the stages at the White Horse Cellar in Piccadilly. He

spent or threw away all the money with which he was supplied by his friends, and has been sometimes so reduced, that he has sent his coat, waistcoat, and even his shirt, one after the other, to a pawnbroker's, for the sake of procuring liquor. His relations have frequently taken him out of bed, whither the landlord had conveyed him naked, but would not allow him to be seen until all the poor wretch owed him had been paid. At times J—— would appear very penitent, and would refrain for some days, and in one of these fits of despondency he put an end to himself.

Nov. 7. A talkative gentleman, an apothecary in my neighbourhood—(he does not attend me)—told us two anecdotes of Sheridan, which, if not true, are very like truth, and as I have not seen them related in any life of that great orator, humourist, and half-swindler, I will set them down. Sheridan owed a coal-merchant of the name of Mitchell (whose son is now one of the officers of the House of Commons) a heavy bill, for which he had been frequently dunned both by principal and agent. One day Mr. Mitchell called, and by dint of persuasion and importunity got past the porter, who generally knew his duty better. He met Sheridan (who had heard a bustle) coming out of the drawing-room with his hat on. "Ah! Mitchell, my dear fellow—(he always applied the term *dear* fellow to any man he most disliked, and whom he had made pay dearly for his acquaintance)—I am very glad to see you. You want money, so do I, but walk in, and for once you shall be satisfied."

Mitchell bowed his thanks, and was quickly *satisfied*—that he was not to be paid; for Sheridan, as soon as his creditor was within the room, turned the key upon him on the outside, and left the house immediately. This was a trick he might have applied upon the stage.

The second anecdote was not so good: it related to a hatter in Tavistock-street of the name of P——, from whom Sheridan had had many hats without paying for one of them. Entering the shop one day in a shabby hat, he took up one displayed in the window as a specimen of the maker's style and skill. "I want a hat, P——; this fits me to a nicety."—"And I want the money for the five last you have had," replied the tradesman—"Very true, my *dear* fellow; what you say is quite just, and the money you shall have. But I want a hat directly."—"And I the money."—"By Heaven, you cannot want money so much as I do, but you ought to be paid."—"But when?" asked P——.

"When honest men are rich men,
And bailiffs cease to twitch men,"

cried Sheridan, and walked off with the new hat, leaving the old one as security.

Nov. 12. The only passengers who talked in the coach on going home this afternoon, were two persons who had been attending the sale of the last property of a decayed family. They spoke with great satisfaction of the excellent bargains they had made. "I would have given another hundred for the lease of that house," said one.—"Yes," replied the other, "it was very lucky they were obliged to sell in the dead of the year, when there

is little competition."—"They must have lost several thousand pounds by it," answered his friend: "but we should not have got off so well if we had not agreed not to bid against each other." They talked about nothing but their money affairs all the way, and though in an unamiable spirit, I forgave them, recollecting how much of life in these times must be employed in getting and spending.

Nov. 18. One of our passengers, a middle-aged lady, not very well educated, had had a brother die in an apoplectic fit a day or two before, and she was in her way to make some arrangements for the funeral. She told the story of the misfortune to every person present separately, beginning always with a sigh: "I suppose you have heard of our misfortune." If the answer were "Yes, I have," it did not prevent her from relating all the particulars with painful exactness and minuteness. Lord Bacon, in his Essays, as I remember, says, "that to relate your griefs to a friend cuts them into halves." She cut hers into quarters, for she related them to three passengers, and even to the coachman, with the same preface: "I suppose you have heard of our misfortune."

Nov. 21. A retired and infirm actor was very communicative this

morning. He remembered Garrick and Quin and Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Yates, and many more of the stars of his youth. His conversation and the manner of it were very amusing, and carried us back with great liveliness to those "times gone by." Mrs. Garrick, still living, is said to have been strongly reminded of her husband by Kean; but our loquacious friend was of a very different opinion; he thought that no actor ever was or would be like Garrick. He told us many anecdotes of him and Quin, but I think I remember to have seen all of them in Davies's Life, but the following: Garrick, being very short and small, was to play Othello for the first time. Quin laughed at the project, and said, "I hope you will give the black boy a *tea-kettle*." To understand this, we should not forget that in those days black boys were usually kept in great families to bring in the hot water, and to perform little offices of that kind. A specimen of one and of his mode of dress is given in Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode*. Our companion laid great stress on the force of Garrick's eye, but now our theatres are so large, that unless we sit in the two or three first rows of the pit, an actor might as well have no eyes at all.

WHO IS INDEPENDENT?

MANY persons in the world are but too apt to answer the above question in an off-hand way, according to their respective opinions of the value and usefulness of money, by saying that the man or woman who possessed two hundred,

five hundred, or one thousand pounds per annum, must needs be independent. Alas! what an error it is to say so! Independence is perhaps the rarest thing on earth; and the very poorest creatures are frequently the most independent

of any, at least they have the fewest artificial wants to gratify; and these wants often render man the most dependent on his inferiors. There are many men, and women too, who imagine themselves vastly independent, as the general idea goes, and yet would be perfectly miserable without their groom, coachman, footman, butler, cook, housemaid, &c. &c.; for there is scarcely any end to artificial wants and luxuries. Surely then these people are not independent!

Again: the various manufacturers are all dependent on each other; indeed, the maker of any given article, shoes for instance, is dependent on a variety of others for his materials; for in that article, if I mistake not, will be wanted the butcher, the tanner, the currier, the weaver, the spinner, the ironworker, and the humble dealer in pegs and paste. I do not believe I have enumerated all even now, for I am no *shoemaker*, gentle reader, though you may perhaps think I am making *cobbling* work in this trifling essay. Surely then, and I have given but one instance, the mechanic and handicraftsman cannot be called independent.

I have shewn above that riches do not give independence, at least riches cannot relieve from ordinary wants, but most undoubtedly increase them: taking, therefore, riches only in a pecuniary point of view, how few indeed, of those who have large incomes, are at all independent! How many of them are known to be in the most miserable and abject state of dependence on money-lenders, annuity lawyers, agents, stewards, and all

the train of *harpies*, who first profess to relieve their wants, and then plunge them into deep, and often irremediable, misery! Men of this sort are frequently driven from their country and their home for years, perhaps a whole life; and this is the result of gambling, dress, and all the numberless extravagancies that lead to fashionable wretchedness. Surely then of all others, *rich men* are the least independent; for, as respects money, we have heard of a man who was

“*Passing rich with forty pounds a year.*”

Is an author independent? Alas! no. In his solitary chamber indeed, while meditating and penning his lucubrations, his ideas may soar above all sublunary matters; and at such a moment, he can look down with something like pity even on the kings and potentates of the earth: but let him descend to more earthly wants, let him feel the cravings of nature, in plain English, let him want his dinner, and he at once finds himself dependent—not only upon a capricious bookseller—but often upon a no less capricious public; and, if he is a dramatic writer, upon a more capricious personage than either, the tyrannic manager of a theatre—I had almost written *winter* theatre; but, in the first place, that would have been something like a personality, and I have no *particular* meaning; and in the next place, I am not quite sure if we have such a thing as a *winter* theatre left. Even a scribbler for a magazine, like myself, is at the mercy of the good gentleman behind the curtain, Mr. Editor; not that I have any reason to complain, and least of all of the

Editor of the *Repository of Arts*.
Surely then an author is not an independent man.

This idea might be carried much further, but enough has been said for the present: it is properly and wisely ordained by our great Creator, that man should be mutually dependent on man—nay more, on beast. In this world

“ Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
All serv'd, all serving; nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.”

If there is any thing at all like independence *here*, it must be in the mind; and that is as much at the command—nay more—of the recluse with his crust and his water, as it is of the nobleman with his millions; but I think we may fairly conclude, that, in the common acceptation of the term, there is no such thing as independence on this side the grave, and beyond it who shall dare look? Indeed it would be a most miserable thing to be thoroughly independent, could a man be so. Independence must imply, that a man neither wants

help, nor will give it; for a man should hold himself quite aloof from the world who is *really* independent of it; and what numberless kindnesses and domestic charities such a being would miss! He would go about the world deeming every thing created for him, and he for nothing but self.

“ Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,

Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn.
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

“ Know, Nature's children all divide her care;

The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, ‘ See all things for my use, —

‘ See man for mine!’ replies a pamper'd goose:

And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.”

J. M. LACEY.

Lines written by a husband to his wife.

You're wrong, my Anna, to suggest
That I, inconstant, have address'd,
Or love a fairer she:

Would you with ease at once be cur'd
Of all the pangs you've long endur'd,
Consult your glass, and see.

Then, if you fancy I can find
A fairer nymph, or one more kind,
You've reason for your fears:

But, if impartial you will prove
To your own beauty, and my love,
How groundless are your tears!

If at diversions I by chance
Receive or give an am'rous glance,
I like but while I view

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Those objects, which in vain employ
Mine eyes, that have no sense of joy
But while they gaze on you.

With am'rous flight, the wanton bee
Skips from flower to flower free,

And where each blossom blows:
He slightly tastes of all he meets,
But for his quintessence of sweets
He ravishes the rose.

Thus I my passions oft employ
In chaste variety of joy;

From fair to fair I roam;
Perhaps, see twenty in a day:
They are but visits which I pay,
My Anna is my home.

D

LIVES OF SPANISH POETS.

DIEGO HURTADO DE MENDOZA.

- dictæ per carmina sortes
Et vitæ monstrata via est -

MENDOZA is one of the finest characters whose names have been handed down among the early poets of Spain. He is admired, not so much for the sweetness of his style, as for its chastity, its purity, and the fine manly and independent spirit which breathes through the whole of his writings. His name is blended with the mass of poets who may be said to have swarmed in the poetical time of Charles V. and his son Philip; yet it deserves a most distinguished place among them, and few could compete with him as a wit, a scholar, or a politician. The emperor well knew how to appreciate his talents, and the pages of history inform us of the high services he performed for his country at the Italian court. He is acknowledged to be the third classic poet of Spain, and its very first prose-writer. In his poetry there is a harshness, which, to the unaccustomed reader, is unpleasant; but the spirited and lively descriptions thickly interspersed, prevent in a great measure his monotony from being so apparent. His prose is classically elegant, and combined with the wit and humour which sparkle in every page, is a profound knowledge of life and manners. This latter happy power indeed forms one of the chief merits of his productions.

He was born at Granada in the commencement of the 16th century, but the precise period has not been ascertained. As he was sprung

from one of the most illustrious houses of Spain, he was destined to high dignities. His parents were Don Ignacio Lopez de Mendoza, Count of Tendilla and Marquis of Mondejar, and Dona Francisca Pacheco, daughter of the Marquis de Villena. He received an education to fit him for ecclesiastical duties, and was afterwards sent to the university of Salamanca. Here he became acquainted with the classic languages, as well as with Hebrew and Arabic, and in his leisure hours composed that humorous and most celebrated Life of Lazarillo de Tormes. "Of all the ingenious children of necessity," it has been observed*, "whose roguery has been sharpened by perpetual want, no wit was surely ever kept at so subtle and fierce an edge, as that of the never-to-be decently treated Lazarillo de Tormes. His cunning so truly keeps pace with his appetite, that he seems recompensed for the wants of his stomach by the abundant energies of his head. One half of his imagination is made up of dry bread and scraps, and the other of meditating how to get at them." But at present I have nothing to do with Lazarillo: of the ingenious author I am now to speak. Lazarillo in his turn shall not be forgotten.

Shortly after Mendoza had left the

* By Leigh Hunt, in his *Indicator*, now, unfortunately for the literary world, discontinued.

university, the Emperor Charles V. perceived that he was a man whose talents qualified him to forward his intrigues, and brought him from his obscure retreat. He was first sent as ambassador to Venice, where he had every opportunity of becoming familiar with Italian literature, a taste for which Boscan had already introduced into Spain; but while he enjoyed the beauties of modern Italian poetry, he did not forget the purity and elegance of the ancient classic writers, and the Odes of Horace were the continual theme of his admiration. There are few examples in the history of literature, of men who were capable, like Mendoza, of turning their attention with so much apparent facility from politics to poetry. Far from being a mere courtier, he was little flattered by the title of ambassador, and he frankly tells us in one of his epistles, his real opinion on the subject. "Oh, the unhappy lot," he cries, "of us ambassadors! When kings practise their deceits, it is for us to begin them. The most important matter for us to do is, to hold our tongues and do nothing, at least without command." It could only be a man like Mendoza who would have dared thus publicly to express such an opinion in such times. The emperor was not displeased: he knew his minister, and felt that he could trust him. Mendoza was chosen in 1545 to address the peers at the council of Trent in the name of the Spanish nation, and acquitted himself entirely to the satisfaction of the emperor. Two years afterwards, our poet appeared as ambassador at Rome, the centre of European politics. He had expressed orders from the emperor, to humiliate the pope, Paul III. in the midst of his court, and to restrain the Florentines, who were then prepared, with the assistance of France, to shake off the yoke of Medicis. Mendoza obeyed the emperor's commands implicitly, and executed them with firmness, vigour, and security. These vigorous measures rendered him odious in the eyes of the Italians, and he was esteemed little better than a tyrant. At Sienna, where he was governor, his life was continually threatened, and one day a musket-ball directed at him, killed the horse upon which he was riding. In the midst of these perils he persisted in the performance of his duties, always maintaining the same haughty spirit towards the Italians, until the death of Paul. The succeeding pope, favouring the Spanish cause, eased him of his burden. During the six years that he filled this arduous situation, his mind, it would naturally be supposed in this agitated period, was entirely devoted to the performance of the duties of his office: it was, however, far otherwise. He not only then composed some of his most admired poetical pieces, but visited the universities, bought Greek manuscripts, and collected a vast library of them. He spared neither money nor trouble to obtain these Grecian treasures, and sent emissaries for this purpose to various parts of the globe.

But amidst the political and literary occupations of this extraordinary man, his intrigues of gallantry must not be forgotten. Mendoza could not hope by his figure or face to gain the affections of the

fair, for if his biographers are to be credited, they neither of them were prepossessing. His gallantries were, however, carried to so great an extent, that they formed, subsequently, one of the principal grounds of accusation against him. The emperor was fatigued with the frequent mention of them, and at length, in 1554, recalled his ambassador, being willing, previous to his abdication of the throne, to pacify all parties.

With regard to the latter period of Mendoza's life, his biographers give but a slight and imperfect sketch. According to some, he retired into the country, and devoted himself entirely to the Muses; and others state, with equal positiveness, that although his political influence ceased on the accession of Philip II. yet that he still continued a counsellor of state, and accompanied the new monarch into France, where he was witness to the battle of St. Quintin, in 1557. There is one circumstance related of Mendoza in which all agree, and it is a singular adventure which happened to him while at the court of Philip. In the presence of the king, he had an altercation on a balcony with a man, whom he represented afterwards to have been his rival in some love affair. This rival, whose name has not been recorded, drew his poignard upon Mendoza, and the latter immediately seized him by the middle, and threw him from the balcony into the street. The affair was a serious one, and the haughty Philip was determined to punish severely the man who dared to commit so glaring an insult upon his own person and his court. Mendoza was

immediately cast into prison; but this old minister, whose mind seemed suited to overcome all difficulties, and whose spirits were as buoyant as those of a thoughtless youth, amused himself in his solitude with chanting his amorous lamentations, and he wrote many small pieces of poetry, which are entitled, among his works, "*Cartas en redondillas estando preso. Redondillas estando preso por una pendencia que tuvo en palacio.*" "Letters in redondillas while in confinement. Redondillas during my imprisonment for a quarrel I had in the palace."

After he recovered his liberty, he was exiled from the court, and retired to Granada. Here he was an attentive observer during the revolt of the Moors, and afterwards wrote a history of the civil wars of Granada, which alone has gained him the appellation of the Spanish Sallust. Antonio Capmany, in his "*Teatro Historico-Critico de la Eloquencia Espanola*," has much praised this work; and I cannot forbear giving the opinion of so highly esteemed a critic as Capmany, upon the merits of Mendoza as a prose-writer. "*Enfin*," he says, "*es el primer historiador Espanol que supo hermanar la eloquencia con la politica: es decir que supo juntar en un misana obra el arte de escribir bien con el de pensar. Su expresion que es nerviosa y concisa, formu un estilo grave, tan lleno de cosas como de palabras al qual da el ultimo realce el uso oportuno de sentencias y reflexiones cortadas por el mismo ayre.*"

* He is indeed the first Spanish historian who knew how to combine politics and eloquence together; that is to say, who was perfectly acquainted with the art of writing and thinking well. His

The last subject upon which Mendoza wrote, was the philosophy of Aristotle, and he has given us a partial translation of his other works. Just before his death, he was occupied in these literary pursuits, and even disease itself did not interrupt his studies. In 1575, he died at Valladolid, being then more than sixty years of age. His valuable library of manuscripts he bequeathed to the king, and it now forms a portion of that inestimable collection at the Escorial.

Mendoza has done more for the literature of his country, than his countrymen are at all aware of: he is indeed allowed, by men who know how to appreciate his merit, to possess the first station after Boscan and Garcilaso de la Vega. Among his works, his epistles are collected together under the simple title of *Cartas* (Letters). Some of these are dedicatory epistles, filled with amorous complaints; and others are of a didactic kind, similar to those of Horace, and possess a happy variety of thought. There is something in them which shews that the author was no common-minded man, but one who was capable of raising himself

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call earth—

He possessed a noble soul, which enabled him to overcome difficulties, under which other men, not so highly gifted, would have inevitably sunk. Among his epistles,

expressions are nervous and concise, and his elegant style is as full of matter as it is of words; and what gives a greater beauty to his compositions, is the happy introduction of appropriate sentences and reflections, all expressed in the same pithy style.

that addressed to Boscan is the most celebrated. It is an imitation in some respects of the Ode of Horace to Numicius. In one part of it he finely says:

El hombre justo y bueno no es movido
Por ninguna distreza de exercicios,
Por oro ni metal bien esculpido:

No por las pesadumbres de edificios,
Adonde la grandeza vence al arte,
Y es natura sacada de sus quicios:

Siempre vive contento con su suerte,
Buena ó mediana como se la paze,
Y nunca estasa mas ni menos fuerte*.

He concludes this famous epistle in these memorable words:

Yo, Boscan, no procuro otro tesoro,
Suio poder vivir medianamente
Ni escondo la riqueza, ni la adoro†.

He writes to Luys de Quiniga in the same manly strain:

Otro mundo es el mio, otro lugar,
Otro tiempo el que busco, y la ocasion,
De venir me a mi casa descansar;

Yo vivere la vida sin passion,
Fuera de descontento y turbulencia,
Serviendo al rey por mi satisfacion‡.

This was written rather in the decline of life, when his great political career, as well as that of his master, Charles V. was drawing to a conclusion.

The greater portion of Mendoza's poetical pieces are very short,

* The honest man, in conscious virtue bold,
Is by no dextrous artifices sway'd;
He heeds not trash of mines, nor sculptur'd gold,

Nor weight of structures in the balance laid;
Where grandeur overloads the work of art,
And nature quite unhing'd is viewless made.

He only joys in his contented heart:
Riches and poverty to him are one,
In his own strength he firmly stands alone.

† I want no treasure, Boscan, ask no more
Than liberty to live in middle state;
For riches I condemn not, nor adore.

‡ Another world, another place is mine,
And other times I seek—the tranquil pow'r
Of home returning when I so incline.

No passions yet have rul'd me for an hour;
No discontents, no anxious troubles spring,
And for my pleasure 'tis I serve the king.

such as his *Letrillas*, *Himnos*, *Villancicos*, &c. in which he endeavoured to combine the beauties of the Italian and of the ancient Castilian school; but the most estimable of these pieces are those which have never yet been published, and the fruit of which can only be plucked by diving into the interminable recesses of the manuscript portion of the library at the Escorial. I allude particularly to his *Elogios de la Zuhatoria*, *la Pulga*, *el Cuerno*, *la Cana*, and such small pieces, sonnets, and other minor compositions, through which such a spirit of manly freedom breathes, that they have always been guardedly kept in obscurity. Among those which have been concealed with the greatest care, are some burlesque and satirical pieces, of which the Inquisition interdicted the publication, tending as they did to ridicule some of the glaring absurdities which were practised by the religious orders throughout Spain.

The least esteemed of all Mendoza's poetical productions are perhaps his sonnets. They do not possess either the grace or harmony for which Garcilaso has been so highly and so justly praised. Boscan admitted that the difficulty he found in imitating the Italian sonnet in the Castilian verse was almost insurmountable, but he at length triumphed over them all by his indefatigable exertions, combined with his exalted genius; but Mendoza, although successful in almost every other species of composition which he attempted, has in this particular one certainly fail-

ed. In his canzonets, the same harshness is perceptible; and he has added another fault, which he is indeed rarely to be reproached with in his other pieces — obscurity. Perhaps the least harmonious of these little productions is a mythological poem in octaves, the subject of which is the history of Adonis. The narrative, however, in spite of this objection, is very pleasing.

The portions of the poetic effusions of Mendoza which have been most admired by his countrymen, are his lyrics, which are written in the ancient national style. Many of Mendoza's lyrics are contained in the *Romancero General*, without his name. The greater part of these pieces are in stanzas of four lines, to which the Spaniards have given the name of *redondillas*, such as these:

Hagame lugar
El placer un dia!
Dexarme contar
Esta pena mia*!

Here then I conclude this very cursory notice of the poetical productions of Mendoza. Although he was not often seen "soaring in the high regions of his fancies, with his garland and his singing robes about him," yet few will be prepared to dispute that he well deserved the title of a poet.

The consideration of his prose works I shall reserve for the next article, conceiving that they are of sufficient importance to occupy a separate place in a succeeding Number.

* Permit me the pleasure of one day, that I may relate my grief,

ORIGIN OF VAUXHALL, RANELAGH, SADLER'S WELLS, OPERAS, ORATORIOS, AND BELL-RINGING.

TOWARDS the close of the 17th century, the professed musicians (having been long discouraged, and their occupation abused, by the Puritans and others,) assembled at certain houses in the metropolis, called music-houses, where they performed concerts, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, for the entertainment of the public: at the same period there were music-booths at Smithfield, during the continuance of Bartholomew fair. An author of the time, however, speaks very contemptibly of these music-meetings, professing that he had rather have heard an old barber ring Whittington's bells upon a cittern, than all the music the houses afforded. There were also music-clubs, or private meetings for the practice of music, which were exceedingly fashionable with people of opulence. The music-houses above-mentioned were sometimes supported by subscription; and from them originated three places of public entertainment well known in the present day, namely, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and Sadler's Wells.

Spring Gardens, now better known by the name of Vauxhall Gardens, is mentioned by Aubrey in his *Antiquities of Surrey*; who informs us, that "Sir Samuel Moreland built a fine room at Vauxhall, the inside all of looking-glass, and fountains very pleasant to behold; which," adds he, "is much visited by strangers. It stands in the middle of the garden, covered with Cornish slate, on the point whereof he placed a punchanello, very well carved, which held a dial; but

the winds have demolished it."—"The house," says a more modern author, "seems to have been rebuilt since the time that Sir Samuel Moreland dwelt in it; and there being a large garden belonging to it, planted with a great number of stately trees, and laid out in shady walks, it obtained the name of Spring Gardens; and the house being converted into a tavern, or place of entertainment, it was frequented by the votaries of pleasure." This account is perfectly consonant with the following passage in a paper of the *Spectator*: "We now arrived at Spring Gardens, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragraney of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked underneath their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise." Some time afterwards the house and gardens came into the possession of a gentleman whose name was Jonathan Tyers, who opened it with an advertisement of a "*ridotto al fresco*;" a term which the people of this country had till then been strangers to. These entertainments were several times repeated in the course of the summer, and numbers resorted to partake of them; which encouraged the proprietor to make his garden a place of musical entertainment for every evening during the summer season: to this end he was at great expense in decorating the gardens with paintings; he engaged an excellent band of musicians,

and issued silver tickets for admission, at a guinea each; and receiving great encouragement, he set up an organ in the orchestra, and in a conspicuous part of the gardens erected a fine statue of Handel, the work of Roubillao.

The success of this entertainment was an encouragement to another of a similar kind. A number of persons purchased the house and gardens of the late Earl of Ranelagh; they erected a spacious building of timber, of a circular form, and placed within it an organ, and an orchestra capable of holding a numerous band of performers. The entertainment of the auditors during the performance was, either walking round the room, or refreshing themselves with tea and coffee in the recesses thereof, which were conveniently adapted for that purpose. Within the last few years, as is well known, this building has been pulled down.

We meet with what is said "to be a true Account of Sadler's Well," in a pamphlet published by a physician at the close of the 17th century. "The water," says he, "of this well, before the Reformation, was very much famed for several extraordinary cures performed thereby, and was thereupon accounted sacred, and called Holy Well. The priests belonging to the priory of Clerkenwell using to attend there, made the people believe that the virtues of the water proceeded from the efficacy of their prayers: but at the Reformation the well was stopped, upon the supposition, that the frequenting of it was altogether superstitious; and so by degrees it grew out of remembrance, and was wholly lost, until

a gentleman named Sadler, who had lately built a new music-house there, and being surveyor of the high-ways, had employed men to dig gravel in his garden, in the midst whereof they found it stopped up, and covered with an arch of stone." After the decease of Sadler, one Francis Forcer, a musician, and composer of songs, became occupier of the well and music-room: he was succeeded by his son, who first exhibited there the diversion of rope-dancing and tumbling, which were then performed abroad in the garden. There is now a small theatre appropriated to this purpose, furnished with a stage, scenes, and other decorations proper for the representation of dramatic pieces and pantomimes. The diversions of this place are of various kinds, and form upon the whole a succession of performances, till lately, very similar to those displayed in former ages by the gleemen, the minstrels, and the jugglers.

To the three preceding places of public entertainment, we may add a fourth, not now indeed in existence, but which, about forty years back, was held in some degree of estimation, and much frequented: I mean Mary-bone Gardens, where, in addition to the music and singing, there were burlettas and fire-works exhibited. The site of these gardens is now covered with buildings.

The success of these musical assemblies, I presume, first suggested the idea of introducing operas upon the stage, which were contrived at once to please the eye and delight the ear; and this double gratification, generally speaking, was

procured at the expense of reason and propriety. Hence also we may trace the establishment of oratorios in England. I need not say that this noble species of dramatic music was brought to great perfection by Handel: the oratorios produced by him display in a wonderful manner his powers as a composer of music; and they continue to be received with that enthusiasm of applause which they most justly deserve.

It has been remarked by foreigners, that the English are particularly fond of bell-ringing; and indeed most of our churches have a ring of bells in the steeple, partly appropriated to that purpose. These bells are rung upon most occasions of joy and festivity, and sometimes at funerals, when they are muffled with a piece of woollen cloth bound about the clapper, and the sounds then emitted by them are exceedingly unmelodious, and well fitted to inspire the mind with melancholy. Ringing of rounds, that is, sounding every bell in succession, from the least to the greatest, and repeating the operation, produces no variety; on the contrary, the reiteration of the same cadences in a short time becomes tiresome: for which reason the ringing of changes has been introduced, wherein the succession of the bells is shifted continually; and by this means a varied combination of different sounds, exceedingly pleasant to the ear, is readily produced. This improvement in the art of ringing is thought to be peculiar to the people of this country. Ringing the bells backwards is sometimes mentioned, and probably consisted in beginning with

the largest bell, and ending with the least: it appears to have been practised by the ringers as a mark of contempt or disgust.

The antiquity of bell-ringing in England cannot readily be ascertained. It is said that bells were invented by Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, at the commencement of the fifth century; they were afterwards used in Brittany, and thence perhaps brought into this country. Ingulphus speaks of them as well known in his time, and tells us, that "Turketullus, the first Abbot of Crowland, gave six bells to that monastery; that is to say, two great ones, which he named Bartholomew and Betteline; two of a middling size, called Turketullum and Betterine; and two small ones, denominated Pega and Bega: he also caused the greatest bell to be made called Gudhblac, which was tuned to the other bells, and produced an admirable harmony, not to be equalled in England.

I know not how far the pastime of bell-ringing attracted the notice of the opulent in former times; at present, it is confined to the lower classes of the people, who are paid by the parish for ringing upon certain holidays. At weddings, as well as upon other festive occurrences, they usually ring the bells, in expectance of a pecuniary reward.

Hand-bells, which probably first appeared in the religious processions, were afterwards used by the secular musicians, and practised for the sake of pastime. The jocolator had usually two large hand-bells, and nearly of a size; but in general they are regularly diminished from the largest to the least;

and ten or twelve of them, rung in rounds or changes by a company of ringers, sometimes one to each bell, but more usually every ringer has two. I have seen a man in London, who I believe is now living, ring twelve bells at one time: two of them were placed upon his head; he held two in each hand; one was affixed to each of his knees, and two upon each foot; all of which he managed with great adroitness, and performed a vast variety of tunes.

The minstrels and joculators seem to have had the knack of converting every kind of amusement into a vehicle for merriment; and among others, that of music has not escaped them. These, and such like vagaries, were frequently practised in the succeeding times;

and they are neatly ridiculed in No. 570. of the *Spectator*, where the author mentions "a tavern-keeper who amused his company with whistling of different tunes, which he performed by applying the edge of a case-knife to his lips. Upon laying down the knife, he took up a pair of clean tobacco-pipes, and after having slid the small ends of them over a table in a most melodious trill, he fetched a tune out of them, whistling to them at the same time in concert. In short, the tobacco-pipes became musical pipes in the hands of our virtuoso, who confessed ingenuously, that he had broken such quantities of pipes, that he almost broke himself before he brought this piece of music to any tolerable perfection."

PICTURESQUE TOUR IN THE OBERLAND.

PLATE 2.—VIEW OF THE FALL OF THE OILTSCHENBACH, AND THE BRIDGE OF WYLER.

THE tourist has the choice of two routes from Meyringen to Brienz. One of these, by far more romantic, but also longer and more fatiguing than the other, leads over the Hasliberg; while the other, which is level and commodious, runs along the bottom of the valley. The former is practicable only on foot or horseback, but the latter may be travelled in a carriage.

Whoever prefers the usual road through the valley, crosses the river Aar, by what is called the new bridge, near Meyringen, and soon discovers on his left the naked cataract of the Falcherenbach, which precipitates itself from the verdant side of the mountain to the depth

of 150 or 200 feet perpendicularly. Near it may be perceived the traces of an ancient fall of matter from the mountain, which overwhelmed the village of Balm. Only two houses of that name are now standing, and these do not seem to occupy the site of the former village.

The traveller has the Aar constantly at some distance on the right; and very near the road, on the left, rise the menacing cliffs of a calcareous mountain, piled, in extraordinary forms, upon one another, the sides studded with patches of dark fir-trees, and the summit crowned with verdant pastures, in which are seated the villages of Falcheren, Brasti, and Zaun.

From this ridge descend several



torrents, forming cascades of the greatest beauty, the most remarkable of which are those of the Wandlbach and Oltschenbach. The waters of the former have hollowed out a deep chasm, and fall into a naked basin, out of which they run foaming in several branches, nearly to the feet of the traveller. The latter, which is represented in the plate, at a distance resembles an immense column of alabaster, and possesses a certain majesty and sublimity from the volume of its water and the height of its fall. To form a due estimate of these circumstances, it is necessary to bear in mind, that in the Alps the transparency of the air, the distances and the magnitude of objects, deceive the eye in regard to their real dimensions. To guard in some measure against the illusion inevitably produced by these causes, the spectator should take neighbouring objects for a standard: such a standard is furnished in this instance by the trees and houses. The vegetation covering the sides of the mountain from which the Oltschenbach descends, and having the appearance of low shrubs, is an immense forest of pine-trees, great numbers of which are from sixty to eighty feet high.

After crossing the Oltschenbach, the road turns off to the river Aar, over which the traveller passes a second time, by the bridge of Wyler or Weiler, which is also seen in the plate. It has received its name from the neighbouring village of Wyler, delightfully situated on the slope of the Rufiberg, which forms the northern boundary of the valley.

The cottages in the fore-ground

of the annexed view convey an idea of the mode of building common among all the inhabitants of the Alps. Trunks of pine-trees, cut square, are laid one upon another with the ends crossing. These ends are cut down to half the thickness, so that smaller interstices may be left between the logs. The roofs are in general much flatter than those represented in the plate. The frame-work of the roof is externally covered with planks, and on each transverse row is laid a piece of wood as long as the roof; and upon these pieces are placed large stones, which are also to be seen on the huts in our engraving. The stones are designed to secure the roof against the extreme fury of the wind. Nothing, observes a Swiss writer, can be more simple or more solid than this mode of building.

About a league below the bridge of Wyler, the Aar, increased by the various streams descending from the mountains on either side of the valley of Hasli, rushes impetuously into the lake of Brienz.

Near the western extremity of the lake, the road passes the scattered hamlet of Kienholz. Several streams in the vicinity of this place have for ages washed down immense quantities of rubbish, and as the first hills of the range called the Brienzergrat seem to be composed entirely of loose matter, without any solid nucleus, the effects of earth-slips and streams of mud are to be apprehended here for ages to come. One of these torrents of mud, composed of dissolved shale, destroyed, in the year 1797, thirty-seven houses, and a great number of gardens and fertile meadows,

belonging to the neighbouring villages of Hofstetten and Schwanden; and the water of the lake continued turbid several months, owing to the quantity of mud discharged into it.

In like manner, according to current tradition, Kienholz, then a considerable village, was, together with the castle of Kien, partly overwhelmed with stones, mud, and rubbish, and partly washed down into the lake of Brientz, in the course of the 15th, or at latest the 16th century. The spot where it stood was long marked only by a few miserable huts. Habitations of a superior class are now beginning to make their appearance; and the traveller observes with pleasure the revival of a place which once witnessed the admission of Berne into the Swiss confederacy. That event occurred here in 1353; and Kienholz continued, during its prosperity, to be the place of meeting between Berne and the four Forest cantons.

According to an indistinct tradition, the same inundation of mud which destroyed Kienholz, drove before it the waters of the lake of Brientz, which are said to have anciently extended to the foot of the Ballenberg. There is still a fami-

ly of the name of Kienholz, in which the following story is transmitted from generation to generation.

After the place was overwhelmed in the manner related above, a carman, they say, who frequently had occasion to cross the high heap of rubbish, observed, that at one particular spot his horse always manifested symptoms of great discomposure. His dog too would scratch up the ground, and both animals were extremely unwilling to quit the place. At length, the man obtained permission to dig there, and soon came to the arch of a cellar, in which he found an old man and a boy belonging to the devastated village, who had subsisted for a considerable time on wine, cheese, and the water, which filtered through the roof of their dungeon. Both were immediately removed: the man died soon after being exposed to the air; but the boy survived his confinement, and his name was changed, in memory of this extraordinary event, from Schneitter, as he was before called, to Kienholz.

Proceeding along the banks of the lake of Brientz, the tourist reaches the village of Tracht, and soon after he has crossed the stream of that name, arrives at Brientz.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

I HAVE this month so many letters to answer, that, as I cannot publish them all, I must decline inserting any of them. I shall, however, endeavour to reply to such of them as appear to me most pressing, in this paper.

If Melissa has the least regard for her honour or her peace, she

must instantly dismiss Philander. It is not sufficient that he protests he repents of his behaviour, and vows he will never more offend her ears with such a proposal as he has lately presumed to make to her. If his repentance were indeed sincere, he would hasten to efface the remembrance of his dishonourable

conduct, by an offer of his hand. As he has not done that, I am convinced his sorrow is merely feigned, in order to throw her off her guard. Her letter convinces me that she is truly virtuous, but let her not be too confident in her own strength; she must remember that

“He comes too near who comes to be denied.”

The fair Lucilla, who, at eighteen, has formed a resolution to die a old maid, is very angry with Mr. J. M. Lacy for his portrait of Eliza, and very desirous that I should write a paper in defence of the venerable sisterhood, and to recommend the single state to the generality of my fair readers. I am so charmed with the *naïve* simplicity of my pretty correspondent's letter, that I shall certainly, at my earliest leisure, comply with one of her wishes. As to the other, she must excuse me. I would do any thing in the world to oblige her, except risk my reputation for sagacity; and I cannot hazard that, by giving my fair readers advice, which I am certain none of them would willingly follow.

Harriet Hideall has sent me a long philippic on the present fashionable style of ladies' dress, and expresses herself surprised that I do not pay some attention to the toilets of my countrywomen. I believe that I should ere now have touched upon the subject, but for two reasons: the first is, that I never knew a woman in my life, old or young, handsome or ugly, who could be induced, either by advice or argument, to model her dress by any other rules than those of the mode; and, on the other hand, I was afraid of drawing upon myself the resentment of our English re-

porter of fashions, who I suspect bears me a grudge ever since I advised the Editor to abolish the article of dress altogether, and to substitute a greater portion of my paper in its place.

A misanthrope of five and twenty has written to deter me from continuing my labours, because he considers mankind are unworthy of the trouble I take for their happiness. Notwithstanding the detail which he gives me of his misfortunes, I consider him more deserving of blame than pity: for I see clearly from his account, that he has dissipated his fortune in a most shameful manner; and what right has he to expect gratitude from those whom he knew to be destitute of principle? Let him, before he inveighs against his species, look into his own heart, and review the motives which prompted him to lavish his property on those whom reason and virtue would have told him were unworthy of confidence or esteem, and I fancy he will find that he has more cause to be angry with himself than with his former associates. As to the rest, his case is not desperate, he has still the means of existence; but if he follows my advice, he will not bury himself in obscurity. Industry and talent may do much towards retrieving his fortunes, and at his age we owe ourselves to the world: it is only by a life of virtuous exertion, that a man can fairly purchase the privilege of ending his days in tranquil retirement.

The heart of Will Waver is fluctuating between a fair beauty and a brown one, and he is terribly at a loss to know which of them he

ought to make his wife. If he had given me some account of their respective tempers and dispositions, I might have been able to advise him on the subject; but as he has confined himself entirely to a description of their persons, it is impossible for me to offer an opinion. I can therefore only advise him to postpone marrying till he is sufficiently come to his senses, to be aware that there are considerations of more moment in choosing a wife, than the colour of her eyes or her complexion.

I have received at the same time letters from a husband and wife, who are each of them very angry with the other, without perceiving that each is guilty of the same fault. The fact is, both parties want to govern, and neither know how to submit. Now, I desire that none of my male readers will cavil at my using this word in speaking of the conduct of a husband. He may and ought to preserve his authority in matters of moment; but wretched indeed must the lot of that couple be, who have not learned the lesson of mutual concession on all points where concession is not forbidden by duty or principle. It is in trifles especially that a spirit of mutual forbearance is requisite, to enable a married couple to pass through life with any degree of tranquillity. The pair of whom I am speaking seem each of them bent upon shewing on every occasion the most determined opposition to the will of the other. For instance, the lady assures me that her husband refused the other day to oblige her by reading aloud for an hour, though he knew that a complaint in her eyes prevented

her amusing herself with a book. And the gentleman complains bitterly, that on entering his wife's apartment a short time ago, when she was playing on the piano, she suddenly stopped, in spite of his most pressing entreaties to proceed. Each was very probably prompted to this want of complaisance by a recollection of similar conduct on the part of the other. I shall give no advice, but merely endeavour to place before them, the portraits of two married couples whom I happen to know, leaving it to themselves which of the two is most worthy of imitation.

Sir Thomas Tightrein married with an idea that all husbands who did not begin by reducing their wives to absolute subjection, were sure in a little time to be completely hen-pecked. He knew that his lady was of a high spirit, and being determined, as he said, never to live under petticoat government, he resolved to shew himself master even in the first week of the honeymoon. He thought that by taking at once the tone of a tyrant, he should frighten his wife out of all inclination to dispute his will, but such was not the case. Lady Tightrein was a beauty and an heiress; accustomed from her infancy to have her own way, it never struck her that any body could dream of disputing it, and it was doubly matter of anger and surprise to her, that Sir Thomas of all people should have the hardihood to do so; but she spiritedly protested it should avail him nothing, for that she never would recognise his authority in any way whatsoever; a resolution which, to do her justice, she has very faithfully kept. The

consequence is, that they live in a state of perpetual hostility; they are too well bred to quarrel openly before company, but one may see in their angry glances, short replies, and flat contradictions of each other's opinion, that peace is a stranger to their dwelling. Pride, however, will not suffer them to make the smallest concession to each other. Sir Thomas boasts among his male friends, that he is the master in his own house; and my lady assures her *coterie*, that no tyrant husband shall ever rule her.

Very different is the conduct of Sedley and his Amelia: his temper is naturally warm, but he is too reasonable, as well as too kind-hearted, not speedily to atone for any little ebullition of it. On the other hand, his wife, knowing his disposition, is careful to avoid every occasion of irritating him, and the graceful submission with which she sometimes yields her wishes to his, is as frequently rewarded by a like complaisance on his part. So far from striving for mastery, they seem to have but one will between them. But there is no studied

complaisance, no affectation of giving up a point as if it were a sacrifice. All is free, easy, and natural. I asked Sedley the other day, how they had managed to make the torch of Hymen burn so brightly during a union of ten years. "We make allowance for each other's failings," replied he. "I am of a hasty temper, but though soon moved to anger, it subsides almost in an instant. Amelia is not so easily provoked, but her resentment lies deeper, and she feels perhaps the more keenly, because her strict sense of duty will not permit her to express her anger. When she sees me in a passion, she is careful to avoid every thing that can increase it; and if I incautiously say a word that can wound her feelings, I hasten to atone for it."

Such is the plan pursued by Sedley and his Amelia; and I heartily advise not only Mr. Surly and his helpmate, but all my married readers, to adopt it, as the only one for converting the fetters of Hymen into bands of roses.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

THE GREEN MANTLE OF VENICE:

A true Story; from the German.

(Continued from p. 344, vol. XII.)

WHEN Wilmsen again met Emeline, he saw plainly that she had been weeping: this confirmation of what Stipps had asserted, was welcome to his heart. She gave him her hand, saying, in a mournful tone of voice, "You will leave us then, dear Wilmsen! I thought that, for the sake of our house, you would have staid with us; but still I honour your resolu-

tion: our private advantage ought not to be put in competition with the public welfare. It is a fearful time; thousands"—she continued, while her eyes filled with tears—"thousands must be sacrificed ere the crisis is past. Yon go," she added more firmly, after a short pause, "to offer yourself upon the altar of patriotism and loyalty—on this holy altar offer likewise what

I have to give." She delivered to him all her jewels and ornaments, and a considerable sum in gold: "I cannot, like you, offer my blood and my existence at the shrine, but when our wives and daughters assemble in the churches to offer up their prayers for the safety of those they love"—she stopped, overcome by her feelings. Wilmsen seized her hand, and pressing it to his lips, cried, "Yes, dearest, heavenly girl, pray for me, and God will be with me. This moment, Emmeline"—he had never before thus familiarly addressed her—"this moment repays me for all I have hitherto suffered in this house. A few hours only now are mine. My situation here is changed: I no longer see in you the respected daughter of my patron—Emmeline, my Emmeline is before me. From the moment—on this subject I may now at least speak freely, although on others a painful mystery weighs upon my heart—from the moment when I knelt beside you at the altar, every feeling has been devoted to you.—The consciousness of my inferiority of station, of my poverty, added to the coldness and occasional haughtiness of your manner towards me, has hitherto repressed every hope which my vanity might at other times have suggested to me. But now, in these few last moments, I am richly recompensed by these tears for all that love and duty have imposed upon me."

"The coldness and haughtiness of my manner!" repeated Emmeline, smiling through her tears; "my dear friend, how little you know of the female heart! Perhaps we see each other now for the

last time; let there be no longer any mystery between us. The coldness of which you complain was occasioned only by the caution I was compelled to observe towards all your sex, in consequence of the fortune I was known to possess, the various suits to which I must be exposed, and the secluded nature of my education. If I had been poor, the sincerity of any attachment would have been obvious, but being rich, I was obliged to be reserved. Towards you I had also other reasons for it."

She ceased, and laid her hand upon her heart: Wilmsen placed it upon his. "Other reasons!" cried he; "you have promised that there shall be no concealment now."

"Your excessive diffidence made you blind, or you would not ask for other reasons. You might have found them," added she, casting down her eyes, "in yourself."

"Oh, Emmeline!" cried Wilmsen, pressing her to his breast, "speak the delightful word. Tell me what you mean."

"Wilmsen," she answered trembling, and in a low voice, "it was your part first to tell me that you loved me."

"My own Emmeline!" cried Wilmsen, overcome with joy, and a kiss sealed the union of the happy pair.

They then went on to talk with the utmost unreservedness of the difficulties they might have to overcome. Wilmsen suggested that her father might refuse his consent; but Emmeline, confident that he only wished for the happiness of his daughter, endeavoured to remove all apprehension upon this

account. She assured him that Mr. Mellinger was acquainted with their love. Wilmsen was astonished at the intelligence, and she related circumstantially the mode in which he had obtained the knowledge of it, without disapproving of it. At length they reverted to the subject of Wilmsen's departure, and with bitter sorrow he told her, that there was no alternative—that his honour was engaged, and that he must proceed to Breslau. Emmeline expressed her grief that he was resolved to keep his word to his friends and break it to her; but at length she became convinced of the necessity, and consented. She resolved, however, to accompany him the first stage, and the moment of departure arrived.

Wilmsen had fixed the rendezvous for his friends at an inn about three hours' journey distant. The commandant began to be suspicious, and kept a watchful eye over them. To this inn, Emmeline, accompanied by her aunt, to whom she had explained the whole affair, attended Wilmsen. They reached it at four in the morning, the hour appointed for the rendezvous. He found sixteen of his companions ready to receive him; and they urged the utmost haste, fearing that the commandant might overtake and interrupt them.

The parting moment between Wilmsen and Emmeline was one of the severest agony: they vowed unchangeable affection, and just before he tore himself away, overcome with the grief and love of Emmeline, he whispered in her ear, "Emmeline, I am not Wilmsen—I am William Sponseri—I am the Green Mantle of Venice!"

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All at once they heard twenty voices exclaim, that the *gens-d'armes* were approaching, and they looked and beheld the commandant at the head of a troop. One of his friends forced Wilmsen from the arms of Emmeline into a carriage, which instantly disappeared. She was recalled to recollection by the execrations of the military at finding themselves too late.

"William Sponseri!" she repeated the name many times, as if she had awakened from a horrid dream, and fancied she seen a being returned from the grave: the recollection of his warm lips, his sparkling eyes, his fervent embrace, however, convinced her that he could not be the same person, who had so great a share in the destiny of their house.

On her return home, she found the whole town in a state of rejoicing: within the last half hour, an order had arrived, that all the military quartered there should make a forced march to the north, to oppose the Russian and Prussian forces. The commandant himself was obliged to depart, and before morning they all marched. Emmeline could not recover her composure during the whole day. In the evening she retired to her solitary chamber, and scarcely was she there, when somebody rapped gently at the door, and in walked old Tobias!

She started with astonishment and horror from her seat. Tobias, who had been found with a mortal wound on his body—who had been dragged from the water half putrified, and afterwards disinterred and recognised by so many, stood now in a neat and sober dress before her, and said, in his wonted cheer-

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ful tone, "Do not be frightened, it is only I."

"Heavens! how is that possible?" exclaimed Emmeline; and Tobias shortly related what had happened to him. Wilmsen had said to him on the morning of the day when Emmeline's father was taken into custody, "Your master is accused of murder—to-morrow he will appear before a military commission—or in other words, to-morrow he will be shot. You are a worthy soul, and we all rely upon you. The **** have the watch: you are acquainted with them: give them this wine, as if from your master. Do not you drink of it, and leave them at eleven at night. They will not die, but may chance to take a long sleep. When your master sees that the guard is asleep, it is his business to escape, and you may be sure of your reward. You must not go home that night, but to the house of the executioner, and wait there till I come and give you further orders." Rebecca, the executioner's girl, must already have expected the arrival of Tobias, for she waited for him, and led him softly to the back of the house, and silencing the blood-hounds kept in the yard, prepared a lodging for him among the horses and cattle.

Towards morning, the *gens-d'armes* arrived, and asked Rebecca if she had seen any thing of Mr. Mellinger, who had escaped from prison, and, as they heard, had taken that way. Rebecca said that she had seen no one, but they persisted that he was concealed there, and dismounted from their horses. "We must search," said one of them. "Open the door."—"Directly,"

cried Rebecca, shutting the window from which she had spoken. She opened the house-door, and instantly fifteen or twenty dogs rushed out barking furiously. They ordered her to call them in, but she refused, as the dogs did not belong to her, and she was alone in the house. The *gens-d'armes* would have fired upon them, but she deterred them, by telling them that they belonged to the prince. In the end, the soldiers thought it safest to abandon their search. After a fortnight, Rebecca called Tobias in the middle of the night, and told him that he must get into a carriage with a gentleman, whom he found to be a wine-merchant. He complied, and with the utmost speed they travelled to Hermanstadt, and after an absence of three weeks, both returned. Tobias had heard that the commandant was still in the place, and through Rebecca, acquainted Mr. Wilmsen with his arrival. Rebecca had shrieked when she saw him, imagining that he had been drowned. For the purpose of recovering the 2000 dollars, Wilmsen had given out that the drowned body was that of Tobias, and as all people wished him to succeed, it was not very difficult to find witnesses that such was the fact.

"And where is my father?" asked Emmeline, who had listened to this relation with the utmost impatience.

"I do not know a word about him," replied Tobias. "It is certain that he escaped behind the executioner's house. Rebecca saw him go, but whither, God knows."

The entrance of the parents of little Charlotte interrupted their

discourse. The child had till now been perfectly silent with respect to the death of the courier. Her father and mother had often entreated her to tell them what she knew, but she always replied, "I shall be shot if I do." But since the commandant and his troops had departed, she felt free from her promise, and related every thing from beginning to end; and her parents hastened to acquaint Emmeline with the whole story.

Mr. Mellinger, with Charlotte in the chaise, had gone as far as the wood, when the child saw a beautiful green beetle*, and wishing to have it, Mr. Mellinger made her hold the reins while he alighted, and running it through the body with a pin, fastened it to the elbow of the chaise. This was the whole story of the murder.

The commandant would probably have released Mr. Mellinger the morning after he had examined the child, if he had not escaped; but had threatened the child with death if she allowed a word to escape regarding the blunder he had committed, lest he should be exposed to public ridicule.

Mr. Mellinger saved all parties the trouble of a search for him, by returning one evening in safety and health. In the mean time he had travelled to Raab, and from thence to Smyrna, living securely under a feigned name. Upon the subject of his escape he refused to

* In German, a *sandläufer*. It has a green back, with five white spots on each wing; the rest of the body, the feet and horns have a bluish tinge. It is found in sandy grounds, is very swift, and is thence called by the common people a *courier*.

say any thing, alledging that time would clear up the mystery. He regretted deeply the departure of Wilmsen. Emmeline longed to be alone with him to acquaint him with her love, and late in the evening an opportunity occurred. She found that her father, in his absence had lost much of his mercantile calculating habits—he saw nothing but his beloved daughter before him: he pressed her to his breast, and said, "You have gone through much, my poor child. I have learned that gold is a perishable commodity, and man a miserable being when he has no one to love. Your filial affection has made my old age cheerful, and I ought to fulfil your wishes—what can I do to make you happy?"

Emmeline laid open the secrets of her heart, reserving only Wilmsen's last words. Her father embraced her, and replied, "Wilmsen is poor, but he is a brave and worthy fellow. You love him, and if God spares him in the field of battle, and he remains faithful, I will bless your union."

I saw William in Breslau: after the battle of Culm, I found him among the wounded in the hospital: he had been shot through the left foot, and was lying on a wretched bed of straw. He recollected me, and called me to his side. He was very pale, and his dark eyes appeared more brilliant than ever. A green mantle was accidentally laid over him, which he had borrowed of an officer in a rifle regiment. I congratulated him on his cheerfulness, and while we were talking, an officer who had been taken prisoner, and was lying on the straw severe-

utmost difficulty to get up again, and hobble across the apartment to the prescribed spot, where piteously groaning, she sank down, and expired.

Several years after this event, the *marchese*, whose circumstances had become embarrassed through the accidents of war and unpropitious seasons, proposed to sell his castle and domain. A gentleman of Florence called to inspect the place, and charmed with the beauty of its situation, offered himself as a purchaser. The *marchese*, anxious for the success of the negotiation, instructed his wife to lodge the stranger in the above-mentioned apartment, which was unoccupied, though very handsome, and splendidly furnished. But what was their astonishment, when, in the middle of the night, their guest came down stairs to them pale and trembling, protesting by all that was sacred, that the room was haunted; for something, invisible to the eye, seemed to rise with a rustling, like that of straw, in a corner of the apartment, to hobble with slow, tottering, and distinctly audible steps across the floor, and sink down with heavy sighs and moans behind the stove.

The *marchese*, alarmed, though he knew not exactly for what reason, laughed at the gentleman with affected hilarity, and told him he would rise immediately, and for his satisfaction, pass the remainder of the night with him in his chamber. His visitor, however, requested permission to lie down till morning on a sofa in the *marchese's* room; and as soon as the family was stirring, he ordered his carriage, took his leave, and departed.

This circumstance, which excited an extraordinary sensation, deterred several purchasers, to the no small mortification of the *marchese*. At length it began to be rumoured among his own servants, that unaccountable noises were heard at night in this apartment: he therefore resolved to prove in the most decisive manner the fallacy of the report, by investigating the matter himself the very next night. He accordingly had a bed prepared in the apartment in question, in which, without sleeping, he anxiously awaited the hour of twelve. His alarm may be conceived, when, as soon as the castle clock had proclaimed midnight, the incomprehensible noise struck his ear. It was exactly as though a person rose from a bed of straw, which rustled under him, crossed the floor, and sank, with deep sighs and the death-rattle, behind the stove.

Next morning, when he went down stairs, the *marchesa* inquired the result of his experiment. He looked shily round, and after cautiously shutting the door, assured her, that the room was actually haunted. The lady, though more terrified than she had ever been in her life, begged him, before he made the matter public, to submit it to one more cool examination in her company. He complied the next night with her wish: but both of them, as well as a trusty servant whom they took with them, actually heard the same unaccountable, spectre-like noise; and nothing but the ardent wish to dispose of the castle at any rate could have enabled them to conceal the horror they felt in the presence

of their servant, and to ascribe the circumstance to some indifferent and accidental cause, which time could not fail to discover.

Determined to dive to the bottom of this mystery, in the evening of the third day they ascended the stairs with beating hearts to the haunted chamber, and found the house-dog, which happened to be loose, lying at the door. Without any remark from either, but probably from the secret wish to have another living creature along with them, they admitted the dog into the apartment. Two lighted candles were placed upon the table. About eleven o'clock the *marchesa* reclined upon the bed without undressing; and her husband did the same, with a sword and pistols, which he brought out of the closet, by his side. While they sought to pass the time as well as they could with conversation, the dog curled himself up in the middle of the floor, and went to sleep.

Twelve o'clock arrived, accompanied by the same horrid noise as in the preceding nights. Something invisible to human eye rose upon crutches in the corner of the room; the straw was heard rattling

under it. At the first step it took the dog awoke, started up, pricked his ears, and began to growl and bark, exactly as if some stranger was approaching him, and retired backward towards the stove. The *marchesa's* hair stood erect at this sight: she rushed out of the room, and while the *marchese*, who had seized his sword, was calling out "Who's there?"—and as he received no answer, was cutting the air like a madman, in all directions, she ordered the carriage, determined to proceed immediately to the town. But scarcely had she packed up a few valuables and reached the gate, when she observed that the castle was in flames. The *marchese*, maddened with horror, and weary of life, had taken a candle, and set fire to it in several places. The building being wainscoted throughout, the flames made a rapid progress. In vain did the *marchesa* send her servants to rescue her unfortunate husband; he had already perished in the most miserable manner, and his blanched bones, collected by the country-people, still lie in the corner of the very room from which he drove the beggar-woman of Locarno.

VICISSITUDES OF HALF-A-GUINEA.

(Continued from p. 204, vol. XII.)

THE sight of this general confusion made me entertain strong hopes of being liberated, and in fact, in a few moments a charwoman, who was assisting the housemaid, perceived me as she helped to remove the drawers under which I was lying, and hastily snatching me up, concealed me in her bosom,

without being perceived by the house-maid. I learned from their conversation that the family were about to return to town somewhat sooner than usual, in consequence of the expected *accouchement* of Lady S—, who was far advanced in pregnancy: she would have preferred remaining in the country,

but she yielded to the entreaties of her lord, whom the servant represented as being the most anxious and tender of husbands.

My new mistress performed her task with a quickness which obtained her the commendations of her employer, who little suspected the reason of her being so expeditious, which was in truth no other than a longing desire to change me for some gin. Accordingly, as soon as she had finished, she hied to the nearest wine-vaults, where I speedily became the property of the landlord, a bloated consequential-looking personage, whose life did not offer, any more than that of the person from whom he took me, any thing worth relating.

Just after he took me, a very young girl, meanly dressed, and with eyes swollen with weeping, entered, and casting a timid look around her, supplicated the landlord to give her a little wine, for God's sake, for her sick father.

As she spoke in broken English, he did not rightly comprehend her, till a seafaring man, who was standing by, explained what she said.

"Well," cried the landlord, "here's French impudence for you! Wine, forsooth! it would be long enough before an English beggar, though they have brass enough too, would have thought of asking for such a thing. I say, ma'amselle, you had better go home; you won't find wine so plenty in England."

"Me no understand," said the poor girl.

"So much the better," cried the sailor abruptly. "I say, Master Tossopot, you must be joking to be sure; though it is not a time to jest

neither, when the poor thing's father mayhap is dying; so give her a drop of your best, and let her go and comfort him."

"Give her a drop of my best! fine talking, Master Mizen; I shant do no such thing. I say, mistress, get about your business, you shall have nothing here, I promise you."

"But I say she shall though," cried Mizen vehemently, and at the same time flinging a guinea on the counter. "I say she shall have a bottle of wine; but curse me, if it should come out of the cellar of such a hard-hearted brute as you are, only that there is no other house very near us."

My master affected not to hear the latter part of this speech, and the sailor taking the wine and some biscuits, signified to the girl in French, his wish to accompany her to her father.

Never was gratitude more forcibly expressed than in her countenance; she surveyed the wine with as much delight as if she thought it possessed the power to cure her father's malady. The sailor took up his change, of which I formed a part, and they set out together. A few minutes brought them to the dwelling of the poor Frenchman: he was in bed, and appeared in a state of the greatest weakness; he opened his eyes languidly as his daughter approached him, but closed them again, without speaking. Terrified at his apparent unconsciousness, "Oh, my God!" exclaimed she, in a tone of agony, "he is dying!"

My master approached and felt his pulse. "Have courage, mademoiselle," said he, "there is life

still: let us try to get a little warm wine down his throat; it will revive him."

He was right: a little wine, cautiously administered, brought the invalid to his senses, though slowly. Mizen watched the progress of his recovery with extreme solicitude. As he gazed upon the pallid features, to which animation gradually returned, they appeared every moment more familiar to him; at last, unable to restrain himself, he exclaimed, "My eyes must deceive me, it cannot be Treverne!"

"Ah!" cried the girl, "you then know my father?" At this confirmation of his suspicions, my master's emotion became excessive, though he exerted himself to restrain it. "If I am right," said he, "your father once saved my life. Many and many a time have I wished to meet him, though I little thought ever to find him in this plight. But don't cry, my dear mademoiselle; life's a rough voyage, and by the blessing of Providence, he will weather this gale yet."

In a few minutes, Treverne was so far recovered as to take a little of the biscuit soaked in wine, and Mizen, with a delicacy and caution which one would not have expected from his rough appearance, made himself known to him. The sight of one on whom he had the strongest claim was in his desolate situation a cordial indeed. He thanked Heaven fervently for having graciously spared him the pang of leaving his *Thérèse* wholly unprotected.

The rough sailor wept like a child, while he endeavoured to persuade Treverne, that there was still a hope of his recovery; and in fact he was

right. Want, rather than disease, had reduced him to the state in which my master found him, and of want, Mizen bluntly assured him there was no farther danger, for his pouch was well lined with yellow boys, and he was puzzling his brain how in the world to get rid of them, when good fortune gave him an opportunity of paying off a little of his old debt of gratitude.

The countenance of Treverne expressed the inquiry which he had not strength to make: my master understood him. "Ah!" cried he, in a melancholy tone, "poor Nance has been gone this many a day: but I must not talk of old grievances now, but see what can be done to tow you into a more comfortable birth."

He then hastened away in search of medical aid, and as I was curious to learn the cause of his attachment to Treverne, I took a glance at his past life.

He was of mean origin, and had while yet a boy entered the navy; he was fond of his profession, and soon became a credit to it. In an engagement with a French frigate he had his leg shattered, and what was in his opinion a still greater misfortune, he was taken prisoner. The ship-surgeon, after examining his wound, declared that nothing but amputation could save his life; but Mizen protested so strenuously against submitting to the operation, that the surgeon, having argued the matter with him for some time in vain, at last complied with his desire, to be left to sink or swim, as it might please Providence. His young assistant, de Treverne, could not see, without feelings of compassion, a fellow-

creature thus resolutely bent upon throwing away his life, and he hastened to try the effect of his eloquence upon the obstinate Englishman. His entreaties were not successful, but they were made with so much feeling, that they wrung from Mizen the secret reason of his refusal to submit to the amputation of his limb. He was passionately attached to a very pretty girl, and he feared that her constancy would not be proof to so severe a trial. "If Nance was to prove false-hearted," said he, "I know it would be all over with me, I should never hold up my head again; and even if her mind did not change, and she consented to have me, still the thought that the poor wench might afterwards repent, would render me miserable. So you see, doctor, if so be as you can't splice the limb, it is my determination to die like a man, rather than run the risk of being miserable myself, or making the girl of my heart so."

Poor Mizen's heroism would not

have stood the test of sound reasoning, but a Frenchman is never much disposed to reason in affairs of the heart; and Treverne was just then of an age to enter very strongly into the feelings of the young sailor. "I own," said he, after he had carefully examined the wound, "that without amputation I have scarcely a hope of saving you, but nevertheless every means shall be tried." He flew to his master, who willingly gave him leave to make whatever experiments he chose, assuring him at the same time, that they would be in vain. Treverne was almost of the same opinion himself, but he persevered; day and night he attended his patient with unwearied diligence: his generous cares were at last rewarded, Mizen recovered, and never perhaps had Treverne experienced a sensation of such pure and exquisite delight, as when he supported the steps of Mizen in the poor fellow's first effort to walk after his wound.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LXXIII.

Happy the man who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent:
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing, pull'd against the tide:
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the follies of the fray. — THE SILEN.

WHERE or from whom my recollection has borrowed the following fable, I cannot tell; I only wish it were in my power to say, with truth, that it was an original of my own. *Labour* is a term which is not appropriate to the delicacy of the female character; but call it

employment, and the application will be found to suit the character of the *Female Tattler*.

Labour, the offspring of Want, and the mother of Health and Contentment, lived with her two daughters in a little cottage by the side

of a hill, at a great distance from any town. They were totally unacquainted with the great, and had kept no better company than the neighbouring villagers; but having a desire of seeing the world, they forsook their companions and habitation, and determined to travel. Labour went soberly along the road, with Health on her right hand, who, by the sprightliness of her conversation, and songs of cheerfulness and joy, softened the toils of the way; while Contentment went smiling on the left, supporting the steps of her mother, and by her perpetual good-humour, increasing the vivacity of her sister. In this manner they travelled over forests, and through towns and villages, till at last they arrived at the capital of the kingdom. At their entrance into the great city, the mother conjured her daughters never to lose sight of her; for it was the will of Jupiter, she said, that their separation should be attended with the utter ruin of all three. But Health was of too gay a disposition to regard the counsels of Labour; she suffered herself to be seduced by Intemperance, and at last died in childbirth of Disease. Contentment, in the absence of her sister, gave herself up to the enticements of Sloth, and was never heard of after; while Labour, who could have no enjoyment without her daughters, went every where in search of them, till she was at last seized by lassitude in her way, and died in misery.

If we make observations on human nature, either from what we feel in ourselves or see in others,

we shall perceive that almost all the uneasinesses of mankind owe their rise to inactivity, or idleness of body or mind. A free and busy circulation of the blood is absolutely necessary towards the creating easiness and good-humour, and is the only means of securing us from a restless train of idle thoughts, which cannot fail to make us burthensome to ourselves and dissatisfied with all about us.

Providence has therefore wisely provided for the generality of mankind, by compelling them to use that labour, which not only procures them the necessaries of life, but peace and health to enjoy them with delight. Nay, further, we find how essentially necessary it is, that the greatest part of mankind should be obliged to earn their bread by labour, from the ill use that is so often made of those riches which exempt men from it.

Even the advantages of the best education are too frequently found to be insufficient to keep us within the limits of reason and moderation. How hard do the very best of men find it to force upon themselves that abstinence or labour, to which the narrowness of their circumstances does not immediately compel them! Is there really one in ten, who, by all the advantages of wealth and leisure, is made more happy in respect to himself, or more useful to mankind? What numbers do we daily see of such persons, either rioting in luxury or sleeping in sloth, for one who makes a proper use of the advantages which riches give, for the improvement of himself or the happiness of others! And how many do we meet with, who, for their

abuse of the blessings of life, are given up to perpetual uneasiness of mind, and to the greatest agonies of bodily pain!

Whoever seriously considers this point, will discover that riches are by no means such certain blessings as the poor imagine them to be: on the contrary, he will perceive that the common labours and employments of life are much better suited to the majority of mankind, than prosperity and abundance would be without them.

It was a merciful sentence which the Creator passed on man for his disobedience, "By the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread;" for to the punishment itself he stands indebted for health, strength, and all the enjoyments of life. Though the first paradise was forfeited for his transgression, yet, by the penalty inflicted for that transgression, the earth is converted into a paradise again, in the beautiful fields and gardens which we daily see produced by the labour of man; and though the ground was pronounced cursed for his disobedience, yet is that curse so ordered, as to be the punishment, chiefly, and almost solely, of those who, by intemperance or sloth, inflict it upon themselves.

Even from the wants and weaknesses of mankind, are the bands of mutual support and affection derived. The necessities of each, which no man of himself can sufficiently supply, compel him to contribute towards the benefit of others; and while he labours only for his own advantage, he is promoting the universal good of all around him.

Health is the blessing which eve-

ry one wishes to enjoy; but the multitude are so unreasonable, as to desire to purchase it at a cheaper rate than it is to be obtained. The continuance of it is only to be secured by exercise or labour. But the misfortune is, that the poor are too apt to overlook their own enjoyments, and to view with envy the ease and affluence of their superiors, not considering that the usual attendants upon great fortunes are anxiety and disease.

If it be true that those persons are the happiest who have the fewest wants, the rich man is more the object of compassion than envy. However moderate his inclinations may be, the custom of the world lays him under the necessity of living up to his fortune. He must be surrounded by a useless train of servants; his appetite must be pallied with plenty, and his peace invaded by crowds. He must give up the pleasures and endearments of domestic life, to be the slave of party and faction; or if the goodness of his heart should incline him to acts of humanity and benevolence, he will have frequently the mortification of seeing his charities ill bestowed; and by his inability to relieve all, the constant one of making more enemies by his refusals, than friends by his benefactions. If we add to these considerations a truth, which I believe few persons will dispute, namely, that the greatest fortunes, by adding to the wants of their possessors, usually render them the most necessitous men, we shall find greatness and happiness to be at a wide distance from one another. If we carry our inquiries still higher, if we examine into the state of

a king, and even enthrone him, like our own, in the hearts of his people—if the life of a father be a life of care and anxiety, to be

the father of a people is a pre-eminence to be honoured, but not to be envied.

ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

No. VII.

COUNTESS OF DERBY.

THIS intrepid lady, being summoned a second time by Lord Fairfax to surrender Latham House, in the Isle of Man, replied, "I have not forgotten what I owe to the Church of England, to my prince, and to my lord: I will defend the place until I have either lost my honour or my life."

The countess occasionally went out of the gates of the fortress, and often passed near the trenches. During the siege, she always began the day with prayer, and ended it with thanksgiving.

Colonel Rigby having one day sent her an impertinent summons to surrender, she exclaimed, "Tell that insolent rebel Rigby, that if he presumes to send another summons within these walls, I will have his messenger hung up at the gate."

THE DUKE OF OSSUNA.

The Duke of Ossuna, Viceroy of Naples, passing by Barcelona, and having got leave to release some slaves, he went aboard the Cape galley, and passing through the crew of slaves, he asked divers of them, what their offences were? Every one excused himself upon several pretences; one saying, that he was put in out of malice, another by bribery of the judge; but all of them unjustly. Among the rest there was one sturdy little black man; and the duke asking

him what he was in for, "My lord," said he, "I cannot deny but I am justly put in here; for I wanted money, and so took a purse hard by Tarragona, to keep me from starving." The duke, with a truncheon he had in his hand, gave him two or three blows on the shoulder, saying, "You rogue, what do you do among so many *honest, innocent* men? Get you out of their company." so he was freed, and the rest remained still to tug at the oar.

HORSES' TAILS.

Among the Tartars and the Chinese, a horse's tail is the standard under which they go to war; and in Turkey it is considered as a mark of dignity; the reason of which is, that their standard having been once taken by the enemy, the general of the army cut off his horse's tail, fastened it to the top of a pike, and displayed it to the army; by which he rallied the soldiers, who were in great confusion, exhilarated their courage, and gained a complete victory.

The bashaws of three tails are those who are entitled to have carried before them, three horses' tails fastened to a pike with a gold button.

SIR EDWARD COKE.

Echard says, "that this great lawyer lost his preferment by the same means by which he got it—by

his tongue. His recess," adds he, "was far from being inglorious; and he was so excellent at improving a disgrace, that King James used to compare him to a cat, that whatever happened, would always light upon her feet." Finding a cloud at court, he met with fair weather in the country, where he so espoused the cause of the people, that in succeeding parliaments the prerogative felt him as its most able and active opposer. We are told that the Duke of Buckingham would have restored him, if he would have given a gratuity; but he answered, "A judge ought not to give or take a bribe." He was an upright judge, and an able arguer. His usual saying was, "Matter lies in a little room;" an aphorism not often put in practice by the advocates of our times.

THE POETIC CALIPH.

There is nothing so remarkable in the character of the Arabians as their love for poetry, which is universal among them. A talent for making verses was reckoned by them a qualification equal to the greatest military capacity. The Abbé de Marigny, in his History of the Arabians, furnishes us with these anecdotes of the Caliph Moawiyah:

"An Arabian robber being condemned to have his hand cut off, was brought before Moawiyah, in order that the sentence might be confirmed. The criminal, being in the caliph's presence, and reflecting on his great love for poetry, made and repeated four very ingenious and beautiful verses on the spot, with which Moawiyah was highly pleased, that he imme-

diately pardoned the Arabian, and ordered him to be set at liberty.

"The great fondness which Moawiyah had for poetry, also enabled a young Arabian to obtain a speedy redress for a severe injury committed against him by the governor of Cufah, in forcibly taking from him his beauteous and beloved wife. The wretched husband came to make his complaint to the caliph, and expressed his grievance in so pathetic an elegy, that Moawiyah, both interested and delighted with the energetic softness and lively fancy of the young poet, protracted the determination of other business, that he might render him immediate justice. He sent an express to the governor, and commanded him to resign the woman without delay. In the mean time he kept the husband at court, and treated him with the greatest respect.

"The governor returned a very extraordinary answer, which shewed the excess of his passion. He informed the messenger, that if the caliph would permit him to retain her only twelve months, he would consent to have his head cut off at the end of that time; but the caliph rigidly insisted on her being given up, and she was brought before him.

"So extraordinary an event excited the caliph's curiosity. He was desirous of seeing a woman, whose beauty was so much talked of. When she appeared, he found that her perfections had not been exaggerated, and that her charms were capable of inspiring love in the hearts of every one who saw her. But when she spoke, her elegant manner and refined ex-

pressions were such, that he declared, notwithstanding the many embassies he had received, and the various conversations he had held with the greatest men of his country, he never before heard such a torrent of eloquence as flowed from the lips of the charming Arabian.

"After a long conversation, with which the caliph was enraptured, he assumed a very serious tone, and asked her, for which she had the greatest affection, the governor or her husband? The fair Arabian remained some time silent. Moawiyah thought she did not wish to answer the question, and was getting very angry, when she, with a modesty becoming her sex, answered him in verse, full of fire and spirit, in which she expressed the greatest love and attachment to her husband, and begged she might be restored to him.

" 'What a prodigy of wit and beauty!' exclaimed the caliph in amaze; 'how highly would my kingdom be honoured, if you would please to share my throne! But since you are resolved to return to your husband and country, I will not prevent you. Go then, and if you would enjoy your husband without fear of some fresh misfortune, keep within doors; and if you must go out, let a thick veil cover your matchless charms from the eyes of men.'

"The caliph then dismissed the happy pair, with large presents; and the young poet and his wife publicly acknowledged the many favours they had received from him."

LADY WALLACE.

Lady Wallace, celebrated in

Scotland for wit and beauty, happening to be at an assembly at Edinburgh, a young gentleman, the son of his Majesty's printer, who had the patent for publishing bibles, made his appearance, dressed in green and gold. Being a new face, and extremely elegant, he attracted the attention of the whole company. A general murmur prevailed in the room, to know who he was. Lady Wallace instantly made answer, loud enough to be heard, "Oh! don't you know him? It is *young Bible*, bound in *calf* and *gilt*, but not *lettered*."

CARDINAL D'ESTE.

This magnificent prince of the church invited Cardinal de Medicis to sup with him. After supper they played at *primero* for a considerable sum of money, and the Cardinal d'Este had prime, which he concealed, and lost his money to the Cardinal de Medicis. When he was gone, one of Cardinal d'Este's attendants observed to his eminence, that he had really won the game. "So I had, sir," replied he; "but I did not invite my brother cardinal here to win his money."

MENAGE AND MARIGNY.

Menage mentions, that when Marigny contracted a friendship with him, he told him he was *upon his nail*. It was a method he had of speaking of all his friends; he also used it in his letters; one which he wrote to Menage begins thus: "*Oh! illustrious of my nail*."

When Marigny said to any one, *You are upon my nail*, he meant two things—one, that the person was

always present, nothing being more easy than to look at his nail; the other was, that good and real friends were so scarce, that even he who had the most, might write their names on his nail.

THE EMPEROR CHARLES IV.

A merchant of Prague had lent a hundred thousand ducats to this emperor. The day afterwards he invited him to dinner, with many of his nobles, and treated them with great magnificence. During the dessert, he set before the emperor a bason of gold, in which was his note for the money he had borrowed, and said, "Sire, all the other dishes are in common for the rest of the company who have done me the honour to partake of my repast. This dish is destined for your Sacred Majesty, and I re-

quest you to accept of what it contains*."

JAMES I.

King James once went out of his way to hear a noted preacher. The clergyman seeing the king enter, left his text to declaim against swearing, for which that king was notorious. When done, James thanked him for his sermon, but asked, what connection swearing had with it? He answered, "Since your Majesty came out of your way, I could not do less than go out of mine."

* A generous action of the same kind is told of that great actor, Mr. Garrick. He had lent Mr. Berenger 500l. on his bond; soon afterwards he was invited to dine with him on his birthday, to meet some friends. He sent his excuses in a letter that inclosed in it his bond, which he requested him to apply to the good cheer and entertainment of his company.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Introduction, and Rossini's celebrated Air "Di tanti palpiti," arranged, with Variations, as a Du-et for two Performers on the Piano-forte, and respectfully dedicated to Miss and Miss Maria Bishop, by J. C. Nightingale. Pr. 3s.—(Monro, Skinner-street.)

VERY proper, agreeable, and easy music for two performers. The short introduction is conceived in the spirit of the theme; and the theme itself has been limited to the regular portion of the air. The variations are all in a satisfactory style; they constantly adhere, perhaps too closely, to the subject. No. 2. may be mentioned as exhibiting a flowing succession of descending semiquaver passages; No. 3. ex-

cites some interest from the well-timed interlacement of the first part into the second, and a clever imitation of two; No. 4. exhibits a range of legato semiquavers in the relative minor key; and the march of No. 5. will be found spirited and showy.

"Tu che accendi," Rossini's celebrated Cavatina, with Variations, for the Piano-forte or Harp, composed by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll, High Holborn.)

The same air as the preceding, with this difference, that the introductory recitativo, "Tu che accendi," has been prefixed to the air of "Di tanti palpiti," which forms the theme for the variations. The general opinion which we have

given on the preceding publication might fairly be applied to this. Mr. Rimbault's variations are pleasing, and free from any intricacies. No. 2. represents the theme satisfactorily in the bass, while the treble intersprinkles it with triplets. The demisemiquavers in No. 3. proceed through the air with bustling and tasteful activity. Thus far the more regular portion of the air only has made its appearance, but in the two next, and concluding, variations, the remainder of Rossini's original has been judiciously introduced: in var. 3. we have the famous strong transition from the tonic to the major key of its upper minor third; and in No. 4. Rossini's fanciful conclusion is appropriately made to terminate Mr. Rimbault's variations. In the latter half of bar 2. l. 3, p. 1, there is, we believe, a material and unfavourable deviation from the authentic melody: the notes F, A, C, in the treble, should be D, F, A.

La petite Bagatelle, for the Piano-forte or Harp, composed by S. F. Rimbault. No. 6. Pr. 1s.—(Hodsoll.)

Several numbers of Mr. R.'s bagatelles have had favourable comment in preceding critiques of ours. The present trifle is a little polacca, which, although not very original, will interest the juvenile performer by its regularity, and a fair proportion of variety. There is a little minore, and a tasty cantabile passage in the dominant.

Pleyel's celebrated Symphony, adapted for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.), by S. F. Rimbault. No. 2. Pr. 5s.; with-
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out Accompaniments, 3s.—(Hodsoll.)

This symphony is universally known among amateurs, and probably is the best of any that Pleyel has composed. The allegro is in D major, andante A major, minuet and rondo in D major. Mr. Rimbault's arrangement is entitled to great praise; it is excellent throughout, and capable of producing all the effect that could be expected from so limited a number of instruments. Indeed the piano-forte alone conveys a pretty correct idea of the score.

Airs and Chorusses, selected from Mozart's celebrated Opera, "Il Flauto Magico," arranged as Duets for two Performers on the Piano-forte, by S. F. Rimbault. No. 3. Pr. 3s.—(Hodsoll.)

The earlier numbers of this collection of duets from the Magic Flute have already been submitted to the notice of our readers. In this book we find the following airs: "Ladove prende" (the manly heart)—"Colombae Tortorella"—"Regna Amore in ogni luogo"—"Oh cara Armonia"—"Grand Isi, grand' Osiri"—"Già fan' ritorno"—"Qùì segno non s'accende"—"Piede snello, ardito cor."—All these airs are very neatly arranged, and they form certainly a very interesting, and by no means difficult, set of duets.

"Oh! say not that woman," a favourite Song, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte or Harp; the Poetry by Henry Prentis, Esq; the Music composed, and respectfully dedicated to Wm. Paine Beecham, Esq. by W. T. Parke. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Hodsoll.)

Mr. Parke's song is well enough; but it is too much in the common ballad style, without any feature of originality. There is nothing crude, but also nothing to excite peculiar interest, or fix itself on our memory.

Fourth Fantasia, consisting of the most favourite Airs from Mozart's celebrated Opera "Le Nozze di Figaro," composed, and arranged for the Piano-forte, with Flute Accompaniments (ad lib.), performed on the Apollonicon, by John Purkis. Pr. 3s.—(Hodsoll.)

We should rather entitle this book, a collection of airs from Mozart's Figaro, arranged for the piano-forte, than a fantasia; because the latter appellation implies a free and highly diversified treatment of a given subject or subjects: whereas the present publication, if we except the introduction, and the general arrangement for the piano-forte, exhibits a comparatively small proportion of what may strictly be designed as Mr. Purkis's own inditing. With this reservation, we are free to give Mr. P. all the credit that is due to him for the satisfactory arrangement of the airs contained in the book. They are, "Non piu andrai"—"Dove sono i bei momenti"—"Giovani lieti spargete fiori"—and "Sù l'aria"—The first is transposed into rather a high key, but its adaptation, as well as that of the others, is certainly very tasteful and effective, without being anywise intricate. The introduction too is replete with interest, and hints prettily at the motivo, and the more striking points of the piece which it pre-

sides.

George the Fourth's Coronation grand March and Waltz, for the Piano-forte, and Flute Accompaniment (ad lib.), composed, and performed with the greatest applause on the Apollonicon, by John Purkis. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll.)

Brilliancy, regularity, and good style are conspicuous features in this march of Mr. Purkis; the ideas are satisfactory and well connected, but we cannot assign to them any high degree of originality. The waltz, too, does not convey any novel impressions, but it is well conceived and arranged, and its effect is throughout such as might be expected from an experienced pen like that of Mr. P. The trio in four flats is very pleasing, and the coda particularly showy.

Händel's Coronation Anthem newly arranged for the Organ or Piano-forte, by John Purkis. Pr. 1s.—(Hodsoll.)

We merely notice this new edition, conceiving that its moderate price, and the name of its adapter, may induce one or other of our readers to procure it.

The Coronation Rondo for the Piano-forte, composed by Samuel Poole. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Hodsoll.)

A pasturale by way of introduction, and an allegretto, both in G major. The first of these movements has a good subject, and would be altogether unobjectionable, were it not fringed out by a variety of decorative passages, which really distress the melody. Flourishes of the description introduced by Mr. P. ought to be very sparingly administered, especially in a pasturale, where chaste simplicity is an indispensable requisite. Were

the movement longer, there might have been room for some of these amplifications. The allegretto is of small extent; it exhibits no new ideas, but what there are, appear to us satisfactory upon the whole, and fit for beginners.

The Christmas Rose, a Duet, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed by J. F. Danneley, the Words by Mrs. Cobbold.—Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Chappel and Co.)

This duet, in D major, is written in the style of the works of the good old masters, in which contrapuntal contrivance predominates over melody; and, considered according to that standard, its merits are conspicuous: the voices and the accompaniment are entwined into each other with much cleverness, and very good effect. The motivo is lively, and it is well carried through a number of bars under various modifications. The instrumental part at the bottom of the second page does not suit our taste: its third bar, owing to the concurrence of a fifth in the second, and an octave in the third crotchets, feels very hard, although the notes observed upon are but passing notes. It surely required not so much effort to go from the tonic to the subdominant. The conclusion in the fourth page appears to us too serious and important for a piece of this description; it certainly is of a character very opposite to the subject of the duet.

"Farewell, bright illusions," the Words by G. L. Chesterton, Esq. sung by Mr. Leoni Lee at the Theatre Royal Haymarket, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-forte, and most respectfully de-

icated to Dr. Jay, by Charlotte Ferrier. Pr. 2s.—(Mayhew and Co. Old Bond-street.)

We are occasionally called upon to pass our critical verdict upon compositions of female authors, and our experience always renders us reluctant to enter upon that duty. On the one hand, we would not for the world give offence; while, on the other, we have found it in most cases very difficult to award applause. The attempt is generally made by amateurs very superficially conversant with the rules and requisites of one of the most arduous and intricate of the fine arts; an art which, besides natural genius, demands the study and experience of many years. Hence it is that we have often thought it best to reconsign some of these fair productions to a state of dormancy in our portfolio, rather than incur displeasure. The song of Miss Ferrier was taken up with an anxious prepossession of this kind, but its perusal set our fears at rest, and placed us in that state of complacency which every well-organized male being must experience when he can conscientiously speak well of any individual of the fairer part of the creation. They constitute the solace of our lives, but when they play and sing to us, and play and sing *con anima*, nay, create the song, they render life a very paradise. Miss F.'s composition, we repeat it, has caused us great pleasure. There is a vein of pathetic tenderness in the melody, which bespeaks good inward feeling and a cultivated taste. The rhythmical construction is perfect, all the parts are in proper symmetry, and the harmony is throughout

remarkable as to purity and propriety of treatment. Among the more select instances of the latter description may be reckoned the very ~~and well~~ managed introduction of the extreme sixth in the concluding symphony.

"*Musical Land, a long goodnight!*"
a Ballad, sung with the greatest
applause by Mr. Horn, at the The-
atre Royal Drury-lane; written,
composed, and inscribed to his friend,
J. F. Johnston, Esq. by Geo. E.
Linley, Esq. Pr. 2s.—(Penson
and Robertson, Edinburgh.)

It is rare in modern times to find poet and composer united in one individual, and more rare still, to see a successful result from such a combination. In the above production, we will own, the poetic talent predominates; but it presents features of merit in a musical point of view. In the symphony, we observe a considerable degree of originality, and a progress of harmony which would do credit to a professor in the art. In the melody of the song itself, there is a feeling of tenderness and sympathy consonant with the text, and a sufficient variety of expression: the passage, "I love the dark blue waters," p. 2, would have been preferable, had it been throughout in the dominant, in which it set out, instead of relapsing into the key at its second bar. In the accompaniment, we observe nothing substantially objectionable, but in its arrangement there appears too great a sameness, and too much alternation of the common chord and dominant seventh; and the bass, especially towards the conclusion, is rather naked.

"*Oh! blame me not that pleasure's dream,*" a *Ballad, adapted to a favourite Melody by Mozart, with new Accompaniments and Symphonies*, by C. S. Smith. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Wheatstone, Strand.)

One of the prettiest, most simple, and graceful songs of Mozart, called the Violet, has furnished the melody to two stanzas written by Mr. Selwyn. The words fit very fairly, and the air is given correctly; but we cannot say that the new accompaniment has added to its interest: surely Mozart's simple and highly characteristic accompaniment would have been preferable to an accompaniment of strong harpeggios, which only obscure the delicate and unaffected progress of the melody. The concluding symphony is not to our liking; the modulation into the subdominant is out of place, and the rhythm irregular, even with the appendage of the terminating common chords.

ON THE ORTHOGRAPHY OF THE SURNAME OF THE COMPOSER OF THE MESSIAH

The publisher of the *Repository* has put into our hands a letter from a subscriber, desiring to be informed whether "Handel," or "Händel," is the name of the composer whose works have for so long a period fascinated the British public.

The question is not liable to a doubt. The composer's name was "Händel," or "Haendel," written with the German diphthong *ä* or *ae*, both being used alike by the Germans; precisely as in the case of Mälzel, or Maelzel, the inventor of the Metronome. The English *a* in "hand," "band," &c,





having the same sound as the German diphthong, may have led to the disuse of the latter in this case; or it may have been dropped in the same manner as is daily the case with Germans of similar names residing in England, such as "König," "Köhler," &c. who are invariably called König, Kohler, &c. and many of whom adopt this mutilation in their own signatures. All the German biographers of our composer spell his name with *ä*, and there are medals extant on which it is spelt in the same manner.

It is not improbable, however, that, in our own musical critiques, we may have been guilty of the charge brought against us of writing the name sometimes with a diphthong, and sometimes without it. If so, we can only plead, in excuse, the more frequent occurrence of the erroneous orthography, which may occasionally have led our pen astray. We shall endeavour to be more consistent in future.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 4.—MORNING DRESS.

A HIGH gown composed of bright rose-coloured levantine: the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a broad *bouillonné* of the same material, above which is a flounce edged with velvet to correspond, and disposed in a scroll pattern; there are two rows, each turned the same way, and a rouleau of levantine placed between. The body meets in front: it is ornamented with straps placed bias, and each finished with a Brandenbourg; the back is plain, and extremely narrow at the bottom. Spring collar, trimmed with a full fall of the same material. Sleeve moderately wide; cuff cut in three points, finished by Brandenbourgs. The epaulette, for which we must refer to our print, is extremely novel and pretty. Head-dress, a *demoiselle* composed of Uring's lace; the caul is something higher than they have been lately worn; narrow bor-

der, made very full: a bouquet of roses is placed rather far back. The hair is parted so as to display almost the whole of the forehead, and is dressed lightly at the sides. Black kid shoes. Limerick gloves.

PLATE 5.—FULL DRESS.

A white satin round gown; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed in a very novel style with blond intermixed with white satin. The *corsage* is cut low and square; the bust is edged with a plaiting of satin, and the lower part of it is ornamented in front with satin edged with narrow blond, and disposed in a scroll pattern. The sleeve is a mixture of blond and white satin; the former full, and confined by lozenges of the latter, the point of each finished by a Provence rose: the bottom of the sleeve is confined by a band to correspond. White satin sash, embroidered at each end in a bouquet of roses, and tied in full bows and

long ends. Head-dress, *en cheveux*. The front hair is parted to display the forehead, and falls very low at the sides of the face in light loose ringlets. The hind hair is disposed in plaits, through which a wreath of Provence roses is carelessly twisted. Ear-rings and necklace diamonds: the latter is a *négligé*. White kid gloves, and white *gros de Naples* slippers.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint of No. 12, Edwards-street, Portman-square, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, for both these dresses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

It is about the middle of January, generally speaking, that the winter fashions may be regarded as fixed, at least as far as respects the materials of dresses: as to the forms or the trimmings, those our fair readers know are always varying.

Plain walking dress is of a description extremely appropriate to the time of year: it does not, however, afford much novelty. Cloth pelisses, or dark silk ones lined and wadded, are very generally adopted. We see scarcely any but fur trimmings, which is somewhat singular, considering the unusual mildness of the season. Muffs are universally adopted, and tippets were very generally worn in the beginning of December, but they have since been more partially adopted: those most in favour are of the round kind, and very large.

It is now some time since we have noticed any marked alteration in the length of waists; but the backs of pelisses and dresses continue to be much sloped at the sides,

so as to be very narrow indeed at the bottom of the waist. This fashion is now, we think, rather carried to excess. The bodies of cloth pelisses are frequently ornamented with braiding: it is employed to mark the shape of the back, and a Brandenbourg of a lozenge form is placed at the bottom of each seam. The busts of some pelisses are ornamented in the hussar style, with braiding and Brandenbours; others have the braiding put bias, and terminated at each end by small silk buttons. Pelerines, except those of fur, are now rarely seen.

Velvet and beaver are the materials most in favour for plain walking bonnets; they are always ornamented with feathers to correspond, and the plumes are very long and full. Black Leghorn is worn, but not generally.

Pelisses are equally in favour for carriage dress and for the public promenade. Velvet is fashionable, but it is not so generally worn as those rich silks which we have so often had occasion to mention under the French names of *velours épingle*, *velours natté*, &c.; they are always wadded, and lined either with white, cherry-coloured, or blue silk. There is some variety in trimmings, but not so much as might be expected, for fur is upon the whole most prevalent. The other trimmings are composed in general of a mixture of velvet and satin, velvet and *gras de Naples*, or velvet only. We shall endeavour to give our fair readers an idea of the forms of such as are most fashionable.

A chain trimming of satin, above which a row of leaves is placed in

a bias direction, and at some distance from each other: the leaves are of velvet; they are very large, and are notched at the edges, and finished by a very narrow silk braid. Another fashionable style of trimming consists of a wreath of leaves composed of satin and velvet laid on in waves. A satin rouleau, made very full, and with a plain velvet band twisted round it, is also fashionable. Those trimmings composed of velvet are cut like the teeth of a saw, but always in a bias direction, and very deep.

Unless the head-dress be black, it is either the colour of the dress, or cherry colour. The *chapeau à la paysanne*, which we mentioned in our last Number, is at present much in favour; *toque* hats also begin to be a good deal worn. There does not appear, however, to be any settled standard for the form or size of carriage head-dress, for we still see a good many large bonnets, though not, we must confess, of so preposterous a size as they were a year or two ago.

Feathers are almost universally adopted; we see, indeed, a few bonnets ornamented with flowers, but their number is comparatively very trifling. Long full plumes of curled ostrich feathers may, perhaps, be considered as most fashionable, but marabouts are also worn by very elegant women. We have observed, that these latter were arranged upon *toque* hats, in the form of a diadem, and placed exactly in front. The effect was novel and pretty.

Let us now take a peep at indoor costume. The muslin *robe du matin* is at last discarded, and the high gown of warmer materials

substituted in its place. Poplins and bombasins are much in favour; tabbinets are also worn, but not so generally as the two former; and we see several morning dresses of *gros de Naples* and levantine. The very elegant dress given in our print is the only striking novelty which this month affords.

The materials for dinner dress are the same as last month, with the addition of white merino; we have seen several dresses composed of it: the trimmings were of velvet and satin; the latter white, the former of some very full colour, as *ponceau*, deep blue, purple, or dark turtle green. The satin is disposed in *houilloné*, in various forms, and the spaces filled with the velvet.

We have seen several dinner gowns made so high as to leave but very little of the bust exposed: we are sorry, however, to say, that this fashion is but partially adopted. Gowns continue to be made tight to the shape: short sleeves are generally worn, but we have seen recently a few gowns made in the French style, with white lace or gauze long sleeves, tight to the arm, and with satin rouleaus, disposed in a bias direction, twisted round the arm to the wrist; the sleeve terminated with a full ruffle of blond or thread lace. We must observe, that there is always a very full epaulette of the same material as the gown.

Toques, turbans, and small dress hats are all in favour in full dress. One of the prettiest of the latter is a hat with a small brim somewhat in the Spanish shape, but turning up at the side instead of in front. The brim is considerably deeper

at one side than the other; it is edged and looped with pearls, and adorned with a full plume of down feathers.

For the very juvenile *belle*, however, a head-dress *en cheveux* is still more fashionable than any co-

vering for the head. The hair is decorated either with flowers of the season, roses, or pearls.

Fashionable colours for the month are, dark ruby, lavender, deep blue, bright rose colour, and dark green.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Dec. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR present style of promenade dress presents rather more variety than when I wrote to you last month. Pelisses, which we call *rédingotes*, and cloaks, which you will recollect we style pelisses, are nearly equally fashionable; spencers and shawls are likewise in favour. The *rédingotes* are made in a very plain style: the skirt is a good deal gored; it is very wide at the bottom, but drawn unbecomingly tight round the figure at the waist, which is still worn as long as ever. The body is tight to the shape, and made sometimes with a short full jacket; the collar stands very much out at the neck, and is a little pointed in the middle of the back. The sleeve is nearly tight to the arm; but the epaulette is very full. I should have observed, that *rédingotes* are always of levantine, or *gros de Naples*. The trimming is a chain of plaited satin, which goes all round. The bottom of the sleeve is edged with it, and the epaulette is also intersected with bands, placed in a straight line, which confine the fullness. I must not forget to say, that the dress wraps a little to the right side.

I need not speak to you about cloaks, because they have not al-

tered since I wrote last. Spencers are principally made of velvet; the colour of the most novel is *flamme de punch*: they are lined and edged with cherry-coloured satin; a good many have the seams of the back marked by a cherry-coloured welt: the edge of the girdle corresponds. The most fashionable epaulettes are those in lozenge puffs, confined by narrow straps edged with cherry colour. Sometimes the front of the spencer is adorned with these puffs, which form a stomacher, but it is not pointed at the bottom of the waist.

Our *rédingotes* and pelisses are always of stout silk; but gowns are made either of silk or merino, and of the two, the latter is most fashionable. The skirts of these dresses are trimmed at the bottom with bands of satin, four or five in number. The *corsage* is slashed up the front, and each of the slashes finished by a Brandenbourg. Full epaulette, the upper part of which consists of bands welted at the edge; there are two folds of these bands; the lower part of the top sleeve is plain, but very full.

Our *chapeaux* are either of black velvet, or of *gros de Naples*, to correspond with the colour of the dress. Cherry-coloured linings are very much in favour; but we

still see a good many *chapeaux* of black velvet, lined with black satin. The edges of the brims of these bonnets are frequently finished by a black satin rouleau, which is, however, made very small, and rather resembles a welt. Those made in silk have a trimming of *pluche de soie* at the edge of the brim. *Chapeaux* at present are ornamented only with feathers: plumes of cocks' feathers, placed so as to droop to the right side, are very fashionable.

While I am on the subject of promenade dress, I must not forget to observe, that black *gros de Naples*, levantine, &c. &c. are very much in favour for it; and as the *chapeau* is now so frequently lined and trimmed with black, the dress would have altogether a mourning appearance, were it not that the *petit sautoir* is always of vivid, I might say glaring colours, such as raspberry-red, with a palm border, the ground of which is white. Long narrow cachemire shawls of this description are the most used; but they are simply tied round the throat, and do not prevent the wearer from having either a large shawl or a pelisse.

Black is not less in favour in indoor than in out-door dress; it is particularly fashionable in full dress. Velvet is the material most in favour: we see, however, a few satin dresses, but very few. *Ruches* are still the trimmings most in favour; they are disposed in various ways: some are arranged in crowns, and tied by full bows of satin, which are fastened by a knot in the middle; others are disposed in crescents, and a good many are put

on one above another, and each row progressively smaller than the other. I should observe that for velvet or satin dresses, the trimming is always composed of gauze.

Flounces are next in favour to *ruches*; they are disposed in deep plaits, and have narrow bands of satin put near the edge; two are placed nearly close together, and headed by a rouleau; there are three rows each at some distance from the other.

The bodies of dress gowns are variously made, but always cut low; they are square round the bosom; the shoulder-strap is cut narrow, and the neck much displayed, except with unmarried ladies, who do not with us expose their charms so freely to the public gaze as the married *belle*: they adopt gauze tuckers, drawn up round the neck, which always reminds me of the modesty-piece mentioned by the Spectator. I know not whether my memory is correct, but I think that Addison somewhere complains, that this said modesty-piece dwindled away by degrees, till it became in fact no covering at all: this is not the case, however, with the tuckers of the fair Parisians; they shade the neck very delicately, and are, in my opinion at least, extremely becoming.

The backs of gowns are always plain; but the busts may be either plain, or else disposed in drapery, or ornamented in the stomacher style. The drapery consists of deep folds, which are fastened down in the middle of the bosom by a band of the same material as the gown. The stomachers are formed by bands, placed one above

another, each forming a half-circle; these stomachers are very wide at the bosom, but terminate nearly in a point.

Cachemire and white merino are next in favour to velvet. The ground of the former is always white, and the trimming consists of the border of the shawl; a very narrow border to correspond goes round the bosom, and the fulness of the epaulette is intersected with bands of a similar description, placed lengthwise, but in bias. In speaking of trimmings, I forgot to observe, that gowns composed of white merino are frequently trimmed with bands of striped silk cut bias, but always to correspond in colour with the gown. Sleeves in full dress are very short: sometimes a long transparent sleeve is

worn with a full epaulette; the long sleeve as tight as possible to the arm; it is finished by a ruffle, and white satin rouleaus are frequently twisted across the arm to the wrist.

The colours most decidedly fashionable in evening dress are, white, *flamme de punch*, and cherry colour. For the promenade, bronze, bright olive, *aile de mouche*, and black, are most in favour. The linings are always cherry colour, or *flamme de punch*.

Adieu, my beloved friend! Need I say how much the approaching festival recalls dear England to my mind, or how heartily I wish that your Christmas festivities could be shared by your

EUDOCIA?

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 3.—A DRAWING-ROOM LUSTRE.

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still see a good many *chapeaux* of black velvet, lined with black satin. The edges of the brims of these bonnets are frequently finished by a black satin rouleau, which is, however, made very small, and rather resembles a welt. Those made in silk have a trimming of *pluche de soie* at the edge of the brim. *Chapeaux* at present are ornamented only with feathers: plumes of cocks' feathers, placed so as to droop to the right side, are very fashionable.

While I am on the subject of promenade dress, I must not forget to observe, that black *gros de Naples*, levantine, &c. &c. are very much in favour for it; and as the *chapeau* is now so frequently lined and trimmed with black, the dress would have altogether a mourning appearance, were it not that the *petit sautoir* is always of vivid, I might say glaring colours, such as raspberry-red, with a palm border, the ground of which is white. Long narrow cachemire shawls of this description are the most used; but they are simply tied round the throat, and do not prevent the wearer from having either a large shawl or a pelisse.

Black is not less in favour in indoor than in out-door dress; it is particularly fashionable in full dress. Velvet is the material most in favour: we see, however, a few satin dresses, but very few. *Ruches* are still the trimmings most in favour; they are disposed in various ways: some are arranged in crowns, and tied by full bows of satin, which are fastened by a knot in the middle; others are disposed in crescents, and a good many are put

on one above another, and each row progressively smaller than the other. I should observe that for velvet or satin dresses, the trimming is always composed of gauze.

Flounces are next in favour to *ruches*; they are disposed in deep plaits, and have narrow bands of satin put near the edge; two are placed nearly close together, and headed by a rouleau; there are three rows each at some distance from the other.

The bodies of dress gowns are variously made, but always cut low; they are square round the bosom; the shoulder-strap is cut narrow, and the neck much displayed, except with unmarried ladies, who do not with us expose their charms so freely to the public gaze as the married *belle*: they adopt gauze tuckers, drawn up round the neck, which always reminds me of the modesty-piece mentioned by the Spectator. I know not whether my memory is correct, but I think that Addison somewhere complains, that this said modesty-piece dwindled away by degrees, till it became in fact no covering at all: this is not the case, however, with the tuckers of the fair Parisians; they shade the neck very delicately, and are, in my opinion at least, extremely becoming.

The backs of gowns are always plain; but the busts may be either plain, or else disposed in drapery, or ornamented in the stomacher style. The drapery consists of deep folds, which are fastened down in the middle of the bosom by a band of the same material as the gown. The stomachers are formed by bands, placed one above

another, each forming a half-circle; these stomachiers are very wide at the bosom, but terminate nearly in a point.

Cachemire and white merino are next in favour to velvet. The ground of the former is always white, and the trimming consists of the border of the shawl; a very narrow border to correspond goes round the bosom, and the fulness of the epaulette is intersected with bands of a similar description, placed lengthwise, but in bias. In speaking of trimmings, I forgot to observe, that gowns composed of white merino are frequently trimmed with bands of striped silk cut bias, but always to correspond in colour with the gown. Sleeves in full dress are very short: sometimes a long transparent sleeve is

worn with a full epaulette; the long sleeve as tight as possible to the arm; it is finished by a ruffle. and white satin rouleaus are frequently twisted across the arm to the wrist.

The colours most decidedly fashionable in evening dress are, white, *flamme de punch*, and cherry colour. For the promenade, bronze, bright olive, *aile de mouche*, and black, are most in favour. The linings are always cherry colour, or *flamme de punch*.

Adieu, my beloved friend! Need I say how much the approaching festival recalls dear England to my mind, or how heartily I wish that your Christmas festivities could be shared by your

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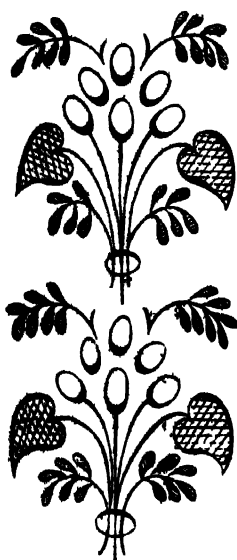
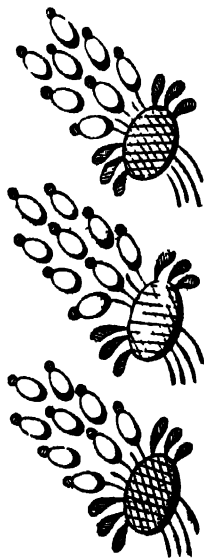
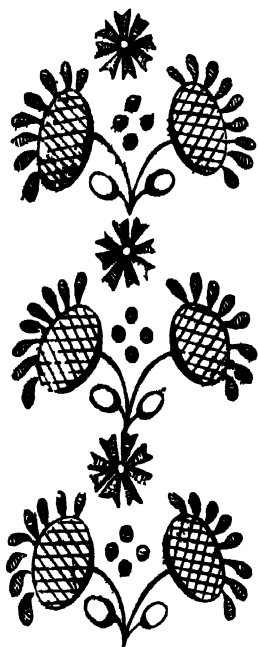
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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 15th of the month, announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

We thank Mr. Lacey for his anecdote regarding The Negro of Clement's Inn.

The German Professor and the Ape will certainly appear in our next Number.

The quotation from H. Peachum, regarding Bruno and Buffalmaco, will be useful, and we shall find an early place for it.

The second Eclogue by the Poetical Hackney-Coachman, and other Poems, have come to hand. The author of them has our thanks.

We hope we have given no offence to Q in a Corner, by the hint we offered regarding his Short Stage.

Ovidius Naso's article Upon Noses is amusing, and deserves insertion.

Shakspeariana in our Number for March.

The article entitled Courtship in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, will occupy an early page in our forthcoming publication.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburg, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SENJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.



CHARLES STREET

THE
Repository
 OF
 ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

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FEBRUARY 1, 1822.

N^o. LXXIV.

SELECT VIEWS OF LONDON.

PLATE 7.—CHARLES-STREET, CROSSING REGENT-STREET, TAKEN FROM THE PORTICO OF THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THIS street was formerly well known as Charles-street, Saint James's-square, as it proceeded thence, crossing St. Albans-street, eastward to its termination at a narrow, and not very promising, row of houses, called Market-lane, being an entrance from Pall-Mall to the then existing St. James's market, and which very dirty and incommodious passage formed the sedan-chair approach to the Italian Opera-House. Without recurring to the former wretched state of this neighbourhood, the advantages of the present arrangements can scarcely be duly appreciated, as, by effecting an insulated station, they have not only obtained security against fire to that costly building the Opera-House, but have added suitable importance to a commanding portion of the metropolis, with the solid advantages of giving access to highly valuable property, and a healthful circulation of air to that spot which was before circumscribed and baneful.

St. Albans-street has been wholly razed, and the greater part of Charles-street also. The ancient houses forming that part of the Haymarket joining the Opera-House have given way to the improvement, and, as shewn in the annexed engraving, Charles-street is continued into the Haymarket, upon the site they formerly occupied.

The point of view from which the annexed engraving is taken, is in Charles-street, a few paces from the Haymarket, and looking westward. The street forms a vista across St. James's-square, where the bronze equestrian statue of King William III. executed by Bacon, jun. from a model by his father, becomes a central object; it is situated in the middle of a basin of water, which, when cleaned at the time the statue was erected, was found to contain the keys of old Newgate, which had been thrown there by the rioters in 1780, when that building was broken into and destroyed by fire. In the distance beyond the square, King-

street is seen, of Almack celebrity, and not unknown from an old building, now greatly dilapidated, called Nerot's Hotel: in this street the European Museum, a gallery for the exhibition and sale of pictures, is situated; and at the end of it, communicating with the square, are the town residences of the Marquis of Londonderry at the north, and of the Earl of Darlington on the south.

The opening intersecting Charles-street in the middle-ground of the picture, is Regent-street and Waterloo-place, being the avenue leading from Carlton-House towards the County Fire-Office, shewn as the prominent building in the select view of the foregoing *Repository*.

The chief features in this view are the United Service Club-House, at the corner of Regent-street, and to the left of the picture, designed by Mr. Smirke the architect; and a portion of the colonnade of the Opera-House to the right of it, from the designs of Mr. Nash. The print is not, however, favour-

able to a display of either of these buildings in an architectural point of view; all comments upon them are therefore withheld, as unsuitable to useful illustration, and as they might thence become unjust to the parties whose talents have been engaged upon them: they will, however, meet with due notice when more prominent views of them are presented in future Numbers of the *Repository*.

The interest of Charles-street as affording pictorial subjects is greatly increased by the erection of the Haymarket Theatre, opposite to its eastern end, where it terminates the view looking the contrary way from the present picture: it is, however, to be regretted, that the centre of the portico of this theatre is not the centre of the street, taking the face of the Opera-House colonnade as the street line, rather than that of the house itself; for, from this cause, its present situation seems rather the effect of error, than of intentional arrangement.

MISCELLANIES.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

THE ADVISER ADVISED.

SIR,

I, LIKE you, have been a sufferer by my endeavours to aid my friends with my advice; but I have not, like you, found people so complaisant as to listen to it at last: on the contrary, I am now fairly hunted out of society, and branded by almost all my acquaintance as a malicious meddler, merely because I have, from pure benevolence,

taken upon me to interfere in the concerns of people who were incapable of managing for themselves. This is very hard, Mr. Sagephiz, but I trust, as the case was once your own, that you will extend your aid to a sister in distress, and by giving publicity to a true statement of my case, wipe off the stigma which is so unjustly attached to my name.

The love of advising has been my ruling passion ever since I can remember; it displayed itself even in my childish days, and before I had attained my tenth year, occasioned my expulsion from a boarding-school. Some of the pupils were discontented at the severity of the regulations; I counselled them to break out into open rebellion, and they afterwards made their peace with the mistress of the seminary, by denouncing me as the prime agent in the conspiracy against her sovereign authority.

My mother, who was of a grave and quiet disposition, was much shocked at my expulsion, and hoped, by educating me under her own eye, to check the growth of what she thought a terrible failing. But her endeavours were in vain; my passion for advising continued, and it brought me into innumerable scrapes, as well as occasioned so much confusion in our family, that at last my mother yielded to the wish of my aunt, Miss Grace Grimlooks, and sent me down to pass a winter in Derbyshire with her.

My aunt, who was then in her sixty-fifth year, was noted for the uncommon severity of her temper, and her rigid love of discipline. All intercourse with her servants, and all conversation with her visitors, except in her presence, were strictly prohibited to me; there was therefore no opportunity for my ruling passion to come into action. I made indeed some efforts to exercise my talents upon the old lady herself, but my suggestions were received with frowns, and cut short by the monosyllable "Pshaw!" pronounced in a tone

so decidedly repelling, that I soon desisted in despair, and nearly three months passed without my having had a single opportunity of giving advice upon any subject.

Unfortunately, at the end of that time my aunt was suddenly summoned to visit a sick friend, and as she could not take me with her, she left her parrot and myself in the care of her housekeeper, but with strict charge to keep us apart; for as I had betrayed a desire to conduct the education of Poll upon a more liberal scale than Miss Grimlooks' puritanical ideas admitted of, she was afraid I should corrupt the morals of her bird, by teaching it the fashionable airs of that day, which were, in her opinion, vile profane songs.

Her orders were strictly complied with during the two first days, but on the third the bird shewed evident signs of illness: it ceased to talk, refused to eat, and appeared in such a drooping condition, that the housekeeper became alarmed, and as I had somehow or other acquired the reputation of being a very clever young lady, who knew something of every thing, she ventured, in defiance of her mistress's prohibition, to ask my advice as to what was best to be done with Poll.

Delighted to have at last an opportunity of advising, I put on a very wise look, and examined the bird with great attention. As it appeared to breathe with difficulty, I unhesitatingly prescribed a small quantity of a quack medicine, which I recollected to have seen a few days before advertised as an infallible remedy in cases of obstructed respiration. The housekeeper hastened in search of the

medicine, and unfortunately succeeded in procuring it, for in five minutes after she had administered it, the bird expired.

The next day my aunt returned home, and it is impossible for me to describe the scene that ensued, when she found her favourite was no more. Had I occasioned the destruction of her whole household, her grief and rage could not have been greater. After a volley of the bitterest reproaches, she locked me up herself in my own apartment, and the next day she sent me home with a positive injunction never to dare approach her house again.

This circumstance gave my mother considerable uneasiness on more accounts than one, for, as my aunt had a large fortune at her own disposal, her favour was of great importance to us in a pecuniary way. I must own, however, that I secretly rejoiced at my emancipation from the old lady's tyranny. I was sorry for poor Poll's catastrophe, but I comforted myself with the reflection, that if her time had not been come, the balsam could not have failed to cure her.

I was then about seventeen, and during some years afterwards I do not recollect getting into any scrape of moment. I continued to busy myself in the affairs of my friends, took a lively interest in all the matches that were made among my acquaintance, and though my friends were sometimes ungrateful enough, after they had taken my advice, to quarrel with me for giving it, yet I was always sure to find new acquaintance who listened very readily to my counsel, and my time passed pleasantly enough till

the adventure happened which I am about to relate to you.

A friend of mine, a new-married lady, had a dispute with her husband respecting the form of a gown, which he thought not strictly delicate. As he spoke in a higher tone than the lady liked, she applied for my advice, whether she should yield or not to his wish of having it altered. I counselled her by no means to submit, assuring her, that if she did, she was a slave for life.

In the warmth of my resentment at this attack upon the rights and privileges of our sex, I inveighed so bitterly against the tyranny of husbands, that my friend's spirit of resistance was wound up to the highest pitch. She went home, put on the gown, and appeared in it at dinner. Her husband insisted upon her taking it off; she refused; a violent quarrel ensued, and a formal separation was the consequence. After a few months, however, the wife was mean enough to seek a reconciliation; she threw the whole blame of her conduct upon me; and the consequence is, that I have ever since been regarded with determined hostility by the husbands of all my acquaintance.

Before I could in any degree regain the credit which I had lost by this adventure, I got into a fresh scrape. I had long been the confidant of Sophy Sensitive's passion for Frank Trueheart: I thought they were ill suited to each other; Frank's character was unexceptionable, but I considered him deficient in sensibility, and there was a boisterous gaiety about him which did not at all accord with the soft pensiveness of Sophy's disposition.

I had frequently given her my opinion of her lover, but their mutual attachment was so strong, that she paid no attention to it, till accident induced her to think I might be in the right. She had been for some time in the country, and circumstances led her to think that Trueheart did not regret her absence so keenly as she thought he ought. This induced her to doubt the warmth of his attachment, and in order to try it, she, by my advice, put on an air of indifference, at which her lover's pride took instant alarm. As you don't appear to me, Mr. Sagephiz, to be at all an adept in the mysteries of *la belle passion*, I shall not give you a detail of the various artifices practised by poor Sophy, to prove the sincerity of Frank's attachment; suffice it to say, that their effect was exactly opposite to what she expected. He became gradually estranged from her, and at last married another lady. She felt his desertion so keenly, that it nearly cost her her life, and at a moment when she thought it impossible that she should recover, she wrote him a farewell letter, in which, in order to justify herself from the charge which, in a letter he wrote her on his marriage, he had brought against her, of levity and inconstancy, she revealed to him how entirely she had been under my direction. She recovered, but has never since seen me. Frank's marriage has turned out a most unhappy one; he is parted from his wife, and he inveighs against me as the cause of his misery to every body who will listen to him. The consequence is, that all my friends who are under the dominion of

Cupid shun me as they would the plague.

Methinks at this moment I hear you vent a sigh of commiseration for the hardships of my case. Ah! my good sir, the worst is still to come; for the adventure which I am going to relate to you, put the finishing stroke to my credit.

One of my oldest acquaintance, Mrs. Loveshow, was left a widow with an only daughter, then about fourteen. The sudden death of her husband had reduced her from a state of the highest affluence to less than a competence, and the poor woman was nearly distracted at the thought of being obliged to abandon the gay scenes in which she had so long figured, when the thought struck me, that all might be relieved by securing a splendid alliance for her daughter. Accordingly, in pursuance of my advice, the widow expended nearly all she possessed in finishing the girl's education. She was brought out at sixteen, and being uncommonly beautiful and accomplished, as well as highly connected, she soon made a brilliant match. Well, sir, here at least you would suppose I should meet with thanks and applause. No such thing: the young lady and her mother ~~were~~ among my bitterest enemies; the one protests that I have been the means of her being sacrificed to a man whom she detests; and the other exclaims against me, for inducing her to spend the little she had upon her daughter, by whom, she says, she is now kept in such a miserable state of dependence, that her life is a burthen to her.

Now, my good sir, if I had really acted in any of these cases with

malice prepense, as the lawyers say, I should think the treatment I meet with was just; but I am conscious that I have only had the good of the parties in view, and if things have turned out in a way that I could not possibly foresee, it is surely very hard that I should be a martyr to circumstances. I beg therefore you will publish my case, and I am sure your own experience will enable you to speak feelingly upon the injury done me.

In the mean time, it strikes me that you might be the better for a little of my advice in the conduct of your paper. You have lately, my good sir, excuse my sincerity, become a little prose now and then; and between ourselves, I think that, with all your skill and judgment, your advice to your female correspondents generally shews a terrible want of tact. In effect, what else can be expected from an old bachelor. I protest I could almost find in my heart to rescind my resolution of living single, and bestow my hand upon you, in order the better to qualify you to advise married people. I am not much on the wrong side of thirty, am generally reckoned pretty, and my fortune is far from contemptible. I can safely say my heart is disengaged, because I have been all my life too busy with other people's love affairs to have any of my own. In the event

of my becoming your wife, I have no objection to take upon myself the superintendence of your paper, an event which will be equally fortunate for you and for the readers of the *Repository*; and as my object is employment, not fame, I am willing to leave you in quiet possession of the reputation which my labours will gain for your paper. Adieu, sir! I have no doubt that you will be fully sensible of the obligation conferred upon you by your humble servant,

MARIAN MEDDLERMORE.

I have taken the earliest opportunity of publishing the letter of my fair correspondent, but I consider it perfectly unnecessary to make any observations on her case, because I can add nothing to the eloquent statement which she herself gives of it. With respect to the offer which she so obligingly makes of becoming a helpmate to me in every sense of the word, I beg of her to believe I am truly grateful for it, although I am obliged, for several very good reasons, to decline it. I shall only trouble her with one of them, and that I hope she will excuse my giving in the significant, though vulgar phrase of the old adage, "two of a trade can never agree,"

S. SAGLEPHIZ.

REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF CRUELTY.

• CRUELTY is the coward's vice.—This was the opinion of the Emperor Mauritius. Some one told him, that a soldier, named Pho-

cion, waited only for an opportunity to kill him: he inquired the character of this man; when they told him he was a coward, he im-

mediately said, "Then is he adequate to the performance of his intention."

In history we do not find that murders were ever committed after victories by the brave; they were always perpetrated by the lowest order of men. The man of true valour is content with seeing his enemy at his feet; but the poltroon, remembering the frights he has sustained, endeavours to cheer himself by shedding blood.

The Dervises, who declared themselves against the belief of the celebrated Tamerlane, waited on him for the purpose of justifying themselves. They represented to him, that the difference of his opinion, and that which they held, was so very trifling, that they might be conciliated very easily. "You are right," replied the Tartar, irritated with the discourse they had held against him, "there is no greater difference between your mode of thinking and mine, than there is between the point and handle of a sword." Immediately he killed them every one in the place he had given them audience. Carpets were spread over their palpitating bodies, tables were laid, and he gave a sumptuous feast, at which he assisted, that he might enjoy the most horrid contrast—the groans of the departing souls mixed with the songs of his guests.

In the time of our Edward VI. General Kingston went in pursuit of the rebels; when he came to Bodmin in Cornwall, he sent to the mayor, who had been favourable to them, telling him, that he would dine with him, and fixed a day for that purpose. On the day appointed he went, and was most

magnificently treated. Before he sat down to table, he whispered to the mayor, that he wished two gallows to be erected for the execution of two criminals whom he had condemned to death. They then sat down to table, and the general was regaled with the finest meats, and the most delicious foreign wines.

After having partaken freely of this generous dinner, Kingston asked the mayor, if he had done what he desired? On being answered in the affirmative, he got up from table, and went towards the place where the execution was to take place. The gallows were both prepared. Kingston, then looking at the mayor, said, "See which of those suit you; you are a rebel, and one of them must be for you." The mayor's surprise was extreme, but Kingston's cruelty was not the less, and he was hanged immediately.

The second gallows was for a miller, who richly deserved it, but another suffered for him. The miller had absented himself, and told the boy, to say he was master of the house, if any one asked for him. Kingston called, and asked for the master of the house; the boy answered as he had been desired. On this reply, he was immediately taken and hanged.

The boy repeatedly declared he was not the person they took him for, and explained the matter. "Be who you may," replied Kingston, "it is a good deed to hang you, either as the rebel or the miller, and it will serve as a caution to him, since you are obliged to take his place."

John Basilowitz, or Ivan Vasilievitch, Emperor of Russia, sur-

named the Tyrant, carried his cruelties to still greater lengths than Nero or Phalaris.

Having conquered Livonia and Finland, he ordered the captives to walk before him, and with a stick on which an iron rod was fastened, he knocked them down one after the other, and threw their bodies into the river. By his orders the young women were dishonoured, afterwards mutilated, and burnt by a slow fire. The governor of the place was spitted and roasted, and his son was assassinated in his presence.

This tyrant entertaining some suspicions of the fidelity of the inhabitants of Novogorod, he in one day ordered three thousand of them to be thrown into the river Wolga. The archbishop not being included in this order, wishing to make some acknowledgment for the favour, and to flatter this monster, gave him a superb entertainment in the episcopal palace. While they were at dinner, the emperor sent his soldiers to pillage the rich temple of St. Sophia, and all the other churches; and then turning to the archbishop, said, "As you will not have any riches left you, it would be better for you to quit your present habit, as it will only be expensive to you. I will order a bagpipe and a bear to be given to you, and you may dance for your living. I insist also that you shall be married, that all the ecclesiastics be at your wedding, and each of them make you a present." Every one of them brought what they possibly could, and gave it to the poor archbishop, whom they loved, thinking he would reap the benefit of their presents; but the

emperor took all the money, and ordering an old mare to be brought, he told the prelate, "There is your wife, mount her, and go to Muscovy, where I shall order you to be received among the violin-players, in order that you may be enabled to teach your bear to dance."

The archbishop was obliged to obey, and as soon as he got on the beast, his legs were tied under her belly. The emperor directed some musical instruments to be hung about his neck, and ordered him to play upon the flageolet. This pontiff received no further molestation, but the other ecclesiastics were driven into the river with pikes and halberts.

This prince was mild to the common people, but very severe to the nobility. He generally carried in his hand a stick with a sharp iron point, which he struck into every nobleman's legs that approached him; and those who bore this treatment without shewing the least sign of pain, were ever after in favour with him.

Some Englishmen being so imprudent as to laugh at some of his whims, he ordered them to be brought before him, and stripped: in this state he made them pick up, one by one, a number of peas, which he had scattered about the ground. After fatiguing them very much with this ridiculous exercise, he gave them something to drink, and sent them away, advising them to be wise in future.

Another time he disguised himself, went into a village, and asked from door to door for a lodging. No person would receive him, except a very poor man, whose wife

was near her lying-in, and she entertained him in the best way she could.

When the emperor had finished eating, he thanked his host, and departed, telling him, that next morning he would revisit him, and bring a godfather and mother for his child. He kept his word, and went the next day to the poor man's house in all the splendour of his rank, and made him some very magnificent presents.

All the other houses in the village he ordered to be burnt, and their inhabitants to be driven into

the fields; saying, "Perhaps they will become more charitable, when they have experienced the misery of being exposed to the inclemencies of a very long and cold night, without provision or shelter."

As this prince became old, so did his ferociousness and barbarity become less. The idea of death filled him with terror. Torn with remorse, he shut himself up in a cloister, and there vainly endeavoured to tranquillize his mind. He died in great despair and torment.

BRUNO, BUFFALMACO, AND THE DOCTOR.

(Founded on BOCCACCIO, *Day IX. Nov. v.*)

YOUNG Buffalmaco and friend Bruno*

I can imagine that all you know;
Old John Boccaccio doth acquaint us,
They were by profession painters;
And from his Italian jargon,
It seems, great rogues into the bargain,
Such as every day one sees
Brought to some office of police:
Only 'twas lucky at that date
To have no sitting magistrate;
And what has since been made a crime,
Was but a jest in that rare time.
However, what I'm going to tell you,
Though for a joke it has no fellow,
Has really nothing guilty in it.
Without more preface I'll begin it.

* By far the greater number of Boccaccio's novels are founded upon facts, and many of the characters introduced were real persons, then or lately living. Such is the case with this novel. Of Bruno nothing more I believe is known than what Boccaccio tells us; but Vasari, who was born in 1512, and died in 1578, and who wrote the lives of painters before his own time, tells many anecdotes of Buffalmaco, which shew that he possessed very great talents for humour. He is mentioned in Pilkington's Dictionary, as the first who invented satirical labels projecting from the mouths of figures he painted.

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There was one Doctor Calandrino,
Like many other doctors I know,
Call'd a physician by misnomer;
For nothing but his grave diploma
Could give him skill, or make alliance
Between him and the healing science.
Yet was he full of proud conceit,
As any quacksalver you'll meet
From Oxford-road to Tooley-street.
However, I must own, the fact is
He had but little or no practice:
He being rich, could do without it,
And therefore cared not much about it.

Bruno had painted him his portrait,
And though his talent was but fourth-rate
As a mere painter, as a flatterer
He fully prov'd he was no smatterer.
As the good doctor was conceited,
He thus contriv'd to be well treated;
And after for some time he knew him,
He brought sly Buffalmaco to him,
And these two rogues from this poor wittol
Supplied themselves with clothes and
victual,
And tho' they always made a jest of him,
He never saw it. 'Twas the best of him,
That if you shew'd him but mock reverence,

He never could perceive the difference

(So dull was he, so dead a flat,) 'Twixt laughing *with* and laughing *at*. Besides, his person and appearance Would make one laugh almost a year hence;

With snubbed features, and a figure Like a baboon, and not much bigger. What made the laughter more continuous, He thought himself just like Alcinous; And although married (for with ease All men we find may wed that please, Since it cannot be denied That any one may find a bride, And sometimes features scarcely human Are coupled to the fairest woman,) He car'd but little for his wife, Leading a gay excursive life, At all restraints in public clamorous, He was so vagrant and so amorous: Yet at home he stood in dread; Sometimes his wife had comb'd his head, And made him pull most rueful faces, For visiting improper places.

A certain damsel, Nicholetta, (Some are much worse, and many better,) Had oft been seen by Calandrino, And being tempted by his *rhino*, Had cast at him her loving glances, Inviting him to make advances. He was not backward on his part To let the lady know his heart: Was totally at her devotion, For he lov'd her a whole ocean, But could not find due time and season: You will not wonder at the reason. There was another man in truth, The guardian of the dame—a youth Who join'd to many a rare perfection, That one of giving her protection. But she was not well satisfied To be a thorn against his side: Although a faithful and a sure one, He also was a very poor one; And tho' indeed she lov'd him wholly, The money came in very slowly. Such was Philipppo's sad condition, And therefore on our rare physician Fair Nicholetta leer'd her eye As often he her house went by In company with both his friends. They quickly see what she intends:

To know the doctor's inclination Wanted but little penetration; They freely offer'd to assist him With all their cunning and their wisdom.

"Ah! my good friends," he said to both,

Attesting it by many an oath, "You need not wonder at my rapture, That such a girl I wish to capture. In what way shall I first invade her?"

Bruno made answer, "Serenade her; For though it commonly makes you sick, Women are monstrous fond of music."

Said Buffalmaco, "Let the neighbours Know by the sound of pipes and tabors She has a lover, and you'll please her More than the gipsy e'er did Cæsar: Nor to be known need you affright, If you but do it in the night."

This scheme scarce met the doctor's wishes,

But after a few "pshaws" and "pishies," Because he strongly would insist on't, That this approach was much too distant, He gave consent, and they provided Music that could not be derided; And thus the doctor serenaded The dainty dame, or rather they did. Philipppo sometimes staid away At night, and sometimes the next day; The doctor therefore fear'd less danger From the intrusion of a stranger, Nor was there any that could hinder The girl from coming to the window To hear the doctor's protestation, Which needed not much explanation; She was prepar'd to understand it, And all fell out just as they plann'd it.

Poor Calandrino's self-conceit Now knew no bounds—his amorous heat Increas'd no less; and Nicholetta Vow'd than the world she lov'd him better, And so would prove it if he'd let her. While thus she with his passion sported, Large sums of money she extorted. Her friend Philipppo gave her not it, And wonder'd where the deuce she got it, Till she, to end his doubts, began By telling him her cunning plan; And as he could not well believe her Quite such a fool and a deceiver

To be with such a gull contented,
To her sly project he consented;
While Bruno, he, and Buffalmaco,
Over their pipes and their tobacco*,
Often laugh'd heartily to think
The doctor found them meat and drink.

Thus Nicholetta play'd her part,
Still angling for the doctor's heart,
Who himself happy only thought
In being willing to be caught,
Till months had past, and then he fancies
He should have more than nods and
glances,

And words and smiles as sweet as honey,
For all his gifts of goods and money.
Yet being very bashful too,
He really knew not what to do;
And one day to the painter Bruno
He sighing said, " My dear friend, you
know

How much I dote on Nicholetta,
Yet to myself ne'er yet could get her.
Now cannot you some scheme devise
By which I thus may bless my eyes;
For after all my great expenses,
In worship of her excellencies,
'Tis surely not too much to ask."
Bruno replied, " Dear sir, the task
You would impose is very easy;
The damsel only lives to please ye,
And thinks of all things 'tis the oddest
That you have always been so modest.
Your purpose now is near completing,
For she will freely grant a meeting,
And prove to you on any day
Your bounty was not thrown away."

The doctor was right glad to hear
Bruno dispel his anxious fear,
Of which he soon lost every trace,
For Nicholetta nam'd a place
Through Bruno, where she'd surely meet
him,

And in his happiness complete him.

Meanwhile sly Buffalmaco went
To the gull'd doctor's spouse, intent
His plan of happiness to ruin,
By telling her all he was doing;
How long her husband had been wooing.

* A slight anachronism, which it is hoped
the distress of rhyme will excuse.

With what success, till his disgrace
Was made complete by time and place,
Which had been settled by the lady
Within a neighbouring grove and shady.
He recommends her to proceed
To put an end to such a deed,
And she must haste without delay,
For both were now upon the way.

In fury of a jealous woman
There's surely something more than hu-
man;

To heav'n, or t'other place allied,
I take not on me to decide;
Those only know it who have tried.
Without her bonnet, cloak, or hood,
Dame Calandrino to the wood
Scuds in a most tremendous passion,
And heeding neither mire nor splashing;
She had ten sharpen'd weapons ready
Both for her husband and the lady:
Thus arm'd she was at every point,
To tear the traitor joint from joint.

Philippo also had been told
What in the grove he should behold—
The doting doctor, slave to Cupid,
By artful Nicholetta duped.
Him also Bruno did inform,
The wife was coming in a storm
To punish her vile husband's weakness,
Who always with the utmost meekness
Endur'd the punishment inflicted,
Justly or wrongfully convicted.
Of course Philippo must be there,
Of Nicholetta to take care,
And he took with him many others,
Whose presence he in ambush smother'd,
Behind the trees their persons covering,
Thus to enjoy the doctor's suffering.

The doctor, urg'd by Cupid's power,
Was there before the time an hour,
And waited not without impatience
Near to the appointed stations.
Soon lovely Nicholetta came,
Affecting fear and maiden shame;
And scarcely had the doting doctor
Within his warm embraces lock'd her,
When his wife's dreaded form he sees
Rushing through among the trees.
He loos'd his hold, and on his knees

He dropt before her on the ground,
While she inflicted many a wound
Upon his forehead, eyes, and cheek,
Before she e'en had breath to speak.

The damsel scouted through the wood
To where her friend Philippo stood,
And while the wife her spouse belabours,
From forth their ambush came the neigh-
bours,

And made the doctor ever after
The subject of their mirth and laugh-
ter,

Who never dreamt the favour done
him

By the two friends that liv'd upon him.

P. W.

MORE ABOUT OLD MAIDS.

TO CELIBIA.

MADAM,

IN my own defence, and in
defence of my slight and trifling
sketch respecting the once fair and
flattered Eliza, I take the liberty
of approaching you with these few
lines. Do not start, my dear lady;
I am not going to offer marriage,
for I am already a Benedict—no;
I merely wish to set my meaning
right, and to state what my opinion
respecting the majority of the sis-
terhood of old maids is.

In the first place, I by no means
wished to make any one believe
that my portrait of Eliza was at all
intended as “ a general resem-
blance to that venerable and large
class of females comprehended un-
der the title of old maids.” Eli-
za's was a peculiar, but still not a
solitary instance of a young lady,
who, by her own coquetry and ty-
ranny over the admirers she had in
her youth, and by refusing a re-
spectable offer, became the miser-
able antiquated dame I have de-
scribed her to be. I say hers was
not a solitary instance; for, while
I confess most readily, that very
many of the ladies who are in a
state of single blessedness beyond
a certain age—(which certainly I
believe was never yet precisely de-

fined)—are decidedly so against
their wills, and from not having
any offer at all made them; I at the
same time know, of my own ex-
perience, that many young women
have, in the plentitude of their
beauty, and the power it gave them,
thrown away even golden oppor-
tunities, that have never returned;
and I am sure, that in your forty-
five years' experience, you could,
if you would, give me an instance,
nay perhaps a history, of some la-
dy, whose fate was not at all un-
like my Eliza's, and proceeding
from similar causes. You say al-
so, and as a general remark very
truly, that it is the want of money,
more than the want of beauty, which
frightens the gentlemen away: to
shew that I also am of that opinion,
you will recollect that the Rev.
Mr. Thundertext refused poor Eli-
za, when she was only one year old-
er than you are, namely forty-six,
because she had not enough of that
earth-born stuff called gold. And
here it may be as well to state, that
no man can have a greater detes-
tation than I have of him, who can,
by his unremitting attentions, win
the affections of a lovely woman,
and then leave her, without mak-
ing any offer, or indeed even think-

ing of it, for another and a newer beauty: such conduct is detestable, nay infamous.

And now, madam, having set my Eliza and myself a little right with you, I will not presume to insult you with my pity; for it by no means follows, that because a lady is an old maid, that she at all stands in need of so offensive a thing as pity but too often is: indeed I do not know what many mothers, and fathers too, would do in this world without maiden sisters, maiden aunts, maiden cousins, &c. &c.; they are, many of them, the most useful creatures that can be imagined. To say nothing of the essential matter of nursing in ill health—(and who can nurse so well as a kind and gentle woman?)—it would be well to have a few old maids, if it were only to assist in those eternally recurring jobs, shirt-making, stocking-mending, taking little master or miss a walk, &c. &c. *ad infinitum*: though, by the bye, it is but a selfish sort of wish at best, and I only name it to shew how useful they may make themselves, and how *comparatively* happy they may be, even in celibacy, by contributing to the happiness of others.

I am afraid I shall write a very zig-zag sort of letter, and not at all in the nature of such a straight forward history as yours: but you must excuse it; I am a very *sketchy* sort of fellow, and am now going to tell you, that I really burst out into a hearty laugh at your *youthful* lover of sixty-six. Now, did he *really* think it possible he might have *ten* children? and did he say *only* ten? But I forget, it was a *lady* who reported the fact, and of

course *it must be true*. I beg pardon of Celibia for venturing to be at all sceptical.

A-propos, as to money being almost the only incentive to marriage, in defence of my own sex, allow me to tell you a little story.

Edward Blandford was quite a young man when he met with Emily Winterton; she was the daughter of a tradesman, a house-keeper indeed, but still unable to support his daughter at home, having other children, and letting out the greater part of his house to aid him in his rent and taxes: Emily therefore lived with an aunt, who also had a family, partly as a servant, and partly as a humble friend. She did many of the menial offices about the house, but of an evening joined the family party; and here it was that Edward met her, and eventually loved her. She was not, strictly speaking, a beautiful woman; she was pretty, but she had that which is even better than beauty alone—good temper. Edward made his advances in due and honourable form, but he soon found that there was a lamentable deficiency in her education, and though grown to woman's estate, she had not advanced much beyond the very rudiments of instruction. To remedy this, he delicately contrived to get her the best masters at his own expense, for she had not a farthing of her own, and he was a man of good, though not very large property. She availed herself of his goodness, for their affections were mutual, and having profited largely by the instructions she received, they were married, had a large family—and Ed-

ward never repented having done, what I am ready to allow, but very few men would have done.

I have cut my story off rather

short, but I hate long stories, and this is long enough for my purpose. I am, madam, your obedient,

J. M. LACEY.

ANECDOTES OF ARTISTS AND THE ARTS.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

By the kindness of the Rector of St. Lawrence, Reading, the following curious particulars of Sir Godfrey Kneller are presented to the reader:

In August 1772, Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, related to my father the following anecdotes of Sir Godfrey Kneller, which were told by the bishop himself.

When he (Sir Godfrey) was a young man at Venice, he stopped one day to hear a mountebank harangue a crowd, who immediately broke off in the midst of his discourse, and looked at him so steadfastly and earnestly, that the eyes of the spectators were all turned upon him, and then cried out, "Behold a happy countenance! This young man will go to a happy island, where he will attain great credit and riches, and live to a considerable age; and, to prove all this, if he stays in this city a month longer, he will save the life of a person who will be condemned innocently." He did stay the month; and, during that time, painted the wife of one of the procurators of St. Mark, which picture gave so much satisfaction to his employer, that, at Sir Godfrey's request, he respited the execution of a condemned criminal for a month, and during that time the real murderer was discovered, and the innocent person saved. Sir Godfrey came

to England, where the remainder of the prophecy was fulfilled.

Sir Godfrey told the bishop, that he had naturally a military genius; and whenever he had the headache, if he took a pinch of gunpowder, it cured him.

He gave the following as his articles of religion:

1st. That God Almighty was the most ingenious of all beings.

2dly. That therefore he loved all ingenious persons.

3dly. That painting was the most ingenious of all arts, as it preserved for centuries the remembrance of deceased persons.

4thly. That he himself was the most ingenious of all painters.

The bishop one day visiting Sir Godfrey at his country-seat at Whitton, near Hounslow, he carried him into his summer-house, where was a whole-length picture of Lady Kneller, which was much damaged and scratched at the bottom: upon his lordship expressing a curiosity to know how it became so injured, Sir Godfrey said, it was owing to a favourite dog of Lady Kneller's, who, having been accustomed to lie in her lap, scratched the picture in that manner in order to be taken up. This made the bishop mention that Zeuxis, having painted a bunch of grapes upon a boy's head so naturally, that a bird pecked at them, Sir Godfrey answered shrewdly, that if the

boy had been painted as well as the grapes, the bird would not have ventured to peck at them.

MICHAEL AGNOLO.

At the return of Michael Agnolo to Florence, about the year 1520, he finished the surpassing figure of David armed with his sling, out of a large block of marble: it is well known to be one of the master-pieces of this great painter, sculptor, and architect, and has by some been so highly esteemed, as to place the author upon a level with the great sculptors of antiquity. It was bought by Pietro Soderini, for whom indeed it appears to have been undertaken, and who, just when the work was brought to a close, thought fit to remark, according to Sandrart, that he considered the nose of the statue a little too large, and out of proportion. Michael Agnolo well knew that it could not be improved in this respect, but willing to please his patron, he took his chisel in hand, and with it a small quantity of marble dust: pretending to work upon the nose for the purpose of gradually reducing it, he dropped a little of the marble dust at every stroke, and at last appealed to Soderini, whether it now satisfied him better. Soderini was delighted with the fancied alteration and improvement, and not a little gratified by the deference thus shewn to his taste and discernment.

Sir John Harington, a man of very various attainments, and of very considerable talents, who flourished towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth, in the notes to the 33d book of his translation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, speaks

thus of the artist above named: the passage is curious, as shewing the estimation in which he was held in England at that date: "Michael Agnolo (we pronounce it Michael Angelo) was the rare man of his age for drawing and carving, attaining to the excellency of the art very young, and doing many notable works; but three are the most famous: one was carving an image of Pity in Rome; another was a giant in Florence*; the third was a picture of certain naked men who went out to wash themselves in the Arno, and hearing of a sudden alarm in the camp, they made haste to put on their clothes. His father surnamed him Angelo in his cradle, as a presage of some great excellency to which he should grow."

NICHOLAS HILLIARD, who was born at Exeter in 1547, was the most noted English artist of his day, and although our ordinary biographical authorities and critical essays upon the arts bestow but sparing praise upon him, it is evident, considering the amazing difficulties that he had to encounter, that he deserves, in many respects, the highest commendation. The same writer whom we have above quoted, speaks thus of his skill and attainments: "Though indeed this realm has not bred any Michael Angelo's, nor men of such rare perfections as may deserve his title, yet I may say thus much, without partiality, of the honour of my country, that we have with us at this day, one who, for limning (which I take to be the very per-

* The colossal statue of David, to which the preceding paragraph refers.

fection of that art), is comparable with any of any other country; and for taking the true lines of the face, I think our countryman, Mr. Hilliard, is inferior to none that lives at this day: as among other things of his doing, I myself have seen him, in white and black, in four lines only, set down the features of the queen's majesty's countenance, that it was even thereby to be known."

Perhaps, on some future opportunity, we shall cite some other authorities in behalf of our early native artists, as little known as that from which we have extracted the foregoing.

DAVID BEK, OR BECK.

David Bek, a celebrated portrait-painter, was born at Delft in Holland. It is said, that when he was upon a journey in Germany, he was seized with a fit of illness, and at length every body about him thinking him dead, they undressed him, and laid him upon some straw in a room where two of his servants were drinking: upon which one of them proposed that, as he had no aversion to wine when living, he would give him some now he was dead; and accordingly held the glass to his lips, when the smell of the wine putting his spirits in motion, he sipped some of it: the servant, though greatly amazed, still held the glass to his mouth, and he again sipped, and thus came by degrees to himself.

He lived several years after, and died at the Hague in 1656.

Some persons affirm, that Bek was poisoned by the intrigue of Queen Christiana of Sweden, who had patronised him before his re-

turn to Holland. The anecdote above given is differently related; but the substance is the same in all the authorities we have consulted.

FRANCESCO FRANCIA.

The death of this artist was hastened in a very singular manner. He was an old man when Raphael was in the full perfection of his powers, and longed very much to see some of the works of a genius who was the conversation of all persons of taste and talent in Italy. Francia lived at Bologna, and his infirmities rendered it impossible for him to go to Rome to gratify his desire; but at last that celebrated picture of Raphael known by the title of St. Cecilia, with the figures of St. Paul, &c. was sent to Bologna, having been painted for the church of St. John of the Mount there. Raphael wrote a kind letter to Francia, requesting him to superintend the fixing of it; and Francia's rapture at the receipt of it need not be described. The case was opened, and such was the delight of Francia at contemplating the admirable manner in which the subject was treated in all respects, that it threw him into convulsions, and he not long afterwards died of the effects of his ecstasy.

BENEDETTO GENNARI.

The great patron of Benedetto, in the earlier part of his career, was Louis XIV. for whose palaces he painted many pictures; the Duke of Orleans also gave him great encouragement: but his arrival in England, and his patronage by Charles II. was occasioned by an engagement he entered into with a French nobleman, for the painting

of a picture of Endymion. Benedetto does not appear to have behaved with great scrupulousness in this affair, for after he had finished the picture, he refused to give it up for the price stipulated, as the work turned out beyond his expectations, and was highly admired. He privately escaped with it to England, where, at that period, the arts and sciences were most liberally encouraged; and making himself known as the nephew of Guercino, and shewing the picture he had brought with him, he rapidly gained admirers, and was introduced in a few days to Charles II. The king bought the Endymion at a very liberal price, and employed Benedetto to paint him many other subjects, still extant in this country. From the nobility of England he also received the most encouraging support, but he could not be prevailed upon to remain very long here. He returned to his native city of Bologna, and died at a good old age, in 1715.

PAUL VERONESE,

whose real name was Cagliari, but born at Verona, is an artist whose name and works are known almost to every body; but the following circumstance, which is one of the strongest possible testimonies in his favour, though related by Sandrart, we believe has not generally been added to his biography.—The officers called the procurators or proctors of St. Mark, at Venice, proposed a prize of a magnificent gold chain, for the best picture by six eminent artists, on the subject of the miracle of the wine by our Saviour. The judges appointed to

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decide upon the merits of the claimants were no less men than Titian and Sansovino; and the rival artists were Salviati, Schiavone, Franco, Frasinia, Zelotti, and Paul Veronese. The prize was decided without hesitation in favour of the last, and after such an event, we can pardon the vanity which induced him to wear his chain on all occasions.

The picture by which he acquired the prize is now in the palace of Versailles, in a room that is scarcely ever opened.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

“What do you ask for this sketch?” said Sir Joshua to an old picture-dealer, whose portfolio he was looking over.—“Twenty guineas, your honour.”—“Twenty pence, I suppose you mean?”—“No, sir: it is true I would have taken twenty pence for it this morning, but if *you* think it worth looking at, all the world will think it worth buying.” Sir Joshua ordered him to send the sketch home, and gave him his money.

We quote the preceding anecdote from a production of no great authority, not so much because it is true, as because it possesses verisimilitude: *se non è vero è ben trovato* is the Italian proverb. Boileau says, that *Le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable*; and we often find, that what is mere invention puts on a deceptive air of reality. It may be the case with the preceding dialogue.

VERNET.

Vernet was so attached to his profession, that he used to make

M

voyages in bad weather, on purpose to see the sky and ocean in picturesque perturbation. One day the storm was so violent, that the ship's crew were in great consternation. Vernet desired a sailor to bind him to the mast. When every one was crying and praying, Vernet, with his eyes now upon the lightning, and now upon the mountainous waves, continued to

exclaim, "How fine this is!" He afterwards made a most successful attempt to represent something like the scene he had witnessed. This picture is now in the possession of a gentleman at Tours. His pictures in the Luxemburg Gallery (now removed to the Louvre) are not considered by any means his best performances.

THE FOUNDLING OF RAGUSA.

ANTONIO PIACHI, a wealthy merchant of Rome, was sometimes obliged by business to take long journies. On such occasions he was accustomed to leave Elvira, his young wife, behind him in that city, under the protection of her relations. One of these journies carried him and his son Paolo, a boy of eleven years, whom his first wife had borne him, to Ragusa. It so happened that a contagious disease had just broken out there, and excited great alarm both in the city and the adjacent country. Piachi, who had first heard of it by the way, stopped in the suburbs to inquire the nature of the disorder. Being informed that the evil was spreading from day to day, and that it was in contemplation to shut the gates of the city, solicitude for his child overcame all mercantile considerations: he ordered horses, and pursued his route.

On reaching the open country, he observed by the road-side a boy, whose hands were raised towards him in the attitude of supplication, and who seemed greatly agitated. Piachi ordered the postillion to stop, and asked the boy what he wanted. The latter innocently re-

plied, that he was infected; that the police-officers were in pursuit of him for the purpose of carrying him to the hospital, where his father and mother had already died: he therefore implored him in the name of all the saints to take him along with him, and not leave him to perish in the city. With these words he seized the merchant's hand, which he pressed to his lips, while his tears trickled upon it. Piachi, in the first movement of horror and alarm, would have pushed the boy from him, but as the poor fellow at this moment changed colour, and sunk senseless on the ground, the compassion of the good old man was too strongly excited. He stepped out of the carriage with his son, lifted the boy into it, and drove away.

At the first station he was consulting the innkeeper in what manner he should dispose of him, when the police, having got wind of the matter, caused him to be arrested, and himself, his son, and Nicolo, the sick boy, to be carried back to Ragusa under an escort. All Piachi's remonstrances on the cruelty of this measure proved unavailing; on their arrival at Ragusa all three

were conducted to an hospital, where Piachi continued in good health, and Nicolo soon recovered from his indisposition; but his son Paolo caught the infection, and died in three days.

The gates were again opened, and Piachi, having buried his son, received from the police permission to depart. He had just stepped, overwhelmed with grief, into the carriage, and at the sight of the empty place by his side, had taken out his handkerchief to give free vent to his tears; when Nicolo, cap in hand, came up to the vehicle, and wished him a good journey. Piachi looked out at the window, and heaving a deep sigh, asked whether he would go with him. The boy, as soon as he comprehended his meaning, nodded assent, and declared his willingness. The merchant then inquired of the superintendents of the hospital, if he might take the boy; and being assured by them with a smile that he was nobody's child, and therefore nobody would miss him, he lifted him into the carriage, and returned with him to Rome.

There Piachi presented him, with a brief account of his adventure, to his excellent consort Elvira, who could not refrain from weeping bitterly at the loss of her little stepson Paolo, to whom she was tenderly attached: but yet, notwithstanding the strange and uncouth appearance of Nicolo, she pressed him to her bosom, assigned to him the bed in which her favourite had slept, and gave him all his clothes. Piachi sent him to school, where he learned reading, writing, and arithmetic; and as he naturally loved the boy in proportion to what

he had cost him, he adopted him in a few weeks as his son, with the consent of the kind Elvira, who had relinquished all hopes of having issue by him. In process of time, he discharged a clerk with whom he had various reasons to be dissatisfied, and having taken Nicolo into the counting-house in his stead, he had the pleasure to observe in him the most indefatigable industry and attention to the extensive concerns in which he was engaged. His adoptive father, who was a sworn foe to all bigotry, had no fault to find with him, but his familiarity with the monks of the Carmelite convent, who neglected no means of ingratiating themselves with the youth, on account of the fortune that he was likely to possess; and his mother, on her part, was only concerned to discover in him at so early an age a decided inclination for the fair sex. He was not more than sixteen, when, on occasion of one of his visits to the convent, he yielded to the seductions of a female, named Xaviera Tartini, the favourite of a bishop; and though he was compelled by the positive injunction of Piachi to break off this connection, still Elvira had various reasons for believing that his abstinence in this particular was not very great. When, however, Nicolo, at the age of twenty, was married to Constanza Parquet, a young and amiable Genoese lady, niece to Elvira, who had been brought up under her inspection at Rome, that evil at least seemed to be checked in its source. Both parents expressed their satisfaction with him, and to give him a proof of it, they assigned to him a cou-

entered his room to speak to him about something connected with the approaching funeral, found there a female whom she knew but too well to be the servant-maid of *Xaviera Tartini*. *Elvira*, with downcast eyes, turned back, and left the room, without saying a word: she never mentioned the circumstance either to *Piachi* or any other person, but with an oppressed heart fell on her knees by the corpse of *Constanza*, who had ardently loved *Nicolo*, and burst into tears. It happened, however, that *Piachi*, who had been in the city, on returning to his house, met the girl in the passage, and partly by stratagem, and partly by force, obtained possession of a letter with which she was charged. He retired to his chamber and read it, and found, as he anticipated, a warm epistle from *Nicolo* to *Xaviera*, soliciting her to favour him with an interview, and to appoint the time and place. *Piachi* sat down, and replied, in a disguised hand, in the name of *Xaviera*—“This evening, in the church of *St. Mary Magdalen*,” sealed the note with a strange seal, and sent it up as though it came from the lady, to *Nicolo*’s room. The stratagem was successful: *Nicolo*, wholly forgetful of *Constanza*, whose remains were deposited in the coffin, immediately put on his hat and mantle, and quitted the house. *Piachi*, deeply indignant, instead of waiting till the next day, which had been fixed for the funeral, ordered the corpse to be removed, just as it was, by some bearers, and, followed only by *Elvira*, himself, and some relations, to be conveyed in silence to the

vault prepared for it in the church of *St. Mary Magdalen*. *Nicolo*, wrapped in his mantle, was waiting in the cloisters of the church, and to his astonishment perceived a funeral train approaching. He inquired of an old man who followed the coffin, whom they were going to bury. “*Xaviera Tartini*,” replied he, without raising his head. The corpse was once more uncovered, as though *Nicolo* had not been present, and having been blessed by the attendants, was deposited in the vault.

This circumstance, which deeply shamed *Nicolo*, inflamed his bosom with hatred of *Elvira*, for he thought that he had her to thank for this humiliation. For several days *Piachi* said not a word to him, and as he had need of the old man’s friendship and assistance to obtain the property left by *Constanza*, he was compelled to resort to artifice. Seizing his hand, therefore, one evening, he promised him, with an air of sincere contrition, to abstain from all farther communication with *Xaviera*. This promise, it is true, he had no intention of keeping: the resistance he experienced only served to strengthen his obstinacy, and to exercise him in the art of eluding the vigilance of the honest *Piachi*. At the same time, *Elvira* had never appeared so beautiful to him, as at the very moment when, to his confusion, she found the girl in his room, and precipitately withdrew. The suffusion of anger which glowed in her cheeks, threw an inexpressible charm over her countenance, which so seldom reflected any of the passions; and he could not persuade himself but that she, with so many temptations



to go astray, must sometimes deviate into that track, which she so severely reprov'd him for pursuing. He burned with desire, in case his suspicions should be confirmed, to do her the same turn with the old man as she had done him, and sought nothing so assiduously as an opportunity to accomplish this design.

One day, just at a time when Piachi was from home, he happened to pass the door of Elvira's chamber, and, to his astonishment, heard some one speaking in it. Transported with malicious hopes, he applied his eye and ear to the keyhole, and — oh, heavens! — what did he perceive?—There she knelt, in the attitude of ecstasy, at some one's feet, and though he could not discover the person, yet he plainly overheard the name of *Colino* pronounced with a tone which could be no other than that of love. He threw himself with a palpitating heart into the window of the corridor, from which he might watch the entrance to the room without betraying his design. He heard the key turn in the lock, and fancied that the moment was at length arrived for unmasking the specious hypocrite; when, in-

stead of the unknown gallant whom he expected, Elvira came out of the room by herself, and eyed him with a look of the most provoking indifference and composure. She had a piece of linen under her arm, and after locking the chamber-door with a key which she took from her side, she went quite leisurely down stairs. This apparent indifference seemed to him the height of impudence and deceit: no sooner was she out of sight than he ran to fetch a master key; and having looked round suspiciously for a few moments, he softly opened the door of the chamber. What was his astonishment, on searching every corner, to discover nothing in human shape, excepting the picture of a young gentleman as large as life, placed in a niche in the wall, and covered with a red silk curtain! Nicolo was alarmed, he knew not wherefore; and while the large eyes of the figure seemed stedfastly fixed on him, a crowd of ideas darted athwart his brain; but before he could collect and arrange them, they were put to flight by the apprehensions of being detected by Elvira: not a little confounded, he locked the door and retired.

(To be continued.)

PICTURESQUE TOUR IN THE OBERLAND.

PLATE 8.—VIEW OF THE ENVIRONS OF BRIENZ.

THE situation of Brienz is agreeable: lying on the northern margin of the lake of the same name, and having, immediately in its rear, the lofty ridge called the Brienzergrat, it enjoys an extraordinary mildness of temperature. It is indeed somewhat cramped by the

proximity of the water on the one hand, and of the mountain on the other; and the shores of this lake have by no means that charming variety of scenery which distinguishes the lake of Thun. A narrow basin, three quarters of a mile in breadth, and eight or nine miles

in length, open to the east and west, and bordered on the north and south by two uniform ranges of mountains, of moderate elevation, will convey some idea of the lake of Brienz, which the historian of Switzerland justly describes as deep and gloomy. At the south-east corner it receives the Aar, and at the south-west the Lutschine, while the former runs out of it again at the western extremity. Several other streams, as the Mühlibach, near Brienz, and the Giessbach, opposite to that place, also discharge themselves into it. The depth of its water at the mouth of the Giessbach, is stated by Saussure at 500 feet; in other places, according to earlier measurements, it is said to be from 175 to 350 fathoms, or even unfathomable. It is not dangerous for vessels, though a landing is in many places impracticable, on account of the steep rocky cliffs by which it is bordered. Among the fish, with which this lake abounds, are pike, trout, salmon trout, eels, and a peculiar species, called the Brienzling. The latter is described as resembling the herring, and was formerly so plentiful, that 14,000 are said to have been caught at a single draught of the net. It is rarely that 1200 or 1000 are now caught at once.

The cascade seen in the distance in the annexed engraving, is the Oltschenbach, the same that was represented in the preceding plate.

Let the traveller have visited as many waterfalls as he will, still he will find the Giessbach, on the opposite side of the lake to Brienz, worthy of notice. The lake is crossed in light boats, provided with awnings, and many of them rowed

by females, who sing national or local songs during the passage, which is made in twenty or twenty-five minutes. Brienz is seen from the water to great advantage. The church, elevated on a rocky hill, towers majestically above the peaceful cottages scattered at its foot. From some ruins on this hill, it is conjectured to have been the site of the castle of the lords of Brienz, to whom tradition ascribes the title of counts, and the last of whom is said to have died in one of the crusades at the beginning of the 12th century. Their possessions devolved to their kinsmen, the lords of Ringgenberg, and after many sanguinary struggles between those nobles and the people, to the convent of Interlachen; on the dissolution of the latter at the Reformation, they became the property of the city of Berne. At present Brienz is known merely as a *dépôt* for the cheese of the upper country.

The roaring of the Giessbach may be heard at Brienz, and of course gains gradually upon the ear as you approach the spot where the foaming torrent pours over a rocky ledge, about twenty-five feet high, into the lake. On account of the elevation of the shore, the most remarkable of its falls cannot be seen, till, after landing, you have ascended for some minutes by a steep footpath, when, on emerging from a coppice, you are arrested by the sudden appearance of the cascades. The stream here forms, like the Reichenbach, a series of falls: six or seven are seen one above another, but the uppermost so indistinctly between the tops of the trees of lofty woods, that they

are rather recognised by the rising clouds of vapour than by the falling body of water. It is to be regretted that the want of a beaten path prevents the curious from conveniently examining the various steps of the impetuously descending torrent; which by many is thought fully equal, if not superior, to the Reichenbach, on account of the greater quantity of water, the richness of the surrounding wood, and the picturesque division of the falls into a variety of foaming branches.

From the Giessbach a path leads along the bank of the lake to Iseltwald, one of the most lovely of all the villages in the Oberland, about two miles distant. It is delightfully situated on a bay, in front of which, a small island, clothed with grass and underwood, rises above the glassy surface of the lake. It is called the island of Bönigen, because the first person by whom it was cultivated belonged to the village of that name. The houses of the Iseltwald almost all face the water, and are seated in a real orchard, which is rendered uncommonly picturesque by the magnificent walnut-trees. Here, as in many other parts of the Oberland, it is the custom, that, on the death of the father of a family, his children divide his landed property, to the very smallest patch, among them, and even single trees, or hold the latter in common: hence, in a few generations, the number of co-proprietors increases to such a degree, that perhaps sixty families have a share in them; nay, se-

venty-two have been known to assemble from different parts on a fine day in autumn, for the purpose of gathering, in social hilarity, the produce of such a tree.

It is a pleasant walk from Iseltwald along the shore of the lake to Bönigen; the path indeed is narrow and rough, but without danger. It leaves the little waterfall of the Mutschbach, behind Iseltwald, on the left, and runs past the hamlet of Sengg, sometimes through meadows and orchards, at others through wild coppices, here up, there down hill, crossing several impetuous mountain torrents, which have carried down a great quantity of rubbish with their streams. The quickest and most commodious route, however, is that across the crystal lake to Ringgenberg and the efflux of the Aar. On its right bank is seen Oberried, with its cape, formed by a fall from the mountain above it, consisting of about two hundred acres, covered with orchards and rich meadows. Upon the whole, this north bank enjoys a mild climate and a good soil: it is adorned with many walnut and cherry-trees, and some fine beeches; but, on account of the land-slips, to which all the slopes on this side are liable, the latter could not be felled without great danger. Hemp, flax, and potatoes are the most common crops on both shores; and the inhabitants of Nieder-ried have had the industry to extend the narrow tract of level coast by means of a dyke of stone with which they have encroached on the lake.

THE POETICAL HACKNEY-COACHMAN.

Mr. EDITOR,

I HAVE often thought that the life of a hackney-coachman, especially in summer, is one of a leisurely contemplative kind: how often we see them sitting on their boxes apparently doing nothing but meditating, and sometimes so absent, that one may call them several times before they hear—lost probably in a blue study of cogitation!

I was not therefore so much surprised to fall in with one of them the other day (no matter how), who had a turn for poetry! You may perhaps be astonished, but I assure you I was not. I had heard of "the poetical milkmaid of Bristol," whose productions were published about sixty years ago by subscription—of "the poetical thrasher," Mr. Stephen Duck, whose portrait was prefixed to his book, about the same time; and in our own day we have had a poetical cobbler in Bloomfield, and a poetical limeburner in John Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant. You, Mr. Editor, have no doubt heard of these and more, and may still feel some degree of wonder: nevertheless, I do not.

In all civilized ages we have heard of *hackney* poets, and if this new aspirant to "Heliconian heights" is to be added to the number, it is from the misfortune of his occupation, not from the prostitution of his Muse. At least, he is not one of the poets *without number*, for his number is 362, and any body may learn his name by applying at the office in Essex-street. This information will be

sufficient without any further specification. When his productions shall be collected into a volume, and published with a portrait of the author, as I first saw him sitting on his box in a poetical reverie, it will be time enough for the announcement of his birth, parentage, and education.

I have long been of opinion, from some experience, that the profession of a hackney-coachman among unthinking and unknowing people lies under an unmerited stigma; and these genuine pieces by one of the fraternity will, I hope, tend to remove it.

The poems are of a varied character and description, but they are chiefly a collection of what the writer has entitled *Hackney-Coach Eclogues*, in which the author portrays the sort of life to which he has been accustomed, and matters with which it is connected. These are six in number, but there are also some songs, two odes, and several sonnets and parodies, for the writer has dealt in heroics as well as lyrics. Of the first class of productions I have sent you a specimen, which, I apprehend, you will think worth inserting, not merely on account of the singularity of its author, and the novelty and curiosity of the subject, but on account of its own intrinsic merit, which I pronounce considerable.

I have also inclosed you a sonnet, and hereafter I may follow these up with other specimens of the talents of this Hackney-Coachman. Till then, I am your humble servant,

PHILO-JEHU.

BLACKFRIARS, NOV. 28, 1821.

THE COACHMAN'S DAY:

An Eclogue.

At five I rise and dress my horses,
 And to the stand where Charing-Cross is
 I drive with speed, and whip each flank
 To be the first upon *the rank*.
 Perchance upon the way I meet,
 In the still deserted street,
 With some weary wight, who nightly
 At ball or concert most politely
 Has danc'd or sung, till feet and voice
 Have only mov'd, or made a noise :
 However briskly he would frisk it
 To the fiddler and to *his* kit,
 And his songs would chant and chirrup,
 In pretty damsels' hearts to stir up
 The flames of love, ere he was weary,
 And thought of sleep more than his deary.
 Such *fairs* are often gain'd I'm sure
 Much easier than we *fares* procure ;
 Though ours, and I am certain of it,
 Are all attended with more profit.
 With him perhaps I have to journey
 (Being the clerk of some attorney,
 Or briefless barrister, who can
 Keep up the show of gentleman,)
 To Lion's Inn, or else as far
 As Temple-gate through Temple-bar ;
 Where arriv'd, by many a stair
 He travels up at least four pair.
 Not often comes this luck to hand
 While I am driving to the stand ;
 Much oftener there I loitering wait
 Until the clock strikes seven or eight,
 For the night-coaches still remain,
 And all the early movers gain,
 Altho' their coaches o'er the stones
 Will almost dislocate your bones,
 But when out of the joint they get 'em,
 Another jolt will kindly set 'em ;
 And then such horses they have got
 As rather tumble on than trot.
 But if that none of these are there,
 Sometimes I chance to get a fare,
 To carry traveller at a canter,
 With box-coat and large portmanteau,
 To some stage-coach, and being late,
 'Tis needful that his speed be great :
 If I get there in time 'tis well,
 If not, 'tis better I can tell :

For instance, if from Charing-Cross
 I have to drive to the White Horse
 In Fetter-lane, or Head of Saracen
 Upon Snow-hill, there's no comparison,
 'Tis wiser for us (and no crime)
 To be too late, than just in time ;
 For if in time we do not make it,
 We then are paid to overtake it—
 The stage I mean, in Oxford-street,
 But take care with it not to meet,
 Till we have earn'd at least three shilling,
 To pay all which the traveller's willing ;
 And lets us too his bounty taste,
 Because we drove him with such haste,
 When well I know, the journey ended,
 To whip my pags I but pretended,
 Making my whipcord crack and fly,
 As if I drove most furiously.
 This done, I hear some lawyer call
 A coach to reach Westminster Hall ;
 And after that some ladies drop in,
 Who with their cash are going shopping.
 This job we get whene'er we're able,
 For 'tis by far most profitable ;
 For going round from shop to shop,
 In making bargains ladies stop
 For hours, and the price to bate
 A single penny, make us wait
 Until our fare has been increas'd
 To half-a-guinea at the least ;
 Yet boast (in folly they're so far gone)
 Of many a cheap, not wanted, bargain.
 Then to their husbands home returning,
 Tell what a deal they have been earning,
 And quote, although they prove it not,
 " A penny sav'd's a penny got."
 Thus is the morning past, and noon ;
 And now the fares grow fewer, thinner,
 Unless some party out to dinner
 I hap to take. Perchance the rain
 May fall, and does not fall in vain ;
 For then no sooner I arrive
 At any stand, than off I drive,
 Call'd by some servant, as *their trade is*,
 Or gentleman attending ladies,
 Who beaus them briskly up and down
 To any quarter of the town—
 A dandyfied, thin-booted fellow,
 Crouching beneath his wet umbrella.

On every side now fares approach,
 On every side resounds "Coach! coach!"
 On every side we hear the cry,
 But only drive on sulkily.
 At night, if Fortune still obey us,
 We take a party to the playhouse,
 Ladies bedeck'd with flowers and flounces,
 And golden ornaments by ounces,
 With all their finery on their backs,
 From Cornhill, or St. Mary-Axe;
 For still we find, the more the pity,
 The finest dresses in the city:
 Beauty they think a precious stone
 That must be set, not left alone
 To glitter in its native lustre,
 And therefore all their gold they muster.
 If it rain hard when play is done,
 To hackney-coachmen 'tis high fun;
 They love a drenching rain, and better
 If it continue wet and wetter.
 Then what an outcry at the porches,
 What spitting and what flaring torches,
 What a din of wheels and horses!
 What shriekings as some lady crosses,
 Shewing her petticoat of flannel,
 Splashing her stockings in the channel!
 This is our harvest: beaux, enrag'd,
 Find every hackney-coach engag'd;
 Numbers are shouted out in vain,
 They cannot hear them in the rain,
 Unless they at the same time say
 The sum they are dispos'd to pay,
 Such as ten shillings to the Strand—
 Then every number is at hand.
 These shot, our luck we haste to try again,
 And to the playhouse back we hie again,
 For it is scarcely empty yet
 Of those who do not like the wet,
 And are very glad to pay
 What'er we ask to get away.
 My day's work thus is chiefly ended,
 Unless I further am befriended
 By one who, drinking rather freely,
 Has grown top-heavy, bosky, reelly,
 And calls me loudly with a hiccup,
 To stop my horses him to pick up;

The watchman helps me in to stodge him,
 And when at home I safely lodge him,
 While from sleep he is recovering,
 He gives me by mistake a sovereign;
 I thank him with a bow most humble,
 And at my day's work do not grumble.

The above in its kind is as chaste
 a production as any of the Bucolics of Virgil, or the Idyls of Theocritus, without any thing that is out of character with the relater. The following sonnet is equally correct in its kind.

SONNET:

On the Nickname of JARVY.

Whence comes it that a stigma still must
 rest
 On our profession? E'en the chimney-sweeper,
 The dustman, and the liveried street-keeper,
 Hold them above us: still are we address'd
 By the vile name of *Jarvy*—'tis confest.
 But wherefore is it?—I have often tried
 To find the meaning of the odious name,
 But hitherto all search it has defied:
 I neither learnt nor why nor whence it
 came.
 Great men have own'd it, and the peer
 who fought
 Off Cape St. Vincent with a worthy
 pride
 Bore it long time; and I have often brought
 To Hall of Westminster, when out in
 service,
 A great king's counsel of the name of
Jervis.

Hence it appears that the author of the above sonnet was once coachman to Mr. Jervis, the king's counsel, who, in fact, was nephew to the late Earl St. Vincent.—Enough at present.

THE INVALID.

(Extracted from the Journal of a Tourist.)

DARK heavy clouds threatened an approaching storm: my postillion drove at full speed to the next village, where I determined to stop till the tempest was over. I accordingly alighted, and entered the only public-house that the place contained. Round a large table were seated a number of country-people, enjoying their pipes, and listening with great attention to the village schoolmaster, who was reading the newspaper to them with becoming emphasis. Whenever he had finished an article, he took off his spectacles, and seasoned the frequently insipid dishes set before the public by the editor, with the *sauce piquante* of geographical and historical explanations and moral reflections. I seated myself unnoticed in a corner, and was soon absorbed in the thoughts of home, and the dear objects I had left behind there. All at once the reader raised his voice, and announced the horrid narrative of the storming of W—. The auditors drew nearer to the table, profound silence ensued, and every eye was fixed on the schoolmaster. The thunder pealed awfully over their heads, the hail clattered against the windows, the lightning flashed upon the newspaper; but every countenance expressed only one sentiment—desire to hear of still more tremendous scenes. Man is a singular being: he trembles at the misfortune of his fellow-creature, and yet cannot avert his eyes from the contemplation of it: he weeps at the account of the misery of others,

and yet, amidst his tears, his eager curiosity impatiently anticipates the catastrophe. Go to the place of execution—in every face you will perceive compassion for the trembling criminal, yet every eye will be stedfastly fixed upon him, and each spectator, in spite of the accelerated palpitation of his heart, will await with impatience the moment that is to launch the unhappy wretch into eternity. What bosom would not heave with sympathy if a pardon were then to rescue the culprit from the jaws of death; and yet it is more than probable that in the same bosom a slight feeling of disappointment would arise, on being deprived of the spectacle of the fatal catastrophe.

In the midst of the horrid narrative, a soldier entered the room: his wooden leg formed a melancholy contrast with his youth and handsome figure. He approached the table, and took a vacant seat, unobserved by the auditors. The schoolmaster at length finished the recital, and removed his spectacles; but such was the horror which it excited, that he could not find words for his usual illustration. Silence pervaded the whole assembly for some minutes. “Of all the horrors of war,” at last remarked the young soldier, “the storming of a town is the most horrible: man is then transformed into a tiger, and every spark of humanity is extinguished in his bosom. God be praised,” he continued, folding his hands—“God be praised that this was not my case; and if I did

not renounce the feelings of humanity, it was owing entirely to the last injunction of my poor dear mother."

Here he paused:—the school-master laid down the paper and his spectacles, and leaned listening over the table; his neighbours drew their chairs closer to make room for the young soldier, and all fixed their eyes on him in silence, evidently awaiting the explanation of his mysterious exordium.

"I was a wild lad," he resumed, "but fondness for learning and love for my mother kept me out of vice. I was on the point of removing to the university, when fortune doomed me to be a soldier. The campaign had already commenced, and after a few weeks' drilling, my comrades and I were sent to join the army. The evening before my departure, my excellent mother, having with numberless tears and embraces bestowed on me her maternal benediction, all at once grasped my hand. 'My dear Frank,' said she in a solemn tone, that penetrated my heart, 'these eyes will never see you more. Remember this hour and my last request—promise me never to be cruel, never to violate innocence. I was only a poor girl when your father found me, but I brought him a treasure which wealth cannot purchase—innocence and love. Into what situations soever you may be thrown by circumstances, or urged by passion, remember, I conjure you, this injunction of your mother, and promise me to obey it.' I sunk upon my knees before her, and vowed never to forget her maternal precepts. They

were the last that I received from her lips."

The young warrior paused for a few moments; he drew his hand quickly across his eyes, and thus proceeded:

"After the battle of ****, we advanced with rapidity to ***** and summoned the town to surrender; but the commandant, with his brave troops, had sworn to bury himself under the ruins of the fortress; and he too faithfully kept his word. Fourteen weeks we had already lain before it; the town was reduced to a heap of rubbish; but still the garrison withstood all our attacks with a courage that extorted our highest admiration. The cold was intense; we were exposed to inexpressible hardships, and loudly desired to be led to the assault. At length, in a bitter December night, it was the very night before Christmas-day--we received orders to storm the place, and with the first dawn of day the fortress was attacked on all sides. Seven times were we repulsed; every step was purchased with the blood of our comrades; at length superior numbers triumphed: our rage and revenge knew no bounds; all who did not belong to us were cut in pieces without mercy. Notwithstanding the extreme cold, my blood boiled and my throat was parched with thirst. I entered a house, where I found two of my comrades struggling with a young female, who, pale as death, was defending herself with the last efforts of despair, while a matron, bleeding and exhausted, was endeavouring in vain to rescue her from their grasp. Regardless of

what was passing, I swallowed a bowl of wine, which was standing on a table, to the very last drop. Inflamed with rage and wine, hardened by the scenes of blood and carnage, God knows what I might have been capable of doing, had not the unfortunate creature, just at that moment, exclaimed, in heart-rending tones of anguish — ‘Oh, mother! save me, mother!’ These words suddenly recalled me to my senses: I was fortunate enough to disengage the girl from my brutal comrades, and while I was struggling with the latter, both the females escaped. I received indeed two cuts in the arm and a deep stab in the thigh during the conflict; but I felt no pain at the moment, I had forgotten every thing around me; the tears and the last blessing of my mother were alone present to my mind.

“The town, previously reduced to ashes, could not accommodate the great number of the wounded. I was one of those who were sent away. Owing to the delay of surgical assistance, the inflammation of my blood, and the extreme severity of the weather, my wound became so dangerous, that, to save my life, I was obliged to submit to amputation. You see I can no longer dance with a handsome girl, but I dare say many a one, if she knew

the history of my misfortune, would not like me the worse on that account. I am now on my return home from the grave of my mother, which is about ten miles from this place. This is the anniversary of our parting, and every year on this day I visit her grave, to obtain a blessing from her sainted spirit.”

The young man rose and went to the window. The storm had by this time passed off. I observed the tears coursing one another down his cheeks. I stepped up to him, endeavoured in a delicate manner to learn whether his circumstances were such as to render my assistance acceptable. He soon perceived my drift, and thanked me for my kind intentions. “No,” said he, “I will not divert your bounty from those who want it more than I do. By the economy of my affectionate mother, and the instruction I give in some of the sciences, I am above want: but should I ever need relief,” added he, with a melancholy smile, “I will seek it with confidence at the hands of that lovely sex, in defence of one of whose members I am reduced to my present situation.”

The postillion blew his horn; I pressed the hand of the noble-minded young man with deep emotion, threw myself into a corner of my chaise, and continued my route.

BUTLER AND TAGLIACOTIUS.

MR. EDITOR,

SOME of your readers can perhaps inform me, whether *Tagliacotius*, mentioned in a well known passage in *Hudibras*, be a real or only a fictitious character: whether there ever was any such professor

who furnished “supplemental noses” to those who might require his assistance.

The singularity of the name first struck me, for it obviously has reference to his occupation, being compounded of the two Italian

words, *tagliare* and *coscia*. Did any surgeon or physician of old assume this name, and drop his own, as indicative of the wonderful operation he was able to perform?

That Butler was not the inventor of such a personage, if he were invented at all, is very clear from the following quotation from a tract by Bishop Hall, of Norwich, who published it perhaps before Butler was born. It is not impossible that the author of *Hudibras* might derive his knowledge from what the bishop has remarked in his "*Quo Vadis*, a Censure of Travel," sect. xii.: he says, "The

change of language is rather a hindrance to our former readiness, and if some have fetched new noses and lips and ears from Italy (by the help of *Tagliacotius* and his scholars), never any brought a new tongue from thence."

I have not Dr. Grey's edition of *Hudibras* by me: perhaps that may throw some light upon the subject. According to Hall, *Tagliacotius* was not only a professor, but had scholars who performed the same operation upon various features of the face. Yours, &c.

B. B.

LONDON, Dec. 24, 1821.

ANECDOTE OF THE FRENCH GENERAL GILLY.

GENERAL GILLY was one of the victims of the reaction in the south of France in the year 1815. Born in the department of the Gard, he, though himself a Catholic, was so well acquainted with the philanthropic sentiments of the Protestants of those parts, that, when persecuted, and a price set upon his head, he felt no hesitation to seek an asylum with one of them. A peasant at Toberargue, in the canton of Anduze, named Perrier, who subsists entirely by daily labour, received him into his cottage. No one inquired the name of the fugitive: the events of the times have accustomed these people to the sight of persons suffering persecution and needing protection.

It was agreed that the general should disguise himself, and assume the character of Perrier's cousin. In this manner he passed several months at Toberargue, not without anxiety indeed, since the

armed patrols appeared frequently and unexpectedly, and strictly searched the houses, especially of the Protestants. In such cases Gilly slipped away, often in the middle of the night, perhaps only half dressed, and hid himself in the fields or woods, till the unwelcome visitors had withdrawn. The general felt most severely the unpleasantness of this situation, of which he occasionally complained bitterly. This might probably have been the case one day, when honest Perrier had returned from the small town of Anduze. "You have little reason to complain," observed Perrier, to comfort his guest: "in comparison with the poor people on whose heads I have heard a price set by the public crier, as on any other marketable commodity, you may think yourself fortunate. Two thousand four hundred francs are offered for Parson Brière's, two thousand four hundred for that of the late Mayor of Bresse, and ten

thousand for General Gilly's."—
—"How!" cried the astonished
general.—"Yes, ten thousand,"
repeated Perrier. The feelings of
the fugitive may be better con-
ceived than described. He strove
to suppress them; and lest he
should betray himself to his honest
host, of whom he entertained a
slight mistrust, he seemed to con-
sider for some time. He then ad-
dressed him in these words: "I
am tired of this kind of life, and
am determined to put an end to it.
Hark you, my friend, you are poor,
and can have no objection to earn
money. I know General Gilly, and
the place where he is concealed:
we will denounce him—I demand
my liberty for my reward, and you
shall have the ten thousand francs."

At these words old Perrier was
petrified: he was unable to reply.
His son, a young man of twenty-
seven, who had served in the 47th
regiment of the line, and who had
sat by the fire without taking any
part in the conversation, now sprang
up, advanced close to the general,
and in a menacing tone, "Sir,"
said he, "we have hitherto taken
you for an honourable man; but if
you are one of those execrable in-

formers who plunge their fellow-
creatures into destruction, there is
the door; hasten away by it, or, by
Heaven, I will throw you out of the
window!" Gilly hesitated to go,
and attempted to explain himself,
but to no purpose. The soldier
seized him, and to avoid the im-
pending danger, he exclaimed,
"Know then that I am General
Gilly, for whose head the ten thou-
sand francs are offered!"

The tumult of joy that now per-
vaded the humble family baffles
description. Father, mother, chil-
dren thronged round him, cares-
sing him, and kissing his clothes:
they implored him to remain with
them, promising to sacrifice their
lives in his defence. The general
actually staid with them a consi-
derable time longer, and when he
quitted them, he could not pre-
vail upon them to accept any re-
muneration for their hospitality;
their fidelity it was impossible to
repay. It was not till long subse-
quent to this event that he was al-
lowed to make a substantial ex-
pression of his grateful feelings
for the disinterested services of
this worthy family.

VERSES ON EPICTETUS, BY JOSHUA BARNES.

MR. EDITOR,

I MET the other day with the
following rhimes (poetry I do not
pretend to call them), written by a
man of the greatest celebrity in
his day as a Grecian; I mean Joshua
Barnes, Greek professor of Cam-
bridge University from 1695 to his
death. They are prefixed to a
translation or paraphrase of the
Vol. XIII. No. LXXIV.

Enchiridion of Epictetus by a per-
son of the name of Ellis Walker,
and printed in 1697. I apprehend
that they are a curiosity, and if
they are not very harmonious, they
are very pointed. Though Barnes
could write very good Greek ver-
ses, English, judging from this
specimen, the only one I have seen,
has set him at defiance. In his

O

praise of Epictetus, I fancy all who are acquainted with him will concur, though that *all* is now probably confined to a very select few. There was a time when he was much more read than at the present day*. With good wishes, I remain your obedient servant,

CANTOX.

Haverford, Jan. 2.

ON THE MORALS OF EPICTETUS.

Kind reader, if thou only art Christian in name, and not in heart, Or hast a hope thyself t'approve Without true faith, or heavenly love,

* We thank our correspondent for his communication, which we gladly insert, because the lines merit to be rescued from the oblivion that would attend them if confined only to Ellis Walker's version above-mentioned. Our friend is mistaken, however, if he thinks Joshua Barnes wrote no other English verses: he published a great many, and others are in MS.; among them the lines he wrote "to please his wife," in which this great scholar playfully endeavoured to shew that the *Iliad* was written by Solomon. Respecting his marriage to this lady a curious story is told. She heard, it is said, of the fame of Barnes when he was forty-six years old, and being a widow, of no very inviting appearance, but with a tolerable fortune, she came to Cambridge, and offered at her death to settle upon the professor one hundred pounds a year. Barnes expressed his ardent hope that she would settle herself upon him while living; and Mrs. Mason (such was her name) without any reluctance consented, and Joshua, in 1700, was married to her. She used to call him "Joshua, who made the sun stand still," whether with any metaphorical allusion to herself, is not very clear.

Cantox will find a long list of Barnes's English poetical productions in "Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary."

View in this book (and be ashamed,)
A heathen far for virtue famed.
That saving name he never knew
Whereof we boast, but nothing do:
Yet if the knowledge Christians have
Without a working faith can't save,
Who knows, since his good works were
free,

And forced his ignorance, but he
May be accepted, being made
A law t'himself, which he obey'd?
In slavery he was confined,
But a free monarch in his mind:
His body maim'd, his fortune poor;
But his rich soul aloft did soar,
And nobly left the drossy ground,
And spurn'd the earth, to which we're
bound.

Malice and calumny and pride
Could ne'er in him triumphant ride;
Envy his bosom ne'er did stain;
He never falsely swore for gain;
Revenge to him was never sweet,
Nor fraud, which every where we meet.
The dazzling rays of beauty's flame,
And passion, which the world doth
tame,

False interest, Astræa's foe,
And vice, which all too much do know,
And fond opinion's gaudy show,
All these he bravely did despise:
On virtue only fix'd his eyes,
And laugh'd at Fortune's giddy power,
Contemn'd her sweet, nor fear'd her
sour.

No bribes, nor threats could make him
start,

Nor loss, nor pain afflict his heart.
He saw the world was mean and low,
Patrons a lie, friendship a show,
Preferment trouble, grandeur vain,
Law a pretence, a bubble gain,
Merit a flash, a blaze esteem,
Promise a rush, and hope a dream;
Faith a disguise, and truth deceit,
Wealth but a trap, and health a cheat:
These dangerous rocks this pilot knew,
And wisely into port withdrew,
Let all these outward things alone,
To hold what only was his own,

The rightful empire of the mind,
Whence all our acts their rise do find;
Whence all our motions freely flow,
Our judgment and our reason too;
Whereon our whole success depends,
The last and greatest of all ends!

This doctrine, with such wisdom fraught,
Great Epictetus lived and taught:
Christian, make haste and learn his wit;
I fear thou'rt scarce a heathen yet.

JOSHUA BARNES.

EMMANUEL COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
Sept. 28, 1691.

ON THE ANTIQUITY OF HAWKING AND FALCONRY.

THE origin of hawking cannot be traced to an earlier period than the middle of the fourth century; but an English writer, named H. Peachum, in his "Complete Gentleman," says, that hawking was first invented and practised by Frederick Barbarossa when he besieged Rome. It appears, however, to be very certain, that this amusement was discovered abroad, where it became very fashionable some time before it was known in this country: the period of its introduction cannot be clearly determined, but about the middle of the eighth century, Winefred or Boniface, Archbishop of Mons, who was himself a native of England, presented to Ethelbert, King of Kent, one hawk and two falcons; and a King of the Mercians requested the same Winefred to send to him two falcons that had been trained to kill crows. In the succeeding century, the sport was very highly esteemed by the Anglo-Saxon nobility, and the training and flying of hawks became one of the essentials in the education of a young man of rank. Alfred the Great is commended for his early proficiency in this, as well as in other fashionable amusements: he is even said to have written a treatise upon the subject of hawking, but there is no such work at pre-

sent in existence, that can, with any degree of certainty, be attributed to him. The pastime of hawking must, no doubt, at this period have been very generally followed, to call for the prohibition inserted in a charter granted to the abbey of Abingdon by Kenulph, King of the Mercians, which restrains all persons from carrying of hawks, and thereby trespassing upon the lands belonging to the monks who resided therein. This amusement continued to be a fashionable one to the end of the Saxon era. We have already seen that Edward the Confessor was highly pleased with the sports of the field, and pursued them constantly every day, allotting the whole of his leisure time to hunting or hawking.

Hawking is often mentioned, says a modern author, in the capitularies of the eighth and ninth centuries. The grand *fauconnier* of France was an officer of great eminence; his annual salary was four thousand florins; he was attended by fifty gentlemen and fifty assistant falconers; he was allowed to keep three hundred hawks; he licensed every vender of hawks in France, and received a tax upon every bird sold in that kingdom, and even within the verge of the court; and the king never rode out upon

any occasion of consequence without this officer attending him.

In Doomsday-book, a hawks' airy is returned among the most valuable articles of property; which proves the high estimation these birds were held in at the commencement of the Norman government; and probably some establishment like that above-mentioned was made for the royal falconer in England.

Edward III. according to Froissart, had with him in his army when he invaded France, thirty falconers on horseback, who had charge of his hawks; and every day he either hunted, or went to the river for the purpose of hawking, as his fancy inclined him. From the frequent mention that is made of hawking by the water-side, not only by the historians, but also by the romance-writers of the middle ages, I suppose that the pursuit of water-fowls afforded the most diversion. The author last quoted, speaking of the Earl of Flanders, says, he was always at the river, where his falconer cast off one falcon after the heron, and the earl another. In the poetical romance of "The Squire of low Degree," the King of Hungary promises his daughter, that at her return from hunting, she should hawk by the river-side with goshawk, gentle falcon, and other well tutored birds; so also Chaucer, in the rhyme of Sir Thopos, says, that he could hunt the wild deer,

"And ryde on hawkyng by the ryver
With grey goshawke in hande."

An anonymous writer of the 17th century records the following anecdote: "Sir Thomas Jermin going out with his servants and brook

hawks one evening at Bury, they were no sooner abroad than fowl was found, and he called out to one of his falconers, 'Off with your jerkin!' the fellow being into the wind did not hear him; at which he stormed, and still cried out, 'Off with your jerkin, you knave! off with your jerkin!' Now it fell out that there was at that instant a plain townsman of Bury, in a freeze jerkin, stood betwixt him and his falconer, who seeing Sir Thomas in such a rage, and thinking he had spoken to him, unbuttoned himself again, threw off his jerkin, and besought his worship not to be offended, for that he would take off his doublet too, to give him content." We may also here notice, that the ladies not only accompanied the gentlemen in pursuit of this diversion, but often practised it by themselves; and if we may believe a contemporary writer in the 13th century, they even excelled the men in knowledge and exercise of the art of falconry, which reason he very ungallantly produces in proof that the sport was frivolous and effeminate. Hawking was forbidden to the clergy by the canons of the church; but the prohibition was by no means sufficient to restrain them from the pursuit of this favourite and fashionable amusement: on which account, as well as for hunting, they were severely lashed by the poets and moralists; and indeed the one was rarely spoken of without the other being included, for those who delighted in hawking were generally proficient in hunting also.

The practice of hawking declined from the moment the musket was brought to perfection, which

pointed out a method more ready and more certain of procuring game, and at the same time afforded an equal degree of air and exercise: the immense expense of training and maintaining of hawks became altogether unnecessary; it was therefore no wonder that the assistance of the gun superseded that of the bird, or that the art of hawking, when rendered useless, should be laid aside.

Hawking was performed on horseback or on foot, as occasion required; on horseback when in the fields or open country, and on foot when in woods and coverts. In following the hawk on foot, it was usual for the sportsman to have a stout pole with him, to assist him in leaping over little rivulets and ditches, which might otherwise prevent him in his progress; and this we learn from an historical fact related by Hall, who informs us, that Henry VIII. pursuing his hawk on foot at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, attempted, with the assistance of his pole, to jump over a ditch that was half full of muddy water; the pole broke, and the king fell with his head in the mud, where he would have been stifled, had not a footman, named John Moody, who was near at hand, and seeing the accident, leaped into the ditch and released his majesty from his perilous situation; "and so," says the honest historian, "God of his goodness preserved him."

When the hawk was not flying at her game, she was usually hoodwinked with a cap or hood provided for that purpose, and fitted to her head, and this hood was worn abroad as well as at home. All hawks taken upon "the fist," the

term used for carrying them upon the hand, had straps of leather, called jesses, put about their legs: the jesses were made sufficiently long for the knots to appear between the middle and the little fingers of the hand that held them, so that the lures or small thongs of leather might be fastened to them with tyrrits or rings, and the lures were loosely wound round the little finger: lastly, their legs were adorned with bells, fastened with rings of leather, each leg having one; and the leathers to which the bells were attached were denominated buvits, and to the buvits was added the creame, or long thread, by which the bird, in tutoring, was drawn back after she had been permitted to fly, and this was called the reclaiming of the hawk. The buvits we are informed were useful to keep the hawk from winding when she bated, that is, when she fluttered her wings to fly after her game. The person who carried the hawk was also provided with gloves for that purpose, to prevent their talons from hurting his hand. In the inventories of apparel belonging to King Henry VIII. such articles frequently occur: at Hampton-Court, in the jewel-house, were seven hawks gloves embroidered. No persons but such as were of the highest rank were permitted under the Norman government to keep hawks, as appears from a clause inserted in the Forest charter: this charter King John was compelled to sign; and by it the privilege was given to every free man to have airies of hawks, sparrow-hawks, falcons, eagles, and herons, in his own woods.

As the hawk was a bird so high-

ly esteemed by the nobility of England, there will be no wonder if we find the royal edicts established for the preservation of their eggs: accordingly, in the eleventh year of Henry VII. it was decreed, that if any person was convicted of taking from the nests or destroying the eggs of a falcon, a goshawk, a laner, or a swan, he should suffer imprisonment for one year and one day, and be liable to a fine at the king's pleasure, one half of which belonged to the crown, and the other half to the owner of the ground whereon the eggs were found; and if a man destroyed the same sort of eggs upon his own ground, he was equally subject to the penalty. This act was somewhat modified in the reign of Elizabeth, and the imprisonment reduced to three months; but then the offender to find security for his good behaviour for seven years, or remain in prison until he did. The severity of the above-mentioned laws may probably excite the surprise of such of our readers as are not informed how highly this kind of birds was formerly appreciated. At the commencement of the 17th century, we find that a goshawk and a tassel-hawk were sold for one hundred marks, which was a large sum in those days; and the price is by no means mentioned as singular or extravagant; for, on the contrary, the author insinuates, that the parting from the bird was considered a favour; and no doubt it was so, if the hawks, in training, required such incredible pains and watchfulness, both by night and by day, as he declares are absolutely necessary. It is farther said, that in the reign of James I. Sir Tho-

mas Monson gave one thousand pounds for a cast of hawks.

As in hunting, so in hawking, the sportsmen had their peculiar expressions; and therefore the tyro in the art of falconry is recommended to learn the following arrangement of terms, as they were to be applied to the different kinds of birds assembled in companies. "A sege of llerons and of bitterns; a herd of swans, of cranes, and of curlews; a dopping of sheldrakes; a spring of teals; a covert of cootes; a gaggle of geese; a bade-lynge of ducks; a sord or sute of mallards; a muster of peacocks; a nye of pheasants; a levy of quails; a covey of partridges; a congregation of plovers; a flight of doves; a dole of turtles; a walk of snipes; a fall of woodcocks; a brood of hens; a building of rooks; a murmuration of starlings; an exaltation of larks; a flight of swallows; a host of sparrows; a watch of nightingales; and a charm of goldfinches."

"Fowling," says Burton, "may be performed with guns, lime-twigs, nets, glades, gins, strings, baits, pitfalls, pipecalls, stalking-horses, setting-dogs, and decoy-ducks; or with chaffnets, for smaller birds: there may be also added bows and arrows, which answered the purpose of guns before they were invented and brought to perfection. The stalking-horse, originally, was a horse trained for the purpose, and covered with trap-pings, so as to conceal the sportsman from the game he intended to shoot at. It was particularly useful to the archer, by affording him an opportunity of approaching the birds, unseen by them, so near, that

his arrows might easily reach them : but as this method was frequently inconvenient, and often impracticable, the fowler had recourse to art, and caused a canvas figure to be stuffed, and painted like a horse grazing, but sufficiently light that it might be moved at pleasure with one hand. These deceptions were also made in the form of oxen, cows, and stags, either for variety or convenience sake. In the inventories of the wardrobes belonging to King Henry VIII. we frequently find the allowance of certain quantities of stuff for the purpose of making stalking-coats and stalking-hose, for the use of his majesty."

There is also another method of fowling, "which," says our author, for I will give it nearly in his own words, "is performed with nets, and in the night-time; and the darker the night the better. This sport we call in England most commonly bird-batting, and some call it low-belling; and the use of it is, to go with a great light of cressets, or rags of linen dipped in tallow, which will make a good light; and you must have a pan or plate made like a lantern, to car-

ry your light in, which must have a great socket to hold the light, and carry it before you on your breast, with a bell in your other hand, and of a great bigness, made in the manner of a cow-bell, but still larger, and you must ring it always after one order. If you carry the bell, you must have two companions with nets, one on each side of you; and what with the bell, and what with the light, the birds will be so amazed, that when you come near them they will turn up their white bellies; your companions shall then lay their nets quietly upon them, and take them. But you must continue to ring the bell, for if the sound shall cease, the other birds, if there be any near at hand, will rise up and fly away.—This is," continues the author, "an excellent method to catch larks, woodcocks, partridges, and all other land birds."

The pipecall, mentioned by Burton, is noticed under a different denomination by Chaucer: "So," says he, "the birde is begyled with the merry voice of the fouler's whistle, when it is closed in your nette"—alluding to the deceptive art of the bird-catchers in his time.

THE GREEN MANTLE OF VENICE:

A true Story; from the German.

(Concluded from p. 37.)

THE plan William Sponseri had formed was clever, and, as he thought, excellent, but in the progress of it many difficulties occurred. It was easy to gain a knowledge of Mr. Mellinger in the way of business, but it would be difficult to become acquainted with his

daughter, who usually sat in her own chamber while her father was in the counting-house. The death of Wilmsen by the breaking of a blood-vessel gave young Sponseri the first notion of this scheme. He found by report that Mr. Mellinger's counting-house joined the

chapel of the old abbey : by this means he intended to work upon the mind of the old gentleman ; but how he was to proceed with regard to Emmeline, he had not yet settled.

The green mantle in which he appeared to Mr. Mellinger on the first night, had been Wilmsen's ; the dead hand was lent him by a young surgeon, with whom he had become acquainted ; chalk had done all that was necessary for his face. On his return to the inn as young Wilmsen, with the green mantle closely folded, and concealed under his arm, he spread it over the corpse, and stuck the letter of Mr. Mellinger in the sleeve. The letter to old Sponseri William had procured back from the post, so that it never reached Venice. The letter from Venice, brought by a courier, was forged by William, and was dispatched by a friend who acted in concert with him, and who lived on the road to Venice. The object of it was to confirm Mr. Mellinger in his belief of the apparition. Further to accomplish his project, William took the precaution to have two other green mantles made exactly like that belonging to his late friend, and in which in fact the corpse was buried : in all three a button was wanting. He subsequently wrote the Italian billet in a feigned hand, which had reference to the unworthy manner in which Mr. Mellinger had accumulated his property : he tore it into three pieces, and placed one of the fragments in the pocket of the mantle in which Wilmsen was interred. Whether he should have occasion for all the three mantles,

young Sponseri did not precisely know, but he intended, if necessary, further to work upon the mind of old Mellinger ; and this might be done with the more effect, if, on digging up the corpse, the original green mantle were found enveloping it, with the piece of the billet in the pocket. Thus he hoped thoroughly to reform the father, and after a marriage with the daughter, to bring a blessing upon their mutual fortunes.

The advertisement in the newspaper gave him the much wished for opportunity of entering Mr. Mellinger's house. The losses sustained by Mr. Mellinger was a fortunate circumstance for William, as far as it produced a powerful effect in changing the disposition and habits of the old gentleman, who regarded it as a sort of judgment upon him.

At this juncture William was on the point of discovering himself. His father from the first had been made acquainted with his plan, and William informed him by letter of the progress he believed he had made in gaining the affections of Emmeline. The old man too, he added, was a different being ; those who hated him previously, now spoke of him with respect and regard : in short, every thing seemed propitious, and he purposed on the approaching birthday of Emmeline to put an end to the masquerade, and to declare himself to her in his real character.

The entrance of the foreign troops prevented his intended discovery : in these eventful times every thing gave way to public considerations ; and he thought it better, during the uncertain state

of affairs, to remain concealed as the obscure Wilmsen, than to avow himself the son of the rich Venetian merchant.

The affair of the courier gave William the greatest uneasiness. He was not without a suspicion that some concealed motive had occasioned his arrest; the hatred which Mr. Mellinger was known to entertain of the French might have led him to express himself too freely respecting them, or some letter might have been intercepted, in which he had been indiscreet enough to avow his sentiments with regard to the tyranny of Napoleon: in either case he was sensible that Mr. Mellinger stood in imminent danger of being shot by the military commission, and all his wealth confiscated. He must be rescued, cost what it would: in this emergency, earnest zeal, ready invention, active and devoted friends, and a plentiful supply of money, were the magic charms he meant to employ for the liberation of his old friend.

In the first place, he engaged a young banker, who resided about a mile out of town, to invite the commandant, who was in the habit of indulging copiously in the pleasures of the table and the glass, to an entertainment, which was to be prolonged till he was incapable either of thinking or acting; and by this means time would be gained, and his absence ensured.

One of the company, who was the most intimate friend of William, took advantage of the commandant's complaining of the weight and heat of his uniform, to offer him a light nankeen dress. In

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his present situation caution and recollection had forsaken him, and he readily gave up the coat, in the pocket of which he had deposited the key of Mr. Mellinger's iron chest. In the course of an almost incredibly short time, the key was in the hands of William in town.

In the mean time William had not been idle. He offered a handful of gold to the gaoler, Pallasch, and another to the commander of the guard, Wollmar, if they would suffer him to see Mr. Mellinger for a quarter of an hour. William found him scarcely recovered from the astonishment which his sudden imprisonment had occasioned; of the cause of it he was wholly ignorant, and now first learned it from William: he had before felt alarmed at his situation, but he was now easier, from his conscious innocence of the crime imputed to him, and confidently expected that in the morning he should be set at liberty. William, however, was by no means so secure; he remembered many instances of persons quite as innocent as Mr. Mellinger, who had not been able to escape from the arbitrary power of the French military, and whose lives had been the sacrifice. Once at liberty, Mr. Mellinger might find time enough to prove his innocence; William desired him to expect him at twelve that night, and to hold himself prepared for his escape.

William now returned to Pallasch and Wollmar. The former, an implacable enemy of the French, was easily gained over by the aid of liberal promises: Wollmar, however, was at first more scrupulous; he knew not how to excuse himself,

or the guard under his orders, to their superiors. "If we could make up a story of a ghost," said he, laughing, "coming to carry off the prisoner, the wretches are so stupid that they believe every thing that is told them, and will swear to it through thick and thin; and as for the commandant, he is only an old woman, who believes in fortune-telling and astrology, and all sorts of nonsense—why should not he believe in a ghost story too?"

William caught at the idea: his plan was soon formed, and he gave his instructions accordingly. The Green Mantle of Venice, an apparition whose fame was well known, was to effect the release of the old gentleman.

He returned home, musing how he could contrive that the billet which had been deposited in the pockets of the three green mantles, and had been originally intended for Mr. Mellinger, might fall into the hands of the commandant, and produce some effect in aid of his plot. On his arrival, he found his young friend with the key. The papers in the chest he left untouched, as he had learned from Mr. Mellinger that there were none of any importance. The money he secured, excepting about four thousand dollars, and leaving one of the green mantles at the top, he locked it, and dispatched his friend back again to the commandant with the key. He had also locked up with the mantle a billet, in the same hand-writing as the fragment before mentioned, containing these words:

"*Pallasch and Wollmar are innocent. The wrath of the Almighty*

awaits him who touches a hair of their heads."

To find these words in the inside of a strong iron chest, the key of which had, as he believed, been in his possession ever since the first minute of Mr. Mellinger's arrest, might well have astonished a man of more good sense and firmness of mind than the commandant could pretend to. Who but a supernatural being could have known by anticipation that Pallasch would have any thing to do with the affair? Who could have guessed the name of the person who would have the command of the guard? The most incredulous would have been at first startled on making such a discovery. The lines had such an effect on the weak mind of the commandant, that he implicitly complied with the injunction of the terrible Green Mantle, and did not dare say a single word on the subject to either Pallasch or Wollmar.

William, who imagined that Emmeline's first wish would be to see her father, and that their interview might be injurious to his plans, gave the strictest orders to his confidants, Pallasch and Wollmar, not to suffer her to enter the prison. He was himself admitted soon after eleven o'clock by a private way, and introduced, enveloped in his green mantle, into the cell where Mr. Mellinger was confined.

Betsey Pallasch was purposely detained by her father's and Wollmar's terrible stories, that she might be an additional witness of the appearance of the Green Mantle. She could swear with a safe con-

science that she saw the spectre with her own eyes, and heard with her own ears the fearful words, "I am the Green Mantle of Venice; my dwelling is in the grave. This man is free; he who touches him, dies."

Wollmar made up so dreadful a story to his soldiers about the Green Mantle, in which he was corroborated by Betsey, that they, eager to catch at any thing which might excuse their intoxication, were ready to swear any thing when brought before the commandant. William had taken care to leave the green mantle containing the third fragment in the inside of the prison-door, which Betsey had locked, while he retreated with Mr. Mellinger through the side entrance, and proceeded with all speed to the house of his friend the young banker, at whose garden-gate a light travelling carriage was waiting, which conveyed Mr. Mellinger, travelling under a feigned name, first to Raab, and afterwards to Smyrna.

William had scented the two mantles with brimstone, and sprinkled them with vitriol, to give them the appearance of being in a state of corruption.

Little Charlotte was again brought before the commandant after Mr. Mellinger's escape, and threatened with certain death if she ever dis-

closed a word of what had passed, even to her parents.

William had procured a number of persons, by bribery and various means, to depose to the fact of the body which was taken out of the water being that of old Tobias: the multitude went with them without reflection, and the person before whom the depositions were taken, being favourable to William, was not too particular in his investigations.

The billet which Emmeline received from her father William had just procured from Smyrna, and had purposely sent it by an unknown messenger at the time when he knew the commandant was with her.

The courier dispatched by the commandant to Venice had been anticipated by a letter from William to his father, instructing him in what manner to reply.

Mr. Mellinger's silence on the subject of his escape was occasioned by his having bound himself by a solemn promise to William, not to reveal what had passed till he should absolve him in person. Mr. Mellinger continued ignorant that he was any other than Wilmsen, till the hour when they again met at Prague.

So much for the mysteries of the Green Mantle of Venice.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LXXIII.

Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.

Love conquers all, and we must yield to love! — OVID.

A LETTER which I have received from one of my own sex, as she styles herself a *Female Philosopher*,

should have received an earlier attention, but from a circumstance which I am about to explain. She

wishes for some instructions from me (such is her expression) relative to the composition of *love-letters*, with a communication of rules for their construction, both as to language and sentiment, as may give them a rational character, and fit them for a woman of sense to write or receive. Now, as I am of that age which gives to an unmarried lady a certain title, which I shall beg leave to be excused from naming, I may be supposed to have received so few of these amatory documents, and perhaps to have written none, as not to be qualified to give an opinion on such a curious subject, and where actual experience is so essentially necessary. But, fortunately for me, I happen to be upon the most confidential terms with a gentleman who has been thrice married, and therefore, as I presume, is perfectly qualified to give all the information which is attainable on the topic of love-letter writing, both before and after marriage, with such interlocutory matter as the interesting subject may suggest. When I have had an opportunity of duly consulting him, I will not fail in communicating the instructions of the Female Tattler to the Female Philosopher.

I now proceed to the paper allotted for this month, which has too long been confined to my writing-desk.

“Pride is not made for man.”

The comparison of man's life to a journey, and the conclusions usually drawn from thence, are not the less true for being trite and common. When we reflect, that to be excessively anxious for the

wealth, honour, and pleasures of this transitory world, is just as ridiculous as it would be to torment ourselves because our accommodations at an inn (which we are to quit next morning) are not sufficiently sumptuous, the aptness of the allusion stares us in the face; the assent is extorted while the mind dwells upon it; and people of every persuasion, however they may disagree in other propositions, concur in this, as in a self-evident axiom. Yet herein do we resemble the case of him, who is said in Scripture “to behold his figure in a glass, but straight forgetteth what manner of man he was;” and, as if a fatality hung over us, our memories are still found worst in the matter that concerns us most; namely, in the acquisition of tranquillity, that *summum bonum* on this side the grave. A heathen could tell us, that this inestimable treasure lies at our feet, but that we giddily stumble over it in the pursuit of bubbles. On these we bestow all our strenuous exertions; the other has only indolent wishes. That perturbations of every kind are capital enemies to tranquillity, speaks for itself; but it may require some scrutiny to discern that the common parent from whence most of these proceed, is *pride*. I say, *most* of these; for if want, pain, fear, and intemperance be excepted, it is presumed, that few obstacles to serenity can be imagined which are not fairly deducible from this single vice.

The inimitable Mr. Addison, in one of his *Spectators*, mentions guilt and irreligion as the only warrantable precluders of cheerfulness: nor is it here intended to

controvert his superior judgment ; this being merely an essay to prove, that pride is the great source from whence almost every other species of guilt flows ; and as for irreligion, it may, I think, without much torturing the argument, be placed to the same account.

But let us first try the truth of this proposition upon actual or practical vices, as distinguished from speculative errors, and thence discover to what degree they may be said to hold of this lady paramount ; consequently, how far we are indebted to her for the miseries which fill the world with complaints. Sickness, pain, fear, want, and intemperance have already been excepted, as productive of disorders in the soul which derive not immediately from this origin : at least, it can hardly, with propriety, be said, that a person is proud of a disease, of cowardice, or of indigence ; though it has been observed, that some have had the preposterous folly to glory in being profligates, drunkards, or gluttons.

Whether human nature be capable of bearing up with cheerfulness and indolence against these evils (from what cause soever arising), is a question foreign to the present business, which is to excite every thinking person strictly to examine the catalogue of vices, one by one, and then to ask his own heart, what resemblance they bear to the prolific parent here assigned them ; and it is presumed, that nothing more is necessary than the holding up the progeny to view, in order to ascertain their descent. It may be gathered from the most authentic testimony, that her first-

born was Ambition ; and ever since our first progenitors, whether clad in a red coat, and armed with a scimeter and firebrand, or in the more gentle habit of a statesman, courtier, beau, lawyer, divine, &c. that passion still confesses its kindred in every feature and action. It is not very material in what order the subsequent issue were produced, but that envy, hatred, malice, tyranny, anger, implacability, revenge, cruelty, impatience, obstinacy, violence, treachery, ingratitude, self-love, avarice, profusion ; together with the smaller shoots of detraction, impertinence, loquacity, petulance, affectation, &c. are all derivable from this maternal origin, will, I persuade myself, most evidently appear to an inquiring observer.

To enumerate the infinite disorders and calamities that disperse themselves from this root, intrude into every place, and are incessant plagues to individuals, as well as to society, were an endless task. Who shall tell the secret pangs of the heart in which she is planted ? But her baleful influence is discernible wherever "two or three are gathered together." Even at the altar, and whilst the tongue, in compliance with the enjoined form of devotion, is uttering the most humiliating epithets, you shall perceive her inconsistently tricked out, and by a thousand fantastic airs, attracting worship, in a more or less degree, from the deity, to herself.

Trace her from the court into the city ; and there, from the general trader to the retailer, mechanic, and pedlar ; thence into the country, from the squire to the

farmer and day-labourer : descend as low as to the scavenger, chimney-sweeper, and night-man ; still, through all their dirt and filth, you may occasionally discern her.

Nor is her parental dominion confined to the climates or nations called civilized. Travel to the poles, or into the burning zone, among the Bramins, Banians, and Facquiers ; among the Iroquois, Cannibals, and Hottentots, even there shall you meet with the operations of this principal spring of action. What but the arrogance of superior merit instigates the first of these to assume a right of domineering over the consciences of their fellows, and damning the souls of those who differ from them ? And among certain savages, who, that reads the accounts of the insolence with which they torment before they eat their enemies, can doubt whether they are actuated by hunger or haughtiness ? In a word, from the feuds that lay waste whole kingdoms, down to the sickly spleen which devours the slighted coquette, or the fine lady superseded in her place, we need look no farther for the author of the griefs which poison our peace. In rela-

tion to matters purely speculative, none, who are ever so little conversant in them, can be at a loss for numerous instances of the havoc made with learning, truth, and religion, by the dogmatical imposition of hypotheses and systems, invented by men of more power than knowledge ; and the no less arrogant prohibition of new lights, which might detect the fallacy, or otherwise clash with an assumed all-sufficiency. Hence all the mischiefs arising from enthusiasm, hypocrisy, bigotry, and zeal. Hence — But I am entering into a field too wide for the limits of an ordinary essay ; and now, should it be asked, to what purpose this letter ? or where the remedy ? it is answered, that the utility of such discussion must be obvious ; for by this means, the hydra being reduced to one head, it becomes a more compendious task to cut off that one, than to vanquish a legion successively, sprouting from different stems ; or, to change the allusion, the recipe, instead of applying to the infinite variety of symptoms, might be comprised in two words — *banish pride*.

F — T —.

EXHIBITION OF A FAMILY OF LAPLANDERS AND LIVING REINDEER.

It is not always that laudable enterprise is rewarded with proportionate success ; but in the instance before us, we feel confident, that the persevering individual, who has brought to this country a family of Laplanders, with their reindeer, huts, clothing, &c. &c. will meet with all the encourage-

ment which his zeal for science, and his energy in promoting it, amply merit.

The name and character of Mr. Bullock as the proprietor of that striking and almost unrivalled collection, late the London Museum, are so well known, that we need not dwell upon them. After

several unsuccessful attempts, he has at length succeeded in forming one of the most novel and interesting exhibitions ever offered to the notice of this or any other capital. We may say, that it is in all respects quite unprecedented, for though many years ago some Greenlanders were conveyed to England, yet having been taken by force or stratagem from their relatives and friends, they could never be detained, and presented to the public.

To a lover of natural history, the sight of a reindeer, whether in a living or dead state, is a great curiosity, as this animal has never before been procured; but a herd of them are now offered to the inspection of the curious, and they are seen under the most advantageous circumstances—attended by a man, woman, and child, of the country to which they belong, and placed in a scene, that, by the means of the artist's skill, appears native to them. The whole are at present collected in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; and happy are we to add, that the daily increasing crowds of spectators are a sufficient proof of the high interest and curiosity excited. We regret that our limits will not enable us to do more ample justice to this subject; we must now close our notice of it by a short quotation from a very instructive and amusing pamphlet regarding the reindeer, published by Mr. Bullock.

Their arrival has excited so much interest and curiosity, that, in compliance with the wishes of the public, they will be exhibited by

the people themselves, who have brought their summer and winter residences and furniture with them. The man, Jens Holm, and his wife, Karina Christian, are about four feet eight inches high, which, in Lapland, is not beneath the usual height; on the contrary, Karina is considered a tall woman: their son, four years and a half old, is not likely to be so tall a man as his father: they understand the Norwegian language, and an interpreter attends to answer any question that may be put to them.

They exhibit the deer decorated in the manner of their country, and drawing light carriages and sledges.

Nothing can exceed the extraordinary appearance of these noble quadrupeds; in size they excel the red deer, or stag: the enormous horns in some almost exceed belief. A cord passed round those of a fine male measures thirty feet: in some they appear like the branches of an aged oak, stripped of its foliage. The immense brow antlers vary in some individuals, from two to four.

They are sleek in summer, but in winter clothed with a thick impenetrable coat of long hair of a dry husky appearance: their feet are large and wide, extending considerably whilst resting on the ground, and covering a space sixteen inches in circumference. Every time each foot is moved, a loud clicking noise is heard, occasioned by one of the hoofs striking against the other.

The morning after my arrival at Figeland, the young mountaineer to whose care they were intrusted (and between whom and the deer

there appeared to exist the strongest mutual attachment) turned them out of the fold, in which they are always kept at night, to protect them from the wolves, that I might have an opportunity of seeing them.

The whole herd was in the town surrounded by hundreds of the wondering inhabitants, took food from their hands, and seemed pleased with the caresses of the women and children. They were at first quartered in the yard of the house where I lodged, and my good old landlady, Madame Bornick, was delighted with her new guests; but the number of persons who collected from all parts of the country was so great, that it became necessary to remove them to a place where they could remain a few days retired, to recover from the fatiguing journey they had just terminated. I had the use of a large island about two miles from the town, offered for their reception; and they were marched to the shore opposite to it, where large boats were prepared by lashing them together. The deer walked immediately to the side of the quay, but the leader observing the boats move, stopped, and examined them very minutely: he hesitated; and the herd became instantly alarmed: it was the first time they had seen a boat. After some further hesitation, and a little fear, the leader walked in. The eyes of the whole were instantly fixed on him, and they distinctly expressed their fears for his safety; and some then turn-

ed their eyes to the mountains: he was at this time examining the planks with his feet: the motion did not please him. Salva seated himself by his head, patted his neck, and laid his face to that of the deer. Jens was by this time in the other boat; upon seeing him the deer turned his head, looked attentively at his followers, and in a short snort gave the signal for them to come in. It was not obeyed for a moment; and he repeated it in rather an angry manner, stamping with his foot. In a moment the boats were all filled. The ropes were cast off: they remained perfectly still till they reached the island; when, following the leader, they leaped on the rock, ascended the side of a small hill, and got a plentiful supply of their favourite white moss. A day or two after their arrival, the change of food and climate affected the calves; two of them could not be found. Karina, however, begged me not to trouble myself, for that the mother had concealed them where no one but herself could find them. In the afternoon I ordered Jens to draw the whole of them to the shore: he collected them in a moment by whistling, and began to descend the hill, when Karina came to me laughing, and pointed to a female that was loitering behind, and which, as soon as she fancied herself unperceived, turned back: "She is gone to fetch her child," said Karina; and with it she soon made her appearance.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Fifth Fantasia on the favourite Air, "Come live with me and be my love," by H. R. Bishop, for the Piano-forte; composed, and dedicated to Miss Isabella Hamilton, by Ferd. Ries. Op. 92. No. 2. Pr. 4s.—(Goulding and Co.)

MR. RIES'S compositions afford a convincing proof of the possibility of combining mere sounds, without text, in such a manner as to excite in our minds every variety of feelings; nay, to raise sensations for which language sometimes has no expression, because, like the odour of a new exotic, they are strangers to the code of our experience. But whether the impressions be of the latter non-descript kind, or whether they be analogous to some affections felt before, there is a degree of uncertainty, of magic obscurity in musical colouring in general, but more particularly in the combinations proceeding from a soul deeply alive to the powers of melody and harmony, which constitutes at once the imperfection and the fascination of the art. The mind has a clue, feels something, but the want of positive reference leaves us at liberty, as if in a dream, to roam in the wide field of unfettered imagination. In these fanciful excursions we often indulge when we rehearse the original labours of Mr. Ries's pen. We delight in symbolizing his compositions, and our fancy has no more difficulty in giving meaning to his strains, than in tracing real objects in the fantastic clouds of a summer sky.

What all have we not deciphered—
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ed in the multitude of varied ideas embodied into the original fantasia now before us! In the very beginning there is ample work for the imagination: a period of hasty allegro, followed by a tranquil sentence of andante, then allegro again, and andante alternate; these originalities are not strung together at random, the intention is felt, and is accomplished. But the whole work teems with features of the same description, calculated to elicit thoughts and emotions of the most diversified character. The sweet andante p. 4, the striking and original march p. 6, the beautiful passages p. 8, the fine larghetto p. 10, terminating with a masterly modulation to lead to the subject, the rich harmonies assigned to three distinct parts p. 13, and many other portions of the composition, exhibit not only the skill of a master, but the constant intervention of an understanding that weighs, and a soul that feels deeply.

Operatic Airs, the Subjects taken from the most approved Operas, Italian, English, &c. and arranged, with an introductory Movement to each, by the most eminent Authors. No. —. Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)

Mr. Holder is the author of the present number of the Operatic Airs edited by Messrs. Goulding and Co. and he has chosen Mr. Bishop's air in *The Slave*, "My native Highland home," for the subject of a rondo, which is preceded by a very tasteful and impressive larghetto, serving as introduction. Both the movements are conceived in a classic style,

and deserve to be ranked among the cotemporary productions of a superior order. Among the more prominent features in the rondo, may be numbered a good modulation to A *b*, in the fourth page, some passages of great fluency p. 6, the neat variation of the theme p. 8, and a still more amplified variety of it in the 10th page. The conclusion is striking, and worked up into a proper climax.

Rondo for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Bunn, by J. F. Danneley. No. I. Pr. 3s. —(Chappell and Co.)

The above rondo will serve us as a lesson of critical experience, from which both ourselves and future productions that pass under our pen, may derive considerable advantage. When we had it first played to us, we certainly found some features that arrested our attention, and received our entire approbation, but, upon the whole, we could not bring ourselves to relish the *tout-ensemble*: so we determined—as we often do when we cannot heartily approve, nor decidedly point out errors, when the thing is altogether not to our mind, from a variance in taste perhaps—to replace the rondo in a state of dormancy, with a *signum crucis*, to prevent its obtruding again, and to say nothing at all about it.

Soon after, we happened to meet the author, and fearless and candid as we are when acting to the best of our judgment, we communicated to him our opinion and resolve. Who does not prefer not to be talked of at all rather than being cut up? The author thanked rather coolly for our kind intention, but expressed his surprise at

our not liking that which he liked especially, upon which he had bestowed great pains to do it well, and which he thought very superior to some of his productions that had pleased our fastidious taste. As we had good reason not to slight his opinion, we at once determined upon another trial, a review in its literal sense, and we requested Mr. D. to have the goodness to play the rondo himself.

Never were we more convinced of the truth of the old adage, *Duo cum faciunt idem non est idem*. Performed as the rondo now was, with *connoissance de cause*, with great taste, with brilliant execution, and every possible and requisite variety of emphasis and declamation, we felt humbled, and compelled totally to retract our former opinion. We now perceived novelty of thought, except in the few Lodoiscian bars, p. 3, l. 1, great skill in point of harmonic treatment, good connection between the successive ideas, bold and well conducted modulations, in short, with very few exceptions—and those of a trivial nature—the rondo was quite such as we could have wished it to be. So much for critical infallibility!

“Fanny,” a Ballad, written by W. Parr, Esq.; the Music composed by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Hodsoll.)

If we are not mistaken in our recollection, this is the first vocal composition of Mr. R. that has come under our notice. It is a very fair specimen of his lyric musical talent: the ideas are clear, the periods in good proportion, and the general feature of the melody, without rising to decided originality, is of a tender cast, correspond-

ing with the artless innocence of the lover's address to his Fanny.

"*Giovinette*," a favourite Air by Mozart, arranged as an easy Lesson for the Piano-forte, by S. Poole. Pr. 1s.—(Hodsoll.)

"*Fin ch' han' dal Vino*," composed by Mozart, arranged as a Rondo by S. Poole. Pr. 1s.—(Hodsoll.)

Mozart's favourite Minuet, with familiar Variations for the Piano-forte, by S. Poole. Pr. 1s.—(Hodsoll.)

The above three little publications by Mr. Poole are intended for the early stages of instruction. They are founded on favourite themes in the opera of "*Il Don Giovanni*;" the arrangement is satisfactory and easy, and the fingering is more or less marked in every one of them.

"*The dimpled-check maid of Kildare*," with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte and Harp; the Music and Words composed by W. T. Parke. Pr. 1s.—(Hodsoll.)

"*Blue-eyed Kitty*," a comic Song, sung by Mr. Dignum; composed, and most respectfully dedicated to Henry Earley Wyatt, Esq. by W. T. Parke. Pr. 1s.—(Hodsoll.)

Both the above are humorous love-songs, in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, in the key of C. The music is respectable, and well adapted to the text. This is all that custom has taught us to expect in comic melodies of the above description, where the poetry is generally considered to constitute the principal interest, and the music deemed satisfactory provided it serves as a fair vehicle for the oral delivery.

"*Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright*," Song of the White Lady, from "*The Monastery*," composed,

for three Voices, by W. T. Parke. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Hodsoll.)

Short as is this glee, it presents considerable variety of expression; its style is lively and pleasing, and the harmony exhibits several features of good contrivance. It consists of three strains, one in D major $\frac{4}{4}$ for the three voices, another in B minor for the bass, and a Siciliana $\frac{6}{8}$ in D major. All these are in good keeping, but the $\frac{6}{8}$ movement is not quite in rhythmical symmetry: the second period had better have been repeated in full, so as to produce in the whole twelve bars instead of ten; or, after the completion of the twelve bars, the short coda of two bars might have appositely made its appearance.

Winter's celebrated Overture to "*The Labyrinth*," arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (*ad lib.*) by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.; without Accompaniments, 2s.—(Hodsoll.)

Mozart's admired Overture to "*La Villanella Rapita*," arranged (as above) by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. as above.—(Hodsoll.)

We recommend Winter's Overture to the particular notice of our readers; the composition is replete with grand effects, and exhibits a remarkable richness of harmonic combinations.

Mozart's overture to "*La Villanella Rapita*" is one of his earlier works, composed while his great genius was yet in a state of progress towards the acme of perfection which it subsequently attained. This observation, an inspection of the overture will easily confirm; and perhaps it may not be uninter-

esting to some of our readers to trace here and there the germs of future greatness, before their full development. Of Mr. Rimbault's arrangement of these publications it may be needless to say any thing more, after the repeated testimonials which we gave of his skill and taste on former occasions.

The Schoolboy's Song on Breaking-up for the Christmas Holidays, written and composed by W. Ball, Esq. Pr. 2s.—(Clementi and Co.)

The words of Mr. Ball's juvenile poem are full of glee and kind-hearted feeling, just suitable to the occasion and the parties for which it is intended. The tune, likewise, is cheerful, and altogether in unison with the character of the text. We would wish, however, that the compass of the generality of juvenile voices had been more regarded. The boy must have a scale of about fourteen notes at command to go through the whole, including chorus. This latter is set for three voices, bass, alt, and treble, the last of which only we can suppose to be intended for the youthful songsters. In the third page, besides the foregoing three parts, two additional vocal staves appear, the object of which we cannot well make out. The harmonic arrangement is fair enough.

Caruffa's favourite Cuvatina, "Fra tante angoscie e palpiti," arranged

as a Duet for the Harp and Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute (ad lib.) dedicated to the Misses Power, by J. K. Ansell. Pr. 4s.—(Falkner, Old Bond-street.)

The air which Mr. A. has selected for the subject of this publication was first introduced by Signor Torri, in the opera of *La Cenerentola*, although not forming any part of it. It is one of those highly original melodies which fix themselves deeply in our recollection, one of those very very few of which we can say we never heard any thing like it. Its simplicity is another distinguishing feature, and one which renders it eminently calculated for the purpose of variation. Mr. A.'s variations have partaken of this advantage; they are few in number (so much the better), and we feel pleasure in congratulating him on his success. The harp and piano-forte parts are blended into each other with great taste and no common skill, and the harp passages are conceived in the first style of harp performance, uniting elegance to effective brilliancy. The piano-forte, too, is by no means neglected; and the second variation, which it executes, has special claims to our favour. The introduction is imposing and fanciful, and the concluding cadenza replete with graceful delicacy.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 10—HEAD DRESSES.

No. 1. A BLACK velvet bonnet, lined with that sort of silk plush

which the French call Cupid's wings; the ground is rose colour; the long curled silk which forms





FULL DRESS.

the pile is of lavender. The brim is of a moderate size, finished at the edge by bands of black satin. The bottom of the crown is also ornamented with satin bands, which terminate in a full star placed on one side, and clasped in the middle with a steel ornament; the top of the crown is ornamented *en marquette* with velvet slashed in the Spanish style, and the spaces filled with *ponceau* ribbon, embroidered with black at the edges; it passes under the chin, ties in a full bow at the right side, and a long round black feather falls very low on the left.

No. 2. A dress hat, composed of black velvet and gauze; the latter disposed in full folds, and confined by steel ornaments: the brim is extremely small; it is formed of folds of gauze laid over velvet: a full plume of round black feathers is placed in front.

No. 3. A turban, composed of silver gauze intermixed with blue silk net: it is ornamented with full rosettes at each side; a drapery of blue net, corded with silver gauze, goes across the back part of the crown. The lower part of the turban is composed of bands of silver gauze slightly corded with blue satin.

No. 4. Turban *à la Ninon*, made of tulle, embroidered in steel. The material is disposed in full folds in front, and plumes of white marabouts placed between.

No. 5. A half-dress *cornette*, composed of Brussels point: the caul is rather high; the ears are broad, as is also the double border, which is very full. A rosette of Urling's lace, and a bow of blue and white

ribbon, ornament the caul; plain blue strings.

PLATE 11.—FULL DRESS.

A round dress composed of black velvet; the skirt is something narrower than they have lately been worn, particularly at top, and the fulness is thrown entirely into the middle of the back. The bottom of the skirt is slightly scalloped; the scallops edged with a row of Urling's point laid on with a little fulness; above this is a trimming *en roses* composed of white satin with pearl hearts; a wave lightly embroidered in pearls surmounts this trimming. The *corsage* is cut low round the bust, tight to the shape, and the waist of the usual length. The bust is ornamented in front with white satin *crevés*, finished by pearl tassels. A row of point lace, to correspond with the bottom, goes round the bust: it is single in front, and moderately full, but doubled round the shoulders and back, and has the effect of an epaulette; it is surmounted by a pearl trimming in the form of a chain. Short full sleeve, ornamented with white satin *crevés* to correspond with the bust, and terminated with a plain band of black velvet, also adorned with pearls. The hind hair is disposed in Grecian plaits, which are wound round the head; the front hair is arranged in light ringlets brought low at the sides of the face. Head-dress, white ostrich feathers. Neck-lace and ear-rings, pearl. White kid gloves. White *gros de Naples* sandals.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint of No. 12, Edwards-street, Portman-square, inventress of

the *corset à la Grecque*, for these dresses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Promenade dress continues nearly as it was last month, except that shawls are more generally adopted; the most fashionable, next to cachemire, is our imitation of that beautiful and expensive article: these shawls would be rather light for the time of year, were they not worn over pelisses or high dresses. We have remarked no alteration in the materials of promenade dress since last month.

Walking bonnets, unless where they correspond with the dress, are always black; they are composed of velvet, *pluche de soie*, or a mixture of either, with some of the different kinds of rich silk, of which we have now so many. The lining is of white, or deep rose colour; the edge of the brim ornamented with satin variously disposed, and sometimes mixed with velvet, or else with a trimming of down feathers. Full plumes of ostrich feathers, or marabouts, adorn the crown. Flowers are not at all in favour.

We see in carriage dress little else but pelisses, for which velvet is now the most fashionable material. Fur trimmings still keep their ground. Sable, ermine, and chinchilla are all in favour. We have observed one or two fancy trimmings, which we consider more novel than any that have appeared for some time. One of these is a mixture of *pluche de soie* and *gros de Naples*: the former is disposed in a scroll pattern, and cut very deep; the spaces between are or-

namented with a cluster of leaves corded at the edge with satin, and united by a small bow. The other trimming is composed of a fulness of satin, formed into the shape of acorns by velvet straps, which are fastened by small steel ornaments.

The black velvet bonnet given in our print is among the most elegant novelties in carriage dress. Another fashionable head-dress is a bonnet of ruby velvet lined with white silk plush: the brim is shallow, but wide across the forehead, and square at the corners; it is cut out in hollow spaces round the edge of the brim, and these spaces are filled with roses composed of white marabouts. The crown is very low, and the fore part of it nearly concealed by short full plumes of marabouts placed in front.

We have observed a new style of morning dress, and one which we consider extremely becoming for dishabille, but we know not how far it may be likely to become general. The one that we saw was a sarsnet round dress made up to the neck, but without a collar; the body was loose, but from the skirt being gored, it had very little fullness. Plain long sleeve, nearly tight to the arm, finished by a scalloped trimming. The trimming of the skirt consisted of three flounces cut in scallops, and headed by sarsnet rouleaus. The apron, which, we must observe, is an indispensable appendage to the dress, is trimmed with a single flounce cut in scallops, and has attached to it a brace, that confines the fulness of the body in a manner singularly advantageous to the shape, and also forms a short full jacket. This dress should be worn with a worked

collarette cut in the French style, square, and in five points.

Black and coloured velvets are now very much worn in full dress. Velvet bodies, which have been so often in and out of fashion, are now again revived, and promise, we think, to become very general. They are made with the lower part tight to the shape; the back plain, very narrow at bottom, and fastened up with small silk buttons. The upper part of the bust is composed of satin folds laid across, and fastened in the middle with five or six narrow bands, or rather cords of satin; sometimes a stomacher is formed by three rouleaus of satin placed on each side the bust: this stomacher forms the shape of a fan; a very rich cord, and tassels to correspond, ties in front. The sleeve is of satin, and made very full; the fulness confined by velvet disposed either in straps, scollops, or leaves. The petticoats worn with

these bodies are of different materials: white satin, *gros de Naples*, and merino are very general; but we have seen also *tulle* and lace. We must observe, that as yet we have only seen these bodies worn in coloured velvet and with white skirts, and that the trimming of the skirt had always a mixture that corresponded in colour with the *corsage*.

Head-dresses *en chereux* are still fashionable, particularly among the youthful part of our *élégantes*; but as the hair is upon the whole less exposed than it has recently been in full dress, we have presented our fair subscribers, in our accompanying print, with two turbans and a dress hat, which struck us as being among the most tasteful novelties of the month.

Fashionable colours continue the same as last month, with the addition of grey, of which two or three shades are much in favour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Jan. 18, 1822.

My dear SOPHIA,

I SHALL not keep you long in the open air this time, for our out-door costume furnishes little matter either for observation or description. Pelisses, as we call the long cloaks I have so often mentioned to you, are still fashionable; the only alteration I perceive in them is, that the hoods are wider, and that they are now worn so long, that one can scarcely discern even the trimming of the gown.

The most fashionable are of plain black velvet, or satin; there is a peculiarly glossy kind of the latter which has a very rich and beauti-

ful effect, and is particularly fashionable for pelisses. The lining is always of rose colour, and there is a very narrow welt of the same goes round the edge of the pelisse.

Redingotes are, upon the whole, more in favour than pelisses; they are also composed either of velvet or satin: black is most general, but there are some colours esteemed equally fashionable; pale grey, *flamme de punch*, and scarlet are most in favour.

You cannot well conceive a more plain or formal-looking style of dress than our fashionable *redingote*: it is made tight to the shape; the back very narrow at the bottom;

the collar very high, standing out a good deal from the neck, and half turned over. Long tight sleeve, with a black satin welt at the bottom; epaulette composed of black satin puffs, arranged in a bias direction, and serpented by black velvet straps. A narrow welt of black satin, which goes all round the edge of the *redingote*, is its only trimming. Should the dress be coloured, the welt must correspond in colour, but it is always of satin. Whatever the material of the *chapeau* may be, its colour is the same as the pelisse or *redingote*. Those hats made in colours have the lining generally of a cherry red; those in black are lined with white. Feathers are universally worn. Cocks' plumes are fashionable, but not so much so as they were; they are the only sort of black feather that is in favour; the others, whether marabouts or ostrich, are white. There is at present a sort of mania for white feathers, for they are worn indiscriminately by women of the highest rank, and by those just a remove from the *canaille*: however, it is with us as it is in England, that when a thing becomes common, it soon ceases to be fashionable. I suppose that by the time I write to you again, the rage for white feathers will be pretty well over.

The crowns of bonnets are in general round, and a little higher than they were two months back; the brims are of a moderate size, broad over the face, and long, but much rounded, at the ears. A row of blond is sometimes laid on rather full just under the edge of the brim.

Late as it is in the season, mus-

lin is still partially worn both in *dis-habille* and half dress: *percale* only is used for the former. There is nothing novel in the form of undress gowns: they are made high, and the bottom of the skirt very much trimmed with flounces, disposed in deep plaits; there are sometimes as many as six. The body fastens behind, and has a little fulness in the back. Some dresses are made with a high standing collar, which supports a full ruff; others, particularly those worn by ladies who pride themselves on a finely turned throat, have a collar which partly falls over; it is square, and sometimes cut in points: it is either embroidered or trimmed to correspond with the dress.

I must observe that *percale* is not so much worn, even in morning dress, as sarsnet or merino gowns: these latter are made in a very plain style, and finished at the bottom by bands of *velours simulé*; there is either one broad band or else three, the bottom one broad, and the other two each something narrower than the other.

Our present style of full dress is, upon the whole, elegant and tasteful; here and there indeed one sees a *merveilleuse* attired in a style somewhat glaring and *outré*; but I do not recollect any season since my first arrival here, when taste has been so much the handmaid of fashion as at present. The materials for dress gowns are white satin, *tulle*, white and coloured crape, white merino, and the various sorts of *velours épingle*, &c. which may be worn either white or coloured.

Feather trimmings are much in estimation: some are of the flat ostrich feather, forming a deep fringe;

there are generally two rows of it; each row has two falls, one a little shorter than the other, and is headed by a band of coloured satin, upon which is placed, at a little distance from each other, roses, composed of white curled feathers. Other trimmings consist of a mixture of satin leaves and feathers arranged in the following manner: a wreath of leaves is disposed in a pointed wave, each point of which is adorned with a satin rose; the heart of the rose is either gold, silver, or pearl: a short plume of white marabouts is placed at the upper extremity of each point, and a single feather inserted in the cavity of the lower part. I had forgot to say, that at the very edge of the skirt is a *ruche*, disposed in a scroll pattern, and the trimming I have just been describing is placed immediately above it. This is, in my opinion, the most elegant style of trimming we have; it is usually worn for coloured dresses; the satin wreath and roses are always the same colour as the dress, but the plumes are white: the effect is extremely tasteful.

Trimmings composed of flowers to correspond with the dress, intermingled with gold or silver ears of corn, are also in much favour. A broad rouleau edges the skirt of the dress, and above it, a very light wave is formed by narrow rouleaus, edged on one side by small satin leaves; bouquets of roses, intermixed with ears of corn, are placed in the hollow part of each wave: this style of trimming always corresponds in colour with the dress.

A simple but very elegant style of trimming consists of deep folds

of gauze, headed by rouleaus of the same material, which are crossed by satin loops. This mode of decorating gowns is in very general request with youthful *belles*, several of whom also have their dancing dresses trimmed with rouleaus, upon which, at a little distance from each other, are placed satin bows to correspond, tied in points, and finished with silver tags.

And now, *ma chere Sophie*, having given you information enough, *en conscience*, respecting trimmings, let us see how the bodies of dresses are made. We see no longer the robe à la vierge, so delicate and so becoming; the gowns now are all cut low and square. A good many gowns are made with full folds in front, fastened in the middle by satin loops. I have observed, in one or two instances, that the shoulder-strap and the upper part of the back were likewise done in folds: in that case, there are six loops, one in the middle of the bosom, one at the back, and one at each end of the shoulder-strap. Stomachers are worn both where the bust is formed in drapery and where it is plain; the stomacher consists of folds of satin, and is in the shape of a fan: it no longer descends below the waist. In some instances, the front of the *corsage* is composed of folds of the same material as the dress, and these are confined by two rows of satin rouleaus: there are generally three in each row; they are very narrow, and are put at some distance from each other; they descend from the back of the shoulder-strap to the bottom of the waist.

Sleeves are still short, but not

so much so as they were lately worn: they are always full; the fulness is confined sometimes to narrow bands of satin, put two or three together, and placed in opposite direction; sometimes the fulness is fastened up by bands finished on the shoulder by satin bows. I have observed also a few gowns in which the fulness of the sleeve was formed into puffs by pointed straps placed between; and others, where it was drawn across the arm, and confined by a rouleau of satin, to which a double lace ruffle was attached.

Dress hats and turbans are now very fashionable: among the former I saw the other day one of a singular form, which I will try to describe to you. The crown was formed like those morning caps which are made in three pieces; a row of twist, composed half of dead and half of brilliant gold, covered the seams: I must observe, that the crown was moderately high; there were two brims; a row of blond lightly plaited went between them, and under the lower brim was another row of blond set on more full; the brim, wide at the sides, but narrow in the middle, was bent down so as to touch the forehead: five white curled ostrich feathers, all of different sizes, were placed upright in front. There is nothing novel in the form of turbans; they

are ornamented with ostrich feathers or flowers.

The *chiffon* is now consist of a mil^l or *chiffon*, or lama, with feathers or flowers intermixed, according to the fancy of the wearer; or rather, I should say, according to the taste of our fashionable hair-dressers, for they preside over that part of the toilet. The *chiffon* is in general made high, something in the form of a turban, and conceals the hind ~~hair~~ in general; but, in some instances, it is partially seen through the folds of drapery which are wound round the head. The few *élégantes* who still appear *en cheveux* ornament their hair with flowers. The fair-haired *belle* binds her tresses with a garland of moss-roses, mingled with those evergreens whose dark hue contrast most strongly with her complexion; while the brown beauty gives the preference to a wreath of *lys de Calcidoine*, the buds, flowers, and stalks of which are all of scarlet.

The favourite hues at present are, cherry colour, azure, pale grey, *flamme de punch*, and rose: black and white are, however, more in favour than any thing else. Black satin slippers are fashionable even in full dress. Farewell! and believe me always your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 9.—A SOFA, SOFA-TABLE, CANDELABRA, AND FOOTSTOOL.

THE picturesque design which is the subject of the annexed plate will afford ample material to a judicious upholsterer for as many articles of furniture as are there

represented, and he could not fail to produce examples that would admit an equally pleasing combination.

Although they are the sugges-



tion, and the use of the fabric, and the consequence of the mechanical art, and construction, they are admirably suited to executive adoption, with the advantage of scientific and artist-like arrangement of form, ornament, and colours.

The designs are of the highest class of furniture, and should therefore have the richest style of decoration, by silk or velvet draperies;

and as they are now so admirably produced by the British loom, their employment would aid the advancement of native art, and benefit the country.

The carved work should be splendidly gilt in matted, sanded, and burnished gold; the furniture, delicate green, of a uniform or mixed colours, and the sub-draperies of a colour in which a red tone shall predominate, being those which form harmonies of contrast.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of interesting Extracts from new popular Publications.

CULINARY VEGETABLES, &c.

(From Mr. PHILLIPS's History.)

THE meal of beans is the heaviest made from pulse, and was called in Latin *lomentum*. This was mingled with *frumentic* corn, whole, and so eaten by the ancients; but they sometimes, by way of having a dainty, bruised it first: it was considered a strong food, and was generally eaten with gruel or pottage. It was thought to dull the senses and understanding, and to cause troublesome dreams. Pythagoras expressly forbade beans to be eaten by his disciples, because he supposed them to have been produced from the same putrid matter from which, at the creation of the world, man was formed. The Romans at one time believed, that the souls of such as were departed, resided in beans; therefore they were eaten at funerals and obsequies of the dead.

Varro relates, that the great priests or sacrificers, called *Fla-*

mines, abstained from beans on this account, as also from a supposition that certain letters or characters were to be seen in the flowers, that indicated heaviness and signs of death. Clemens Alexandrinus attributes the abstinence from beans to the opinion that they occasioned sterility; which is confirmed by Theophrastus, who extends the effects even to the plants. Cicero suggests another reason for this abstinence, viz. that beans are great enemies to tranquillity of mind; for which reason Amphiarus is said to have abstained from them, even before Pythagoras, that he might enjoy a clearer divination by his dreams.

The Egyptian priests held it a crime to look at beans, judging the very sight unclean. The Flamen Dialis was not permitted even to mention the name. Lucian introduces a philosopher in hell say-

ing, that to eat beans, and to eat our father's head, were equal crimes. * * * * *

Beans make one of the finest of all baits for fish, if prepared in the following manner: steep them in warm water for about six hours; then boil them in river water in a new earthen pot, glazed in the inside; when about half boiled, to a quart of beans add two ounces of honey, and about a grain of musk; after which let them boil for a short time. Select a clear part of the water, and throw in a few of these beans early in the morning, and again at evening, for two or three days, which will draw the fish together, and they may be taken in a casting net in great numbers. * *

The Roman name *brassica* came, as is supposed, from *praseco*, because it was cut off from the stalk: it was also called *caulis* in Latin, on account of the goodness of its stalks, and from which the English name cole, colwort, or colewort, is derived. The word cabbage, by which all the varieties of this plant are now improperly called, means the firm head or ball that is formed by the leaves turning close over each other: from that circumstance we say the cole has cabbaged, the lettuce has cabbaged, or the tailor has cabbaged.

"Your tailor, instead of shreds, cabbages whole yards of cloth*."

From thence arose the cant word applied to tailors, who formerly worked at the private houses of their customers, where they were often accused of cabbaging; which means the rolling up pieces of cloth, instead of the lists and shreds, which they claim as their due.

* Arbuthnot's "History of John Bull."

The Greeks held the cabbage in great esteem, and their fables deduce its origin from the father of their gods; for they inform us, that Jupiter labouring to explain two oracles which contradicted each other, perspired, and from this divine perspiration the colewort sprang.

The inference to be drawn from this fable is, that they considered it a plant which had been brought to its state of perfection by cultivation and the sweat of the brow.

* * * * *

We cannot here pass over the advice of Bruyerinus, respecting the preparing cabbage for the table. "I must," says he, "expose an error, which is no less common than pernicious, in preparing cabbage. Most people, in consequence of the ignorance of their cooks, eat it after it has been long boiled, a circumstance which does not a little diminish both its grateful taste and salutary qualities. But I observe, that those who have a more polite and elegant turn, order their cabbage to be slightly boiled, put into dishes, and seasoned with salt and oil; by which method they assume a beautiful green colour, become grateful to the taste, and proper for keeping the body soluble. This circumstance ought not to be forgot by those who are lovers of cabbage."

The ancients boiled their cabbage with nitre, which rendered it at once more grateful to the palate, and more agreeable to the eye.

* * * * *

In the Economical Journal of France, the following method of guarding cabbages from the depredation of caterpillars, is stated

to be infallible; and may, perhaps, be equally serviceable against those which infect other vegetables.

Sow a belt of hemp-seed round the borders of the ground where the cabbages are planted, and although the neighbourhood be infected with caterpillars, the space inclosed by the hemp will be perfectly free, and not one of these vermin will approach it.

We have known brocoli preserved from the injury of the severest winters, by being taken out of the ground late in the autumn, and re-planted in a slanting direction. This experiment was made in the year 1819, with such success, that they all flowered in the following spring, although there was scarcely a single head out in all the extensive plantations at Fulham, that survived the inclemency of that winter. * * * * *

Guinea pepper.—The following receipt is the famous pepper medicine for the cure of malignant influenza and sore-throats; which has been found highly efficacious, and is recommended as a powerful diaphoretic, stimulant, and antiseptic.

Take two table-spoonfuls of small red pepper, or three of common Cayenne pepper, and two of fine salt, and beat them into a paste;

add half a pint of boiling water, strain off the liquor when cold, and add to it half a pint of very sharp vinegar. Give a table-spoonful every half-hour as a dose for an adult, and so in proportion for younger patients. Perhaps this medicine might merit a trial in the yellow fever*.

The general mode of preparing Cayenne pepper is by gathering the bird-peppers when ripe, drying them in the sun, powdering and mixing them with salt, which, when well dried, is put into close-corked bottles, for the purpose of excluding the air, which disposes the salt to liquify, and therefore is thought by some an improper ingredient in the composition. This is sometimes called Cayenne butter, and is in general esteem for the excellent relish it gives to different dishes.

The mixture called man-dram is made from these peppers, in the following manner, and seldom fails to provoke the most languid appetite: the ingredients are, sliced cucumbers, eschalots or onions cut very small, a little lime-juice and Madeira wine, with a few pods of bird or bonnet pepper well mashed and mixed with the liquor.

* Lanan.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

R. ACKERMANN has the following interesting works ready for delivery:

The first volume of *Hindoostan*; containing a description of the religion, manners, customs, trades, arts, sciences, literature, diversions, &c. of the Hindoos; with 17

coloured engravings. To be completed in six monthly volumes, illustrated by upwards of 100 coloured engravings, many of them containing whole groups of figures; and forming the Fourth Division of *The World in Miniature*, which already comprises,

arts, sciences, literature, diversions, &c. of the Hindoos; with 17 coloured engravings. To be completed in six monthly volumes, illustrated by upwards of 100 coloured engravings, many of them containing whole groups of figures; and forming the Fourth Division of *The World in Miniature*, which already comprises,

1. *Illyria and Dalmatia*, 2 vols. 32 plates.

2. *Western Africa*, 4 vols. 47 plates.

3. *Turkey*, 6 vols. with 73 plates. *Russia, or Persia*, it is expected, will form the fifth division of this work.

Illustrations of the History, Manners and Customs, Arts, Sciences, and Literature of Japan; selected from Japanese manuscripts and printed works by M. Titsingh, formerly chief agent of the Dutch East India Company at Nangasaki; and accompanied with many coloured engravings, faithfully copied from original Japanese paintings and designs. Royal 4to.

Also, No. II. Pyne's *Microcosm*.

We are happy to learn that the admirers of the fine arts, constituting at present so large a portion of the public, will very soon be gratified by an exhibition of a vast number of the beautiful drawings of the late Mr. Cosway. The well-earned reputation of this extraordinary artist is such, that it is needless for us to say a word upon the merits of the productions of his delightful pencil. We trust, if they are intended for sale, that the collection will not be divided. The exhibition will be prepared under the immediate care and inspection

of Mrs. Cosway, who, we are sorry to learn, is about to resign the exercise of her graceful art, and to visit the Continent.

Mr. Bridgens's work, containing coloured representations of the customs and manners of France and Italy, with a descriptive account of the plates, by the late Dr. Polidori, is now nearly complete. It will form an interesting volume of fifty coloured plates, and is particularly illustrative of Italian customs.

The British Institution, Pall Mall, has opened its annual Exhibition with the works of living artists.

Mr. Cook of Soho-square has opened his Rooms with a Collection of Drawings by Mr. Turner and others.

Mr. Pack's Lectures on the History, Theory, and Practice of Painting, has for some months, from their novelty and excellence, excited much interest and attention at the Surry Institution. He is now preparing another course on the Art of Painting, as practised from the earliest period to the present day, shewing all the different methods used, and proving, from chemical analysis, the materials used. He is likewise preparing for the press, the Lecture on the Prismatic Arrangement of Colours adapted to Pictures, as delivered by him, 1780, in the Adelphi; with observations on Mr. West's lecture on the same subject at the Royal Academy, and proving that it has never been fully acted upon except by Rembrandt and Sir J. Reynolds, and that only in his pictures painted after the year 1780.

WISCONSIN PATTERNS.



THE SECOND SERIES.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 15th of the month, announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

The Letter of Dr. Hunter, in reply to the question regarding Butler and Tagliacotius, came too late for insertion this month.

Want of room has compelled us this month to postpone The Female Tattler.

The same excuse must be made for the non-insertion of the article entitled "Courtship in the Reign of Elizabeth."

Mr. J. M. Lacey's "Three Questions" have come to hand. We are much obliged by this gentleman's offer regarding the Pirate Gow, but we fear that the subject has been superseded.

The Soldier's Tale probably in our next.

The Letter of Laurence Luckless, an old Bachelor, would have been inserted this month, but for an accident.

Shakspeariana is in the hands of the printer.

Our Poetical Contributions have of late so multiplied upon us, that fearing to give just cause of complaint of neglect, we have thought fit for the present month to revive our old practice of inserting several of them under the head of Poetry.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.



View of the street from the corner of the building

THE
Repository
OF
ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XIII.

MARCH 1, 1822.

Nº. LXXV.

SELECT VIEWS OF LONDON.

PLATE 13.—CHARLES-STREET, HAYMARKET, EASTWARD.

THE improvements in this street, represented in the annexed plate, commence at its junction with Regent-street, and terminate at the Haymarket, beyond the line of picture which formed the extremities of the preceding view.

The building on the right of the engraving is the United Service Club-House, designed by Mr. Smirke. The arcade of the Opera-House, and indeed its northern buildings, forming a portion of the casket by which it is bounded, appear on the left, and terminate the street. The exterior of this vast edifice, with the appended houses, colonnades, arches, shops, &c. were designed by Mr. Nash: the arrangement of these, arising from the situation, the connecting buildings so differing in purpose from each other, the rapid declivity of ground in the Haymarket, and other causes, was necessarily attended with extreme difficulties; and it is as need-

ful to know with how much success all have been conquered, each deficiency supplied, and the many important advantages gained, before a just estimate can be formed of the value of their present admirable accomplishment. The view does not exhibit its architectural features sufficiently strongly to admit of comment: it is therefore omitted.

The Opera-House, properly so called, was wholly incased by Mr. Nash, the theatre itself having been erected after the destruction of the old Opera-House by fire about thirty years ago, when, to rebuild it, Mr. Novosielski the architect was employed. He erected a small portion of the façade in Portland stone towards the Haymarket, in the Italian style, consisting of a superstructure of the Doric order, elevated on an arched and rusticated basement: the design, however, was about to yield to a more clas-

sic one, of less costly materials; for soon after this period the invention of Roman cement banished Portland stone from its best uses in the metropolis.

Various circumstances occurred, preventing the completion of this intention also, and there are few residents in London but remember, that both designs, each engaging half the front, remained for some years to deface, rather than to adorn the building, until both assumed the character of ruins. The projection and proceeding of the late improvements removed all this, and have given the effect of entirety to that which was before intended to exhibit its eastern elevation only.

The first Italian Opera-House in England was built by Vanburgh, in the reign of Anne, and called the Queen's Theatre: it was patronised by George I. in 1720, at the time its diminished finances threatened dissolution, and since which it has risen, with varied success, to its present elevation and extensive encouragement.

The Haymarket Theatre fronts the street, presenting a façade in the manner of its own drop scenery, and completes the picture: it was also designed by Mr. Nash.

The United Service Club-House is the offspring of the amity produced by the mutual successes of our naval and military forces in their exertions during the last five and twenty years, aided by the advancement of liberal feeling now generally diffused throughout society, and which friendship perhaps did not before exist in such unalloyed perfection between them. Upon the principle of union, now

so, well established, the club is founded, under the immediate patronage of its most elevated and distinguished commanders, and its system so arranged as to ensure suitable society to its visitors, and comfort and great convenience to many gentlemen of both services, whose duties may require their attendance in London, far removed perhaps from their families and homes.

The building was designed by Mr. Smirke the architect; it is unaffectedly imagined, and assumes little contest with its neighbours: it decidedly manifests care to avoid indispensable cost, but presents no criterion of the powers of this enlightened artist towards erecting a work in architecture corresponding with the hope and expectation cherished by the public, whenever its government architects direct their labours toward the embellishment of the metropolis, and thence, by reasonable inference, to the improvement of the public taste.

Such examples are at the present moment of the utmost value, because the public is well prepared to receive lessons of art that shall enable it to distinguish excellence from mediocrity, and by such means of comparing that which is true with that which is ephemeral and fallacious, use them as beacons for the direction of its judgment.

Until the public is thus enabled to discriminate, every bricklayer, carpenter, and mason, whose confidence is equal to his conceit, will assume the distinction due only to the artist, find employers enough, and engross employment.

Until the public can discriminate between works of mere fan-

cy and those of sound judgment, every man will be his own architect; at least few will doubt his own intuitive qualification to be so, so long as he remains unconvinced of his folly by the evidences of elevated art, which are alone the results of cultivated genius and profound study. Until this is accomplished, the people delighting in architecture, and eager to promote its welfare, will relish alike all the trash that is spread before them, as cannibals are content with garbage; the appetite may be keen, but without discrimination there can be no taste.

Mr. Smirke, and many of his contemporaries, are able to labour successfully in this important work; but to do so, they must draw largely upon their own greatly gifted and cultivated minds. The encouragement that has been given by example, if not by precept, of adopting the edifices of the ancients for all places and for all purposes, is not only repugnant to good taste, but to common sense,

and has allowed the privileges of the architect (only so by his powers as an artist and scientific superiority) to any workman who will "abandon his mind" to pilfer from Stuart or Degodez, and who will shamelessly condescend to pile up or crowd together the product of his larcenies, and call upon the world to admire his ingenuity in doing so.

Improved knowledge and better taste will not long yield to such delusions. The government and the public have done much for the advancement of architecture, are yet proceeding, and are ready to do more. Let our architects who have the opportunity but display the powers they possess in a few real and legitimate works of art, founded on the principles that have formed the objects of their research, and architectural felony will cease to be; because the better informed classes will no longer permit themselves to be the dupes of artifice, and the unconscious receivers of stolen goods.

MISCELLANIES.

THE BRAHMIN SUTTEE.

THE following narrative is extracted from the original dispatch of Sir C. W. Malet, resident at Poona, East Indies, and though laid before the House of Commons, it has not yet, we believe, been published. The relation is given under the authority of a Mr. Cruso. It may be necessary to premise, that a Brahmin Suttee is the wife of a Brahmin, who, on the death of her husband, is self-

devoted to the flames. Sir C. W. Malet bears testimony to the fidelity and interest of the narrative.

"Poona, the 24th July. This evening, about five, I was hastily called to be a spectator of the shocking ceremony of self-devotion sometimes practised amongst the Brahmin females on the death of their husbands.

"Soon after I and my conductor had quitted the house, we were

informed the Suttee (for that is the name given to the person who devotes herself) had passed, and her tract was marked by the goolol and betel leaf which she had scattered as she went along. She had reached the Mootah, which runs close under the town, before we arrived, and having performed her last ablutions, was sitting at the water's edge. Over her head was held a punker, an attendant fanned her with a waving handkerchief, and she was surrounded by her relations, a few friends, and some chosen Brahmins, the populace being kept aloof by a guard from government. In this situation, I learn from good authority, she distributed among the Brahmins two thousand rupees, and the jewels with which she came decorated, reserving only, as is usual on these occasions, a small ornament in her nose, called mootee (perhaps from a pearl or two in it), and a bracelet of plain gold on each wrist. From her posture I could see only her hands, which, with the palms joined, rose above her head in an attitude of invocation; quitting therefore this post, I removed to an eminence, that gave me an opportunity of observing the construction of the funeral pile, and commanded the pathway by which I understood she would approach it.

"The spot chosen for its erection was about forty paces from the river, and directly fronting the Suttee. When I came up, the frame only was fixed: it consisted of four uprights, each about ten feet high; they stood rather more than nine feet asunder, lengthwise, and under six in breadth. Soon after, by ropes fastened near the

top of the uprights, was suspended a roof of rafters, and on it again heaped as many billets as it would bear. Beneath it rose a pile of more substantial timbers to the height of about four feet, which was covered over with dry straw, and bushes of a fragrant and sacred shrub, called toolsee; the sides and one end being then filled up with the same materials, the other extremity was left open as an entrance. The melancholy preparations completed, the lady got up, and walked forward, unsupported, amidst her friends. She approached the door-way, and then having paid certain devotions, retired a few yards aside, and was encircled as before. The dead body was brought from the bank where it had hitherto remained, close to the place the Suttee lately sat on, and laid upon the pile, and with it several sweetmeats, and a paper bag containing either flour or dust of sandal. The widow arose, and walked three times slowly round the pile; then seating herself opposite the entrance on a small square stone, constantly used in such cases, on which two feet were rudely sketched, she received and returned the endearments of her companions with great serenity. This over, she again stood up, and having stroked her right hand in the fondest manner over the heads of a favoured few, gently inclining her person towards them, she let her arms fall round their necks in a faint embrace, and turned from them. Now with her hands indeed held up to heaven, but with her poor eyes cast, in a gaze of total abstraction, deep into the den of anguish that

awaited her, she stopped awhile—a piteous statue! At length, without altering feature, or the least agitation of her frame, she ascended by the door-way, unassisted, and lying down beside her husband's corpse, gave herself, in the meridian of life and beauty, a victim to a barbarous and cruelly consecrated error of misguided faith. As soon as she entered, she was hid from our view by bundles of straw, with which the aperture was closed up, and all the actors in this tragic scene seemed to vie with each other who should be most forward in hurrying it to a conclusion. At once, some darkened the air with a cloud of goolol, some darted their hatchets at the suspending cords, felled the laden roof upon her, and others rushed eagerly forward to apply the fatal torch. Happily at this moment of insufferable agony, when the mind must have lost her dominion, and the ear expected to be pierced by the unavailing cries of nature, the welcome din of the trumpet broke forth from every quarter.

“When the conflagration took place, and not till then, it was fed for a time with large quantities of ghee thrown by the nearest akin, but except the toolsee and straw above-mentioned, no combustible whatever that I either saw or could hear of, was used in preparing the pile. It is said to be the custom,

that as the Suttee ascends the pile, she is furnished with a lighted taper, to set fire to it herself; and my companion, who was a Brahmin, asserted, that in this instance it was the case; but I traced the whole progress of the ceremony with so close and eager an attention, that I think I may safely contradict him.

“As curiosity may be expected to know something of the subject of this terrible though not uncommon immolation, I have collected the following particulars.

“The lady's name was Toolsebay, her husband's Ragabay Tauntee. He was about thirty years old, and nephew to Junabay Dad-dah, a person of distinction in this place. Toolsebay was nineteen, her stature above the middle standard, her form elegant, and her features interesting and expressive; her eyes, in particular, large, bold, and commanding. At the solemn moment in which alone I saw her, these beauties were eminently conspicuous, notwithstanding her face was discoloured with tumeric, her hair dishevelled, and wildly ornamented with flowers; and her looks, as they forcibly struck me throughout the ceremony, like those of one whose senses wandered, or to come nearer the impression, whose soul was already fleeing, and in a state of half-separation from the body.”

GIANETTA.

IN vain did Soletti strive to pacify his agitated heart: his every thought presented Gianetta's image to his soul, and yet Gianetta was nowhere to be found. This young

female, who had come from Sicily to Naples a few weeks before, captivated him by the combination of the ardour and vivacity of the south, with the soft retiring graces

of northern beauty. She had offered for sale a few pictures, of no extraordinary merit; she herself acknowledged that she knew little of the arts, that she was fond of those pictures, but still they must be sold. Soletti was disposed to purchase, but to enjoy the more frequent opportunities of seeing Gianetta, he called every day with Bastro, a friend with whom he was travelling, though without being able to decide which of the pieces to choose. One morning, when they both came according to custom, he found the room where the pictures were exhibited, locked up, and for several succeeding days he looked in vain for Gianetta.

Late in the evening of a day when Soletti had again made his usual call in vain, he sat waiting for Bastro; it occurred to him that his friend had kept aloof from him for the two preceding days, and he blamed himself for his absence, as all his own thoughts had lately been engaged by another object. It was near eleven o'clock: still his friend came not. He inquired concerning him of his valet, who replied, "Bastro was here shortly before your return, and went away again, apparently in considerable agitation, after several times desiring me to tell you to meet him as usual on the beach." What can have happened to him? thought Soletti, preparing to comply with his desire. "His mind must have been deeply engaged," said he to his servant, "for he has taken my mantle instead of his own."

Soletti walked along the beach looking for Bastro, but in vain. The profound silence of night was interrupted only by the murmur of

the sea, and he began to consider what he was to do. His eye wandered over the lovely bay, studded with the lights of fishing-boats, and contemplated the effect of the moon's rays, which played upon the surface of the water. All at once he felt some one touch him, and turned round. Before him stood a haggard figure with sunken eyes, and cried with a tremulous voice, "I have been long seeking you: give me quickly my reward; I have earned it"—at the same time throwing a dagger into the sea.

"What is your business with me?" asked Soletti.—"As you value your salvation," was the reply, "detrain me not: pay, pay, that I may save her." The moon threw her light on the emaciated face of the stranger, in which despair was manifestly portrayed. "Collect yourself, old man," said Soletti; "I understand you not."

"Money, money, Signor Bastro!" rejoined the stranger in a significant voice, but in a low tone.—"My name is Soletti," replied the other.—"Holy saints! then whom have I murdered?" cried the old man, starting back. • Then dropping on his knees: "Ah, signor!" exclaimed he in tones of horror, "whoever you be, give me three hundred ducats to save my daughter! O Gianetta!"

This exclamation excited Soletti's attention and curiosity to the highest pitch. "Gianetta!" cried he—"how, where is she to be saved?" Rousing the stranger from a state of torpor, he assisted him to rise, and at length drew from him a short incoherent explanation.

"I am Malvole, an advocate," said he; "I was long imprisoned

on account of political opinions, and a severe illness took away the rest of my property. Death deprived me of a son, who was a painter; a daughter, Gianetta, nursed me with unceasing attention till my convalescence. We were compelled to offer for sale the last remains of our property, some pictures by my son; she hired a room in the centre of the city to exhibit them. Alas! she has been carried off by a villain!" Malvole paused.—"Proceed! proceed!" hastily cried Soletti; "you know not how you torture me!"

"One evening," resumed the stranger, "I waited in vain for Gianetta; I made inquiry to no purpose through the whole city; no one knew any thing of my daughter. At length this evening, at dusk, a man called me. 'If you have three hundred ducats,' said he, 'come at two o'clock in the morning to the statue *il Gigante*, and I will put you in the way to recover your Gianetta, who is in imminent danger.' The man suddenly disappeared, and I was left alone. Agitated with fear and anguish, I knew not what I did, and only recollected, that I asked every one I met for the money. A Sicilian came up and whispered me, 'If you have a willing dagger, the money is yours'—adding, that it was on the seducer and murderer of his sister that he wished to revenge himself. Yes, seducer and murderer were the words he used to stimulate me to the deed. To save my daughter, I was tempted to undertake the infernal commission. He called himself Bastro, mentioned the name of Soletti, and gave me a description exactly cor-

responding with your person, signor; but the mantle——"

"That has been changed," said Soletti, shuddering; "Bastro took mine with him instead of his own, probably in the agitation which such an atrocious plan could but occasion. But what connection is there in all this?"

"I cannot tell—all I know is, that I am the most wretched of men," replied old Malvole. "Torn with conflicting emotions, I repaired an hour ago to the place appointed for doing the deed. The streets were empty, and not a creature was to be seen on the beach. At length, the figure described to me approached. 'Soletti,' cried I, to try him.—'Bastro!' was the reply.—'Seducer and murderer!' I exclaimed, plunging the dagger into his heart, while 'Bastro' died away upon his lips. I concluded that he was pronouncing the name of his enemy."

"He deceived you, and with your dagger Providence has punished him," said Soletti, striving to suppress the vehemence of his feelings. "O Gianetta!" again sighed the old man in a tone of despair.—"Compose yourself; wait for me here, while I fetch the sum you want." Soletti quickly returned, and conducted Malvole to the statue. They had walked several times round it, when a man approached, and fixed his eyes steadfastly on them. "Gianetta," said Soletti.—"Three hundred ducats," was the answer.—"Lead on," rejoined Soletti, in a firm tone, at the same time drawing a pistol from his pocket. The fellow whistled, and two others appeared. "I am ready to do any thing in an honest

way for money, which I much want," said the first of the three: "this is no swindling business; but a sacred contract." Soletti told the money, and the three guides walked before. "Gianetta," said one of them, "is in my house: I engaged to keep her safe, and not even to speak to her. She once mentioned to me the name of her father, and where he lived, upon which I sought him out. In this country, where God himself repays the kindness shewn to his priests, why should I do good for nothing?" Soletti followed in silence and elate with hope; but old Malvole was so weak, that it was frequently necessary to carry him—he was evidently ill. They stopped at a wretched house in the outskirts of the suburbs. "Hold," said the last speaker, "we must clamber through the window to Gianetta, that I may be able to excuse myself to Signor Bastro—" "Bastro is dead," replied Soletti.—"It may be so," answered the master of the house, but as I am not certain of that, I have a mind to be on the safe side."

Gianetta, alarmed at the noise of the forcible entry, cried aloud for help, and was not to be pacified till she heard the voice of her father. Clasped in his arms, she was long blind to every other object. Malvole exulting in the recovery of his child, questioned her as to the manner in which he had lost her. Amidst a tempest of con-

flicting emotions, she related that the master of this house had detained her till late with the paintings, under the pretence of bargaining for them. "Yes," said the man, "Signor Bastro assured me that Gianetta was a runaway relation of his, and so I agreed to occupy her till late, and then bring her hither." This was done. It appeared that Bastro had professed a violent passion for Gianetta; that he had acknowledged his apprehensions of his fellow-traveller as a rival; and that when Gianetta had candidly declared to him her preference of Soletti, jealousy, rage, and fear lest the latter should discover his misdeed and the place where the poor girl was confined, had suggested the horrid plan, which Malvole's demand of three hundred ducats speedily brought to maturity.

The old man became more and more faint, and at length desired to be put to bed. The events of the few last hours were too much for his strength; the images which crowded upon his imagination preyed upon his understanding and his vitals, and soon terminated his life. The orphan Gianetta knelt in silent sorrow beside the corpse of her father: Soletti, full of tenderness and affection, reached her his hand, which she seized and bathed with her tears. They had found one another, never more to part.

THE GERMAN PROFESSOR AND THE APE.

(Founded on Fact; not on Boccacio.)

If you have seen the *Quarterly Review*,
Although like me, perhaps not read it
through,
Because I've had so many things to do,

You know the story of a certain lady,
Who being carried to a forest shadily
By a baboon, as there appears,
Of a domestic turn and very steady,

Liv'd with the monster during many
years.

By him she had a handsome family,
Unless *de Humboldt* mean to cram a lie
Down his readers' gullets,
(Not to say a word about their ears,)

As if his lies would fatten hens and
pullets:

And this is not, I'm sure, at all impossible,
Recollecting all his wonders,
Passing without remark some blunders,
Especially about red mullets,
Though told in style extremely plain and
plausible.

This ouran-outang-loving maiden
Was an American by birth;
But in our quarter of the earth
I do not think we should be apt to find,
With due submission,
One with so little taste or judgment
laden,

As to be of her Transatlantic mind
And disposition.

Our ladies will run wild, 'tis very true,
We know that every day they do
Go wild for love, and that too very soon,
But none are quite so frantic
As to play such an antic,
Eloping with an absolute baboon.

The author of a novel lately written,
Entitled "*Melincourt*,"
('Tis very sweet and short,)
Seems indeed by some wond'rous mad-
ness bitten,

Thinking it good
To take his hero from the wood:
And though I own there's nothing trea-
sonable

In making ouran-outangs reasonable,
I really do not think he should
Go quite the length that he has done,
Whether for satire or for fun,
To make this creature an M. P.

As if mankind no wiser were than he.
However, those who've read it
Must give the author credit
For skill and ingenuity,

Although it have this monstrous incon-
gruity.

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In Leadenhall he gives a close attend-
ance,

Where, if I not mistake,

He now contrives to make

A very comfortable *India*-pendence:

But be it known,

Or good or bad, this pun is not my own.

Now to come back more strictly to my
matter:

Our English ladies I don't mean to flatter,
When I assert this plan

Of the American

Would not be follow'd by them: they
know better.

Yet still I can't tell how it is,

In walking through our London streets

How often in a day one meets

With many a monstrous quiz,

Just like some beast that we have seen

Either in person or in mien,

But chiefly in his phiz:

Like horse or dog, hiena, rat or pig,

Drest up in coat and waistcoat, hat and
wig:

Like a baboon

You very soon

May count a hundred, and about as big.

In Cambridge university,

By some most strange perversity,

There lately died (the head too of a col-
lege)

A learned and an able teacher,

And very popular as a preacher,

Who had, they say, a horse's feature,

And penn'd "*The Elements of gen'ral
Knowledge.*"

One wrote a joking tract against him,

Chusing a motto that incens'd him:

Equo ne credite, Teucri.

But now "*Enough*" methinks, good
reader, *you cry.*

Reader, I have a story coming,

"And so is Christmas" is I know a
saying;

My preface is a long November,

Foggy and dull, which you'll remember

Precedes the month that has that happy
day in.

Now shall I not among you find some
friend,

T

Who all my various merits weighing,
The wit and humour I'm displaying,
My lengthy preface will defend.
And let me ask, who shall deny
That there is sound philosophy,
And truth and nature too, in what I've
penn'd?

What is the reason of these curses
When men resemble brutes,
I leave for the decision of old nurses,
No such inquiry now my purpose suits.

Professor P—— of G——en,
Although one of the best of men,
And very learned, as his pen
To any one will shew,
Was in his look and in his shape
So very like a monstrous ape,
That you could hardly know
The difference when both were plac'd
together,
And dress'd alike, of course, above,
below,

In cap and gown, or in a hat and feather.
What was his reason hard 'tis to discover,
Of apes and monkees he was a true lover,
And always had them near him:

They eat and drank at the same table;
Perhaps they fed out of his platter,
But this is not much to my matter:

Had you been there to hear 'em,
Mid the confusion of their chatter,
You might have thought it Babel.
Some say, baboons and monkees reach
All the sublimities of speech,

Could we but understand it;
That they preserve, with difference
small,

The great tongue aboriginal
Of this our first primeval ball,
And to our age they hand it.

This notion's not from Lord Monbodd',
Who had some notions very odd,
Such as, that men and women once had
tails,

And that they still have specimens in
Wales.

Perhaps this was the very reason why
Professor P—— had always monkees by,
Seeking the root, with this assistance,
Of languages not in existence:

This others for the reason take—
He kept them near for contrast's sake;
But it is clearly a mistake,
Because the contrast was so small:
People that oft had seen them,
Could see no difference between them.

The reader now is given to understand,
That the Professor own'd some farming
land

Not far from G——en, no matter where,
Nor if the soil were clay or sand.

It is sufficient to declare
That when his rent should come to hand,
'Twas brought in common by some pea-
sant,

Who also carried him a present
Of fish or fowl, of duck or pheasant,

A leash of partridges or hare,
Or any thing they could afford
To furnish out their landlord's board;
And this (if not my tale) was all extreme-
ly pleasant.

One day his punctual tenant sent
His son, a good big lad,

For the first time to pay his rent,
With all the cash he had;

And as a present with him went,
A gift by no means bad,
Some golden pippins in a basket,
Of the old sort, which now run short
In England, if you ask it.

It was not much indeed to give,
But like our farmers here,
Rents being high, and corn not dear,
He found it hard to live,

And money went like water thro' a sieve.

Hodge knock'd at the Professor's door,
And in a room on the ground floor

Waited the master's coming;
There did the lumb'ring looby stand,
His apples in his basket in one hand,
And with his cudgel drumming

Upon his hat's round crown,
Tied with a piece of tape;

When suddenly a monstrous ape,
Just like a man in dress,

And in his size scarce less,
Rush'd in, and snatch'd the apples from
the clown.

Hodge would have thought it was a man,
 Had he not seen its tail
 Hanging behind it as it ran,
 As long as his own flail.
 He found it useless to pursue,
 For with such speed the monkey flew,
 It soon was out of hail.
 His cudgel brandishing, however,
 Resolv'd, if it came back,
 To do his very best endeavour
 To give its head a crack,
 Or a lusty rap else,
 For stealing all his apples.

He had not waited long, before
 The master came up to the door
 In person—the Professor,
 Who, though his mother was a woman
 (Heaven bless her),
 And his own father quite a true man,
 Was curst, as I have said, with shape and
 face
 Resembling most the simian race;
 His height was scarcely more,
 Taking his shoes and all,
 Than four foot three, or four foot four:
 The Laplanders in Mr. Bullock's
 Hall
 Were giants to him, so well made and
 tall.

Not only height and face and shape,
 But the Professor's dress
 Just corresponded with the ape,
 Which he would oft caress,
 And which poor Hodge's fruit,
 Finding his taste 'twould suit,
 Had manag'd to possess.
 Hodge saw him coming, and bethought
 him,
 That now he certainly had caught him;
 'Twas time a lesson should be taught him,

To leave off stealing.
 You'll think that he must judge ill,
 For lifting up his cudgel,
 He tried the creature's feeling,
 Striking a blow on the Professor's crown,
 That very nearly knock'd him down,
 And split his box of knowledge,
 The wonder of his college.
 "I'll teach you how to steal my fruit,
 You nasty ugly thievish brute!"
 Hodge said, nor dreamt his error;
 "What means the rascal?" the Professor
 cried:
 Hodge really thought he should have
 died
 Of mere surprise and terror;
 Till then he heard that brutes were dumb,
 But now he found that there were some
 Could really talk at need:
 His wonder and his fear could not be
 stronger,
 And at his utmost speed
 He fled the place, for he could stay no
 longer.
 He trembled all the way he went
 Back to his father, who inquir'd
 If he had paid the landlord's rent,
 As he had been desir'd.
 Hodge answer'd, he could only see
 Apes, that talk'd just as well as he,
 As if they were inspir'd:
 Nor should he be surpris'd to hear a
 sermon
 Preach'd by a monkey in good German.
 He then related what had past,
 To shew why like a blockhead
 He had come home again so fast,
 The rent still in his pocket.

P. W.

LONDON, Jan. 20, 1822.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

Mr. ADVISER,

THOUGH you have ever since
 the commencement of your paper
 declined taking any part in poli-
 tics yourself, yet I hope you are
 too good a patriot not to aid me in

a project I have formed to alleviate
 the burthens of the nation. I have
 a plan for a new tax, which I think
 may be very productive; and odi-
 ous as taxes in general are, yet I
 really don't believe that this one

will be considered peculiarly oppressive, since it will be confined wholly to those who are in easy circumstances, and the payment of it will be left entirely to their own honour and conscience.

Not to keep you longer in suspense, Mr. Sagephiz, my plan is, to impose a tax upon those qualities, both of mind and body, which people are most apt to value themselves upon possessing; such, for instance, as beauty, grace, wit, wisdom, generosity, courage, &c. &c. As to the little peddling every-day virtues of prudence, temperance, consistency, honesty, and so forth, I don't think they would be worth taxing; though, upon recollection, the two last qualities might bring something to government, if it were only among our modern patriots and the gentlemen of the long robe.

Now, my good sir, by throwing these rough hints into a proper form, you will procure yourself at once the thanks of ministers and the gratitude of the country. As for me, the only recompence I desire for suggesting this admirable plan is, to be appointed principal commissioner for levying the tax, with a salary proportioned to so high a situation. In the hope of soon hearing from you, that my project is ready to be laid before ministers, I remain your most obedient,

BARNABY BUDGET.

A feeling—shall I own it, dear reader—of a very selfish nature induced me to throw aside this letter with a peevish exclamation of “Pshaw! the thing is impossible.” The plain fact is, that the thought of the terrible price which I should

have to pay for my sapience or sagacity, more than half inclined me to dismiss the project without farther consideration; but a little reflection prevented my being guilty of such injustice, and I determined, that let the expense to myself be what it might, I would give my correspondent's plan a fair trial, by inserting his letter, and leaving ministers to use the hint if they like it: more than this I cannot do, as I am determined to give no advice whatever in political affairs.

I must observe, that although I am in general exceedingly averse to pecuniary favours, yet, if this tax should pass, I shall not object to my numerous correspondents raising a subscription to defray my quota of it; for there can be no doubt that I shall be taxed high, and my affairs, as I formerly hinted, are rather deranged. The matter, however, may rest till I see what ministers will do with Mr. Budget's hints, and in the mean time I shall proceed to reply to some of my correspondents * * * * *

Just as I had finished the last paragraph, I was interrupted by a visit from a friend, whose conversation might safely be prescribed by the faculty as a very powerful soporific. I did my best to struggle with the drowsy god during the two hours' visit with which this gentleman favoured me, and succeeded so well, that I am not conscious of having slept above five minutes at a time; at last he took his leave, and I resigned myself to my afternoon's nap, during which I had the following dream. I fancied that the tax proposed by my

correspondent had actually passed, and was then levying in rather a singular manner; for instead of a collector going round in the usual way, the inhabitants of every parish were obliged to present themselves in the vestry of the parish church, in order to pay their quotas according to what they themselves thought fair.

I fancied myself placed just behind the collector, who held a list of the different persons able to pay the tax, and called them over in turn. The first who advanced from the crowd was my old acquaintance Captain Culverin. This gentleman bought a commission in the army some time before the breaking out of the late war. I remember he was particularly anxious for an opportunity of distinguishing himself, and as I am naturally of a peaceable temper, I often pitied the poor devils of Frenchmen who should happen to fall into his clutches, for from the pleasure with which he used to talk of hacking and hewing whole companies to pieces, no doubt could be entertained of his prowess; but, fortunately for the enemy, it happened that just before war was declared, Culverin was seized with a nervous disorder, which rendered it impossible for him to bear either noise or motion. He tried medical advice, sea-bathing, in short, all the remedies that could be devised, but in vain; the disorder never quitted him till after the allies entered Paris. He had then a short interval of ease, but it came on with redoubled violence about the time of Buonaparte's flight from Elba. He has since recovered his health in a great measure, but he

still complains that the malady is very troublesome at times. This gentleman advanced with a martial air, and on being desired to name the quality for which he thought he ought to be taxed, he inquired what he should have to pay for courage; the scale was handed to him, with an observation from the collector, that as government left the amount of the tax to the conscience of those on whom it was imposed, it was to be hoped that no one would act unfairly. Culverin placed his name opposite to the superlative degree of the quality, observing, with a sigh, that one must act honestly, though he could very ill afford it.

The captain was followed by a lady, who, to my knowledge, has been for some years past the torment of the different Ladies' Magazines. Ode, essay, tale, sonnet, every form, in short, has her luckless Muse assumed, in order to obtain admission into their pages, but always in vain. She inquired in a modest tone at what rate wit was obliged to pay, and I saw that, like Culverin, she placed her name in the first rank.

The next person who approached the collector was a gentleman apparently turned of sixty, but as gaily dressed as if he had been five and twenty: there was, however, an air of studied negligence about him, very different from the formal style which distinguishes the dandy of the present day. "Well, old boy," cried he, "at what rate do you tax us men of gallantry? I hope it is not a very heavy one, for, curse me, if the little fond rogues whom I am obliged to keep from dangling in their garters, or

taking a leap into Rosamond's pond for my sake, have not pretty well emptied my purse." The collector told him, in a tone of contempt, that the tax did not extend to vices, and if he were not conscious of possessing any more estimable quality than his attachment to "the little fond rogues," he had nothing to pay. The antiquated rake turned away abruptly, and seemingly rather chagrined than pleased at being exempt.

As he stepped back, a short clumsy woman walked, or rather waddled forward, and giving herself a peculiar air of the head, lisped out an inquiry whether the votaries of the Graces were liable to the tax. On hearing that grace paid higher even than beauty, she drew out her purse, saying, with an air of affected discontent, that if that were the case, she must submit, though really it was an abominable imposition.

I stared a little at seeing this fair disciple of the Graces followed by Mr. Findflaw, a gentleman who is at once the torment of the Masters in Chancery, and the terror of every one unfortunate enough to have any thing to do in that court. It is no matter whether Mr. Findflaw is concerned in a suit or not, he is sure to find some loophole or other to creep in at, and then Heaven have mercy both on plaintiff and defendant, for he calls forth every quirk and quibble of the law, with all the turnings and windings, of which he is well acquainted, to prevent the suit from ending so long as any funds are left. While I was wondering to what quality Mr. Findflaw meant to lay claim, he asked, in an as-

sured tone, what was the highest amount of the tax upon honesty, and on being told, threw down the money, saying, that however people might slander him, he was a man of conscience in all his dealings, and he had proved it in the present instance by shewing that he scorned to defraud government of a single farthing.

A girl of eighteen, and one of the loveliest creatures my eyes ever beheld, now tripped up to the collector, who, in handing her the scale, pointed with a smile to beauty. Tossing her head, she answered him with a Latin verse, in which, by the way, she made a false quantity, and then added in English, that she scorned to be compelled to pay for a quality which she had in common with so many of her sex, when she could so easily substantiate her claim to one so rare and valuable as learning.

Happening to look over the collector's shoulder, I saw that he had my name on his list, and the idea of the large sum I should have to pay, together with the shame of acknowledging my inability to raise it immediately, so startled me, that I awoke just as my man Peter entered the room, saying, "Wont you be rather late this month, sir, for the *Repository*?" As I knew that Peter was right, I thought that for once my correspondents would forgive me if I deferred my advice till the next Number, and as my dream was just fresh in my memory, I could not resist the temptation of trying, what I have often tried before, the good-nature of my friend the Editor, to insert it.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

CORNELIA :

A Tale, from the Spanish of CERVANTES.

(Continued from vol. XII. p. 199.)

"WE can assure you, madam," said Don Juan, "that we are sensibly touched by your misfortunes, and now that we know your rank, we not only feel for the calamities that have befallen you, but consider ourselves pledged to protect you, and to render you every service in our power. Do not, I implore you, resign yourself to despair: your misfortunes, though great, are not irremediable, and you may expect every thing from your own charms, and from the fidelity of a lover who appears tenderly attached to you. I acknowledge, that endowed with so many qualities superior to the rest of your sex, you deserve a happier fate; but remember, that felicity does not always attend merit—how to the decrees of Heaven, all will assuredly tend to your ultimate benefit, and I dare predict that the happy period will not long be delayed. All you can do at present, dear lady, is to regain your strength and spirits. Nothing shall be omitted on our part to mitigate your grief, and avert the evils that impend over you: our house, our servants, ourselves, are at your command. You may safely confide in our excellent hostess; you will find her as trust-worthy as attentive."

"In my unfortunate situation," replied the stranger, "I ought to brave every danger, and meet with firmness the perils that environ me: let me then unreservedly confide in her of whom you speak thus lightly. Does she already know

part of my unhappy story?" Don Juan hastened to desire their hostess to attend, and bring with her the child, dressed in the clothes in which it was intrusted to him. She no sooner entered the room, than Cornelia desired her to come near, and taking the child in her arms, after examining its dress very attentively, said, with much emotion, "Is this the child I saw before?"—"Yes, madam," replied the nurse.—"But these clothes," continued Cornelia, with increasing agitation, "are not the same."—"No, madam."—"Whence then did you procure them? I conjure you; do not keep me in this suspense—unravel a mystery in which my happiness is so nearly concerned; for, in short, these clothes belonged to me."

The two Spaniards, who were waiting at the chamber-door, on hearing these words, immediately re-entered. "I will unfold the whole," exclaimed Don Juan: "these clothes and this lovely infant are your own." He then explained to her his adventure under the portico, where the child had been intrusted to his care. "I acknowledge," concluded he, "that when you commenced your story, I felt convinced you were the mother of my *protégé*, and if I concealed this impression from you, it was only with the intention of surprising you the more agreeably. Can you pardon this little deception?" The transports of Cornelia may be easily imagined, and the

two friends quitted her for the night with feelings of the purest happiness. At the dawn of day they walked to the street where the scuffle of the preceding night had taken place, but could learn nothing which intimated that any one was acquainted with the circumstance. On their return, they were informed, that the child had been placed with a nurse, and that Cornelia had passed a quiet night, and desired to see them. Whilst they were communicating to her, that they had reason to believe, from the result of their inquiries, that the transaction attending her flight remained a profound secret, one of their servants came to tell them, that a young nobleman was inquiring for Don Juan de Gamboa, and that he announced himself as Lorenzo Bentivoglio. Cornelia was terrified at this news. "Alas! gentlemen," said she, in a tone indicative of her apprehension and alarm, "it is my brother! He has been informed that I am in this house: he will force me away; he imagines I have dishonoured my family, and I tremble for the consequences of his anger."—"Fear nothing, madam," replied Don Antonio, "we are not men to suffer any violence to be perpetrated in our house, and, as we have already assured you, we shall consider your cause as our own. Don Juan will go and learn the purport of this young lord's visit; I will remain with you." He then ordered his pistols to be brought, commanded his servants to arm, and when all was prepared, Don Juan went to the door, where he found Bentivoglio. "You will doubtless be surprised, Don Juan," said the

Italian, "that although I have not the honour of your acquaintance, I should take the liberty of intruding myself on you. On reflection, however, you will not consider it so strange: persons who have distinguished themselves in the manner you have done, must expect that their merit will be noised abroad, and your reputation alone has induced me to pay you this visit. I wish for your advice in an affair of the greatest importance; but as this is not the proper place to discuss it, will you favour me by retiring with me to a church close by?"—"With pleasure" replied Don Juan, "and I shall esteem it one of the most fortunate events of my life, if I am enabled to acquire your esteem and friendship." They accordingly entered the church, where seating themselves on a bench, and having ascertained that they were not overheard, the young Italian began: "You are, I believe, aware that I am Lorenzo Bentivoglio: you know that my family is amongst the noblest in Italy. I have hitherto endeavoured not to disgrace it, and I am now called upon to prove to the world that I have not degenerated from the valour and virtue of my ancestors. I have an only sister, and if it were allowable for me to praise her, I should affirm that a more lovely woman does not exist. Our parents dying when we were both young, left her under my guardianship, and I trust I have endeavoured to inculcate in her young breast virtue and prudence; but, alas! her discretion has not been equal to her beauty. Not to weary you, however, with a tedious tale,

the Duke of Ferrara, Alphonso d'Est, has deceived the credulity, and triumphed over the virtue of my young and unsuspecting Cornelia, in spite of my utmost vigilance. Last night he carried her off from the house of one of our relations, where she had been for some time past on a visit. Informed of her flight a few minutes after it occurred, I hastened to overtake them. Him I met, attacked, and was on the point of compelling him to confess his views on my sister, when he was succoured by a stranger, whose valour and address prevented me from punishing his perfidy. This, however, is not all: I learn that the duke has abused my sister, under a solemn promise of marriage, which he never intends to fulfil, but has persuaded her, important reasons of state must for the present compel him to delay openly acknowledging her for his wife; an excuse too often urged by our sex, to quiet the importunities of the other. However, she is dishonoured for life unless the duke espouse her; yet I dare not discover my misfortune to my friends, for fear of their becoming public. I have therefore resolved to go to Ferrara, and demand my sister at the duke's hands; I will require of him the execution of his promises to her, and if he refuses to do her justice, I will wash out our dishonour in his blood, or fall by his hand. I have already explained to you, Don Juan, my reasons for not wishing to confide my purpose to my relations, lest it should become public; and as you are a foreigner, brave and noble, I request your assistance and company in

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this enterprise. I am aware that I ask a great favour, but unless I mistake your character, I shall flatter myself you will aid me with your heart and hand."—"You are not deceived in me," replied Don Juan, who had suffered him to continue thus far without interruption; "I will follow you, and you may reckon upon every assistance in my power. Not as a Spaniard, but as a gentleman, I tender my services, and consider your selection of me as the greatest honour that could be conferred upon me. I am ready to attend you whenever you please, and if I may presume to advise, the sooner the better: a disgrace of this kind cannot be too soon avenged, especially when so near and dear a point of honour is concerned." Bentivoglio then embraced Don Juan: "I shall offer you the noblest reward," said he—"the glory of this adventure: yet, if at any future time myself, my family, or my fortune, can in any way advantage you, consider them as your own. To-morrow we will depart, for I am entirely of your opinion, that injuries of this kind cannot too speedily be effaced."—"One thing, however," interrupted Don Juan, "I have farther to request—that you will permit me to confide the whole to my friend and companion, Don Antonio Isunça: he is as prudent as he is brave, and I will pledge my honour on his secrecy and fidelity." Bentivoglio readily agreed, and having arranged that they should set out early the ensuing morning, they parted.

Don Juan returned home, and related to Cornelia and Don Anto-

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nio all that had passed between him and Bentivoglio, and the promise he had given him. Cornelia was terrified. "I admire your generous and noble spirit," said she, "but have you foreseen all the dangers and difficulties of the enterprise in which you are about to engage? Are you sure my brother has no other views than that of alluring you to Ferrara? May not the whole be a snare?"—"Dear madam," replied the young Spaniard, "fear nothing!"—"And why not?" interrupted Cornelia. "I tremble for you, brave sir, to whom I owe so much; for who can tell but my brother may have discovered that I am here, and resolve to avenge himself upon my protector? And even supposing he is sincere, must I not tremble for the life of one who is dearer to me than my own? Who will assure me, Don Juan," continued she, sighing deeply, "that the duke will answer my haughty brother with coolness and moderation?—Alas! both are dear to me! Have I not therefore reason to

fear?"—"True, madam," replied Don Juan; "yet we must not always look at the dark side of things when engaged in an affair where there is as much to hope as to fear: we must act for the best, and trust in Providence for a happy result. In a word, madam, the journey to Ferrara is indispensable, and as concerns myself, it is impossible I can withdraw the promise I have made to your brother. We are hitherto ignorant what the duke's intentions may be, and no one can, with more propriety, procure an explanation from him than I can. Be assured," continued he, "that the life of your husband and brother are equally precious in my eyes, and that I will neglect nothing that may prevent this journey from having fatal consequences. Indeed, I flatter myself that it will be attended with the happiest result; for I cannot doubt the duke's love for you, and consequently his readiness to fulfil his promises to you."

(To be continued.)

PLATES 15 AND 16.—SIR W. CONGREVE'S PLANS FOR THE PREVENTION OF FORGERY.

HAVING been favoured with some very beautiful specimens of the coloured printing and paper proposed by Sir W. Congreve, one of the late commissioners for the security of bank-notes against forgery, we have considered that it would form an article of no ordinary interest to the public to see these specimens, and to hear what the inventor of them says upon the subject: we have therefore collected the substance of various documents which have

been published by Sir W. Congreve on this most important subject.

In a volume, published in 1820, Sir William tells us, that he conceives it to be impossible to produce in print that which shall be absolutely inimitable; but that he thinks effects may be obtained which can only be imitated in the same way that they are originally produced; and that, if in the original process sufficient difficulty is in-



WHITBY OLD BANK

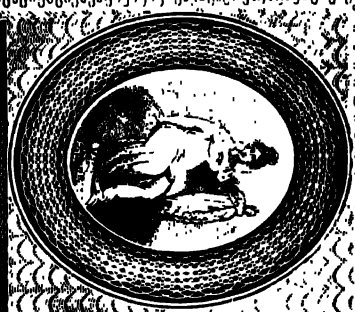


St. Andrew

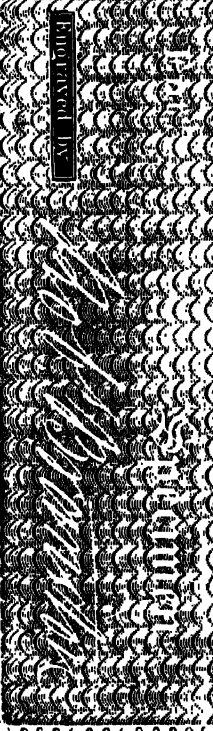
Established 1785.



ROYAL BANK



Five Pounds



PRINTED BY

FIVE POUNDS



volved, it is evident that a very considerable step would be thus gained in the general prevention of forgery.

He then examines by this test some of the most difficult specimens that had then been produced on the American plan, in black and white copper-plate printing; and finds that all the difficulties presented in that style (without the use of colours) may be overcome by ordinary means; as, for instance, that the production of white line patterns, which involves a difficulty in copper-plate printing, offers none in one colour, if the patterns be printed from the surface. He proposes, therefore, as the opening of a new and extensive field for ingenuity and difficulty, and consequently for security, the combination of the most difficult patterns of engine work, and of fine relief engraving by hand, *with colours*, the union or register of which should be so perfect, as to make the old modes of producing the register of colour by different impressions insufficient; thereby rendering a new description of plate, *sui generis*, indispensable to its perfect production, and thus realizing, on the foregoing principles, the utmost security attainable; that is to say, *the necessity of employing in the imitation all the difficulties of the original process.*

For the purpose therefore of producing this very refined and perfect union of colours, Sir W. Congreve invented what he called the compound plate, which was a series of filigree plates, fitting into each other with the greatest possible nicety, and requiring much of very nice and difficult workmanship, which might be extend-

ed almost indefinitely; which combination of plates so fitted was afterwards to be engraved in relief *as one plate*, separated to colour, and again united to print as *one plate*; so that the register or union of the different coloured lines must be perfect. Nor have we indeed any hesitation in stating our conviction, that the extreme degree of perfection thus to be produced sufficiently delicate in patterns, cannot be accomplished by any other means. Indeed, we are satisfied, when we examine the specimens annexed, that they could not be *perfectly* copied by the ordinary means of register printing, that is, by separate impressions for the different colours; and consequently that with patterns of sufficient delicacy, wherein the filigree of the colour also is very minutely and curiously introduced, no adequate imitation can be effected by wood-cut or lithography. We are indeed quite convinced of the theoretical truth of this proposition, even supposing that, in the present infancy of the plan, the work yet produced should be capable of a passable imitation, although we have never seen any such.

In other subsequent public documents issued from the Bank-Note Paper-Office in Somerset-House, we find a variety of observations, in the force and importance of which we also fully agree.

It is stated that surface printing is the best style that can be selected for the security of bank-notes, not only on account of its peculiar applicability to the printing in colours, but because the engraving in relief, which is involved in it, is the *most difficult* and *least practised* style of engraving; while the printing is

the *most economical*. Thus we are told, that notwithstanding the greater difficulty of producing the plates, the most beautiful notes of this description may be printed for twenty shillings per thousand, for which thirty-five shillings are now charged: so that the country banks "might thus have nearly two notes for the expense of one, which, connected with some arrangement for the more frequent renewal of the stamp, could not fail to tend more than any thing to the prevention of forgery, by preserving the paper currency of the country in a continued state of renovation, not now possible from its expense; by which would be avoided the present necessity of issuing bank-notes in that defaced and almost illegible state, under cover of which forgeries are now put into circulation."

When we look at the annexed specimens, we are satisfied that the only part in which any bank-note printed from the surface would fall short of one printed from copper-plate, would be in the vignette. But the truth is, that however much a highly finished copper-plate vignette may add to the beauty of a note, it adds but little to its security; since a very ordinary copper-plate engraver would make a very perfect copy of the vignette of the first master. It is one thing to originate beautiful copper-plate work, and another to copy it: the force of this observation does not, however, apply to a good vignette of surface printing. There are in the present state of the arts, not only very few engravers capable of originating a good vignette in relief engraving, but there are almost as few who can copy it; and conse-

quently, though there may not be so much *beauty*, as a work of art, in a vignette in relief engraving as in one engraved in copper-plate, still there is evidently more *security*.

It might perhaps be said, that though few relief engravers capable of the best vignette work are to be found, that still all their relief vignettes might be imitated by the ordinary copper-plate engravers; and this indeed would be true, had not Sir W. Congreve devised a mode of completely shutting out the copper-plate engraver from imitating the relief vignette of his note, by throwing a fine white line engine-turned web over this relief engraving (Plate 16), which web it would be impossible for the copper-plate engraver to *leave* on his plate; and which thus brings the vignette of this system of bank-notes within the same pale of security as that proposed by the combination of colour; that is to say, the compelling the imitator to adopt the *same means*, or at least *means as difficult*, as those of the original process of production.

The use of this white line is also shewn in the written part of the note in Pl. 15. If it were not for this white line, this writing and ground might be more easily produced by copper-plate than in relief; but the copper-plate engraver would find it very difficult to *leave* the white line, even if he could engrave the ground *by hand*, and, with this white line, it is utterly impossible to produce this ground *by engine* work on common copper-plate.

We must indeed here point out to our readers the centre of this note. It is not only by far the most beautiful specimen of writing

engraved in relief which we have ever seen, but the printing shews how nearly surface printing may be brought to that of copper-plate; while the ground, which we believe could not be adequately imitated by the most patient and persevering hand, appears to us an extraordinary instance of the value of engine work in the prevention of forgery; as we have reason to believe that it would puzzle the most experienced engine engraver to know how this pattern was produced, and indeed that it would take him an almost endless series of experiments with his lathe to discover it. This centre piece alone appears to us to offer a most important security against forgery, but when coupled with the border, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it the best production we have ever seen, from the great variety of different difficulties which it combines.

Before we conclude this article, we find ourselves called upon to express the great obligation which the country bankers, and indeed the country at large, owe to Sir William Congreve, for the introduction of the coloured stamps in lieu of the common dry stamp, formerly used in stamping bank-notes. Sir William Congreve has availed himself of the government stamp placed on the country bank-notes to give them a gratuitous security against forgery. The common dry stamp was evidently no security either to the government or to the banker, as, independent of the various means of obtaining facsimile dies from the paper stamp itself by moist bread, and other simple means, the stamp was generally obliterated after a few weeks' wear, and it was impossible to say whe-

ther the note had ever been stamped or not.

Under these circumstances, therefore, Sir W. Congreve proposed to give a printed stamp in different colours produced by his compound plate with engine-turned figures, and other difficulties, such as had certainly never before been used in aid of the revenue; and as it was obvious, that to pass a forged country note, the forger must imitate the stamp, as well as the face of the note; so it was farther evident, that this stamp gave so much of additional difficulty to the forger, and security to the banker in aid of his own plate; and, indeed, such we know to be the confidence that many of the bankers have in this stamp, that they have saved themselves the expense of any alteration in their plates, which the increased risk of the forgery of country bank-notes, from the small Bank of England notes being withdrawn from circulation, would otherwise have induced them to make. It is evident, however, that this stamp does not interfere with any other security which they may choose to adopt for the face of the notes. Some of these stamps, which we have seen, are extremely beautiful, and we understand that Sir William Congreve's plan is to increase the scale of difficulty in proportion to the value. On the correctness of this policy some doubts have been entertained, as it has been thought that the larger notes in some measure take care of themselves, and that it is the smaller ones therefore that require most protection.

We must now say a few words respecting the triple paper brought forward by Sir W. Congreve, as an

additional security for the country bank-notes.—(*See the annexed specimen.*) It is thus described in a document issued from Somerset-House :

“The characteristics of this paper are, that, being coloured inwardly, and not on ~~on~~ *either surface*, it exhibits, by means of this colour, a most brilliant and indelible water-mark, which can *only be produced in the original construction of the paper*, and cannot be *obliterated* nor be *imitated subsequent to its first formation*; while the test of the genuineness of this paper is so extremely simple, that it is within the reach of the most unlearned. It requires only to hold the note up to the light, to ascertain that the colour is in the heart of the paper, and not superficial, by its appearing deeper when thus looked through than when looked at on either side; for if the paper were dyed throughout, that is, if it were coloured by any ordinary process, its appearance would be exactly the reverse of this—it would look lighter when looked through, than when looked at. Now as it is obviously impossible to dye *the interior* of a thin sheet of paper, *subsequently to its being made*, without at the same time dying the exterior, so it is evidently proved by this test, that the water-mark and colour of such paper must have been given to it in its *first formation at the mill*; that is to say, that this paper must have been made under circumstances scarcely within the reach of the forger; a degree of security very different from ~~that~~ attaching to any of the present material of bank-notes, *all the water-marks and other appearances of*

which, it is well known, may be produced by a variety of easy modes, *on paper which may be procured in any stationer's shop.*

“To render this security still more perfect, an office was opened in Somerset-House, under the immediate sanction of the government, for the distribution of this paper, and a check established between this office and the Stamp-Office, by means of private marks, to prevent the stamping of any but genuine paper belonging to the respective bankers. If, therefore, the bankers or their engravers take the triple paper direct from this office, there can be no difficulty, by a very simple arrangement between the parties, in preventing the possibility of a single genuine sheet of this paper getting into the possession of the forger: so that, even if he succeeded in forging the banker's plate and the paper, it would be stopped in the first instance at the Stamp-Office; and thus would he be inevitably subjected to the threefold difficulty of forging the plate, the paper, and the stamp, a task too complicated for any individual, and too expensive, in proportion to the risk, to induce any combination of persons to attempt it.”

We are sorry to add, that in this, as in all other improvements, great opposition was made by interested persons, and much misrepresentation took place as to the durability of this paper. It was said that the different layers of the paper would separate in its wear. All that we can say on this subject, and we trust we have some experience in these matters, is, that we have seen much of this paper, which we are quite confident would wear as long as any

other bank-note paper ever made; and we will add, that it is not more liable to peel: in fact, the best white bank-note paper in use may be peeled by design, and the triple paper will do no more; while, if the object of this peeling be for erasure, the triple paper would have the advantage, as the interior colour would immediately shew the blemish, which the mere white paper would not. But, in fact, we have seen various vouchers from different bankers who have used this paper, and declare themselves completely satisfied with it; and if any disappointment in its wear has occurred, it can only have arisen from some error in the manufacture of it in the first instance.

We shall now conclude this article, of the importance of the publication of which we must repeat our conviction, by stating, that we are quite at a loss to conceive on what principle it is that the Bank of England have made no improvement in their notes, when so much has been done, not only by Sir W. Congreve, but by other very ingenious men, in this most important branch of the public wealth. It is true that the attainment of perfect inimitability is admitted on all sides to be impracticable, but to us it appears that the Bank might as well not use either locks or bars to their treasury, because all locks may be picked, and all bars may be broken, as refuse to throw every additional difficulty in the way of

a crime, at present but too easily accomplished, merely because they cannot absolutely render it impracticable against the combinations of capital and talent. Such combinations *may* exist, but it would surely be something gained in the cause of humanity, if the precautions taken were a prohibition to the solitary forger, instead of the Bank of England note being, as it now is, a deadly temptation to every poor engraver out of employment, nay to every engraver's apprentice.

It is true, the withdrawing of the small notes from circulation has rendered the evil less serious; but still we have seen, though there are increased difficulties in passing a five or a ten pound note, that, nevertheless, neither want nor villany is to be deterred by additional danger, and that the forgery of tens and twenties has been frequently practised, when five and even one pound notes might have answered the purpose. It must not be forgotten, that the increase of profit is always in proportion to the increase of risk; and the lengths to which this principle leads mankind are obvious in all human transactions: it is the main spring of all enterprise, and is quite sufficient to prove that the five-pound bank-note, being the smallest note in circulation, will never of itself prevent the commission of forgery, while the thing is in itself easily accomplished.

THE CLEMENT'S INN BLACK.

THERE is a poor black gentleman in London, of whom many falsehoods have been, and continue

to be, told; but why a black man is to be belied any more than another, I am yet to learn. The

Black I mean is neither a greater nor a less personage than the one who kneels, and has for many years very quietly knelt, in the garden of Clement's Inn, one of those inns of court which originally emanated from the ancient residence of the Knights Templars, now called the Temple. Every body almost, who is at all conversant with the metropolis, must know the gentleman I allude to, for he is rather remarkable by having a sundial on his head.

You can hardly pass through the inn without hearing some one saying, "There is the man (meaning of course the figure of the man only) who murdered his master;" and upon inquiring more closely, you will be told that an eminent lawyer, *a great while ago*, lived in some of the chambers, and was there murdered by his black servant. This is, in fact, a mixture of truth and falsehood; for many years back, I think about eighty, a gentleman was certainly murdered in Clement's Inn, I believe at the chambers No. 18, and by his servant; but unfortunately for our story-tellers, the servant was a white man, and an Englishman, who, like too many in the present day, had got into a bad habit of frequenting public-houses, and indulging in drinking and low gambling, till he was brought to commit the horrid crime of murder on a kind and indulgent master. The

servant's name was, I think, James Hall; the master's I cannot recollect; and this murder, together with one in Symond's Inn, Chancery-lane, and which happened about the same period, first induced the societies of the inns of court to employ watchmen, now very general in those places, but I believe not made use of before that time. The murder in Symond's Inn was committed on a Mr. Pimlott, by a woman whom he kept, in a fit of jealousy.

But to return to the poor Black, who is patiently waiting to have justice done him: he too was a servant in Clement's Inn, as I have understood, and to one of its principals; his character for honesty, sobriety, industry, good temper, and indeed almost every good quality of human nature, was such, that upon some occasion, when a figure was wanted to ornament the centre of the garden, it was determined to get the honest Black to kneel to an artist. Such is the history of the Clement's Inn Black; and the dial on his head is said to have been emblematic of the servant's truth. He was as true as the sun! What an eulogium! I do not know either his name, or that of his master; both should have been preserved—the one for deserving, the other for so appreciating, such a character.

J. M. LACKY.

THE FOUNDLING OF RAGUSA.

(Continued from p. 85.)

THE more he reflected on this singular adventure, the more important the picture which he had discovered appeared in his estimation, and the more he was tortured by curiosity to know whom it re-

presented ; for he had had a complete view of her whole person as she knelt, and it could not be doubted that it was the figure of the youth on the canvas before which she had been kneeling. In an agitation of mind which he could not allay, he repaired to Xaviera Tartini, and acquainted her with the extraordinary incident. This woman, equally solicitous with himself to ruin Elvira, since all the obstacles to their illicit intercourse originated with her, expressed a wish to see the picture ; observing, that she could boast of an extensive acquaintance with the gentry of Italy, and if the person there delineated had ever been at Rome, and was of any consequence, she could scarcely fail to recognise him.

It happened soon afterwards that Elvira and her husband made an excursion one Sunday into the country to visit a relation ; and no sooner was the coast thus left clear, than Nicolo hurried to Xaviera, and conducted her as a foreign lady, together with a little daughter, whom she had by the bishop, into Elvira's apartments, under pretext of shewing her the pictures and embroidery. What was his confusion, when Clara, as the child was called, the moment he had removed the curtain, exclaimed, " Why, Signor Nicolo, that's you ! " Xaviera was struck mute. The longer she looked at the picture, the more she thought it like him ; especially if, as it was very possible, she recollected the dress in which he had secretly attended the Carnival with her a few months before. A sudden flush overspread Nicolo's

cheeks, though he pretended to ridicule the notion of a resemblance between himself and the picture. Xaviera, in whose bosom the flame of jealousy began to be kindled, gave him a scrutinizing look ; then stepping before the looking-glass, she observed, that it was of no consequence who the person was, and coldly taking her leave of him, quitted the room.

As soon as Xaviera was gone, Nicolo found himself deeply agitated by what had passed. He recollected the extraordinary impression made upon Elvira by his appearance on the night of the Carnival. The idea that he had awakened the passions of this female, who was considered as a model of virtue, flattered him almost as much as the desire to be revenged on her ; and as he now thought he had a prospect of accomplishing both purposes at once, he awaited her return with the utmost impatience. There was nothing that disturbed these pleasing day-dreams but the distinct recollection that Elvira, while he watched her through the key-hole upon her knees before the picture, had called it *Colino* : but in the sound of this name there was something that gratified his heart, he knew not why ; and in the alternative of being obliged to distrust one of his senses, his eye or his ear, he inclined naturally enough to that which most accorded with his wishes.

At length, after an absence of several days, Elvira returned from the country, bringing with her a young female relative, who was desirous of seeing Rome. Being

engaged with her, she scarcely took the least notice of *Nicolo*, who came very officiously to help her out of the carriage. Several weeks, devoted to this visitor, passed in a bustle very unusual in the house of *Piachi*: he and his wife took her to see every thing in and out of the city that can gratify a young and lively girl, such as she was; and *Nicolo*, who, having to attend to business, was not invited to these little excursions, relapsed into the worst of humours in regard to *Elvira*. He began again to think with the keenest mortification of the unknown, whom *Elvira* in privacy adored; and this feeling tortured his heart more than ever on the evening of the long-wished-for departure of the young visitor, when *Elvira*, instead of entering into conversation with him, sat in silence at the table a whole hour, engaged with some kind of needle-work. It happened that, a few days before, *Piachi* had inquired for a box of small ivory letters, which he had formerly bought for the instruction of *Nicolo*, and which, being no longer wanted, he designed to give to a neighbour's child. The servant who had been directed to look for them among a variety of old things, had not been able to find any but the six which compose the name of *Nicolo*: probably because the others, not having so immediate a reference to the boy, had been taken less care of, and lost. These letters, which had been lying for some days on the table, *Nicolo* accidentally took up, and while he played with them, his head supported on one arm, and lost in gloomy thoughts, he placed them

by mere chance, to his inexpressible astonishment, in such order, as to produce with them the name of *Colino*. His audacious hopes began to revive, and he cast a side-long glance at *Elvira*, who sat near him. The coincidence between the two names seemed to him to be something more than accidental; he considered with secret satisfaction the extent of this singular discovery, and removing his hands from the table, anticipated with throbbing heart the moment when *Elvira* should look up and perceive the name that lay before her. In this expectation he was not disappointed: for no sooner had *Elvira*, in a leisure moment, observed the letters, and innocently and unthinkingly stooped her head, being rather near-sighted, for the purpose of reading them, than she eyed *Nicolo* with a doubtful look, resumed her work with a slight suffusion, and dropped one tear after another, unperceived, as she thought, upon her bosom. *Nicolo*, who observed all these expressions of profound emotion without seeming to notice her, no longer doubted that it was his own name which was concealed under this transposition of the letters. All at once she extended her hand, and gently intermixed them, and his fond hopes attained the height of certainty when she rose, threw down her work, and retired to her chamber. He was on the point of following her thither, when *Piachi* entered, and on asking a maid-servant where *Elvira* was, he was told, that she was not well, and had gone to bed. *Piachi*, without manifesting much surprise, went to see what was the

matter, and as he returned in a quarter of an hour, with the intelligence that she would not come to supper, and said not another word on the subject, Nicolo imagined that he had found the key to all the mysterious scenes of this kind which he had witnessed.

Next morning, while he was engaged in calculating, with malignant joy, the advantages which he hoped to derive from this discovery, he received a note from Xaviera, in which she desired him to give her a call, as she had something interesting to tell him concerning Elvira. Xaviera was intimately connected with the monks of the Carmelite convent by means of the bishop who kept her; and as Elvira went to that convent to confession, he had no doubt that the former had contrived to gain some information relative to the secret history of her sentiments, calculated to strengthen his unnatural hopes. How great was then his disappointment, when Xaviera, having made him sit down by her on the sofa, told him, that the object of Elvira's love had been above twelve years dead and buried; that Aloysius, Marquis of Montferrat, who was brought up at Paris by an uncle who had given him the surname of *Collin*, afterwards changed in Italy to *Colino*, was the original of the picture he had discovered in the niche behind the red silk curtain in Elvira's chamber; and that he was the young gentleman of Genoa who had so generously rescued her from the flames, and died of the wounds which he received on that occasion! She added, that she had only to request he would make

no farther use of this piece of information, which had been imparted to her only on condition of profound secrecy by a person in the Carmelite convent, who had, strictly speaking, no right to make the communication. Nicolo changed colour several times, while he assured her that she had nothing to apprehend; and, unable to conceal the embarrassment into which this intelligence had thrown him, he took his leave of her, alledging urgent business as an excuse for his departure.

Shame, lust, and revenge now concurred to suggest the most execrable deed that ever was planned. He was well aware that, with Elvira's purity of soul, he should never compass his point but by stratagem. In the absence, therefore, of Piachi, who had gone into the country for a few days, he began to make preparations for carrying into effect the infernal scheme which he had devised. He procured exactly the same dress in which he had been seen by Elvira when he returned home at night from the Carnival; and, dressed in a mantle, collar, hat, and feather, in the Genoese fashion, precisely like those represented in the picture, he secretly introduced himself into Elvira's chamber, shortly before the time for her retiring to rest, hung a black cloth over the portrait, and waited in the niche with a truncheon in his hand, in the very same attitude as the young patrician was delineated. The event proved the correctness of his calculation. Elvira soon entered, and when partly undressed, she drew, according to custom, the silken curtain that covered the

niche, with the words, "Colino, my love!"—but at the sight of the figure which presented itself, she fell senseless on the floor. Nicolo advanced from the niche, and stood for some moments absorbed in the contemplation of her charms: but as there was no time to be lost, he soon lifted her up, and carried her to the bed, which stood in a corner of the room. This done, he went to fasten the door, but found it already locked; and, confident that on the return of her disturbed senses she would make no resistance to the apparently supernatural apparition, he returned to the bed, and with ardent kisses attempted to wake her. At this moment Piachi, whom the wretch supposed to be gone for several days, unexpectedly returned home, and under the idea that Elvira was already asleep, he advanced softly through the corridor, and as he always carried a key to the chamber in his pocket, he suddenly entered the room without noise. Nicolo was thunderstruck. Sensible that it was impossible to cloak his villany, he threw himself at the old man's feet, and protesting that he would never while he lived raise his eyes again to his wife, he implored his forgiveness. Piachi was, in fact, disposed to pass over the matter in silence: speechless as he was struck by a few words dropped by Elvira, who, clasped in his arms, had come to herself, and eyed Nicolo with a look of ineffable horror, he drew the curtains of the bed on which she lay, and taking down a whip that hung against the wall, opened the door, and pointed to him to be gone immediately. The wretch, finding

that nothing was to be gained by submission, sprang from the floor, and as he left the room, insisted that Piachi should quit the house, declaring, that he possessed legal documents to prove himself the proprietor, and that he would maintain his right against all the world. Piachi could scarcely believe his senses: disarmed by this unparalleled audacity, he laid down the whip, and instantly repaired to the house of his old friend, Dr. Valerio, an eminent lawyer. Having roused his servant, and obtained admittance, he ran up stairs to his chamber, and fell senseless beside his bed, before he could utter a word. The doctor, who, in the sequel, afforded him and Elvira an asylum in his house, hastened the following morning to obtain an order for the arrest of the monster of ingratitude; but while Piachi set his powerless engines to work to expel him from the property which he had indeed transferred to him, Nicolo flew with the conveyance which put him in possession of it, to his friends the Carmelites, and demanded their protection against the old fool who wanted to turn him out. In short, as he consented to marry Xaviera, whom the bishop wished to get rid of, villany triumphed, and through the interference of this prelate, the government issued a decree, confirming Nicolo in the possession, and enjoining Piachi not to molest him.

It was but the day before that Piachi buried the unfortunate Elvira, whose life was terminated by a fever brought on by the circumstances related above. Exasperated against Nicolo, on account

of this twofold loss, he went, with the decree in his pocket, to the house, and strengthened by rage, he knocked down Nicolo, who was naturally much the weaker of the two, and dashed out his brains against the wall. The people in the house knew nothing of the matter, till they found him holding Nicolo between his knees, and cramming the decree down his throat. This done, he rose, surrendered himself without resistance, was conveyed to prison, tried, and sentenced to be hanged.

In the papal territories there is a law, according to which no criminal can be executed till he has received absolution. This Piachi, after his condemnation, obstinately refused. After all that religion affords had been tried to render him sensible of the heinousness of his crime, it was hoped that the near prospect of death would terrify him into repentance. He was accordingly conducted to the gallows. Here stood one priest, who described to him in glowing colours all the torments of that hell into which he was about to be precipitated; and there another, holding the consecrated elements, depicting the abodes of everlasting peace. "Will you be made a partaker of the blessings of redemption?" asked both of them.

"Will you receive the sacrament?"—"No," replied Piachi.—"Why not?"—"I have no wish to be happy. I desire to be plunged into the lowest abyss of hell. I want to rejoin Nicolo, who cannot be admitted into heaven, that I may complete the revenge on him, which here I could but begin." With these words he ascended the ladder, and desired the executioner to do his duty.

Under these circumstances it was deemed necessary to defer the execution, and to remand the wretched man, whom the law thus took under its protection, to prison. Three successive days the same experiment was made, but with no better success. On the third day, when he was obliged once more to descend the ladder without being tied up, he raised his hands, and with a furious look, cursed "the inhuman law which detained him in this world." He swore that "it was his only wish to be executed," and declared that "he would yet be the death of some priest or other, that he might come at Nicolo again in hell." When this was reported to the Pope, he ordered him to be executed without absolution: unaccompanied by any priest, he was accordingly hanged without ceremony in the Piazza del Popolo.

ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

No. VIII.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

AMONG the number of people who were highly charmed with Sir Richard Steele's conversation and writings, none professed a greater admiration of both than a Lincoln-

shire baronet, who usually sat at Button's. This gentleman possessed a very large fortune, had great interest, and more than once solicited Sir Richard Steele to command his utmost ability, and

lie should think himself under no little obligation. These offers, though made with the most seeming cordiality, Sir Richard, however, declined with a grateful politeness peculiar to himself, as at that time he stood in no need of the gentleman's assistance. But some instance of extravagance having once reduced him to the necessity of borrowing a sum of money to satisfy an importunate creditor, he thought this a very proper opportunity of calling on his friend, and requesting the loan of a hundred pounds for a few days. The gentleman received him with much civility and respect, began to renew his offers of service, and begged Sir Richard would give him some occasion to shew his friendship and regard. "Why, sir," says Sir Richard, "I came for that very purpose, and if you can lend me a hundred pounds for a few days, I shall consider it as a singular favour." Had Sir Richard clapped a pistol to his breast, and made a peremptory demand of his money, the gentleman could not have appeared in a greater surprise than at this unexpected request. His offers of friendship had been only made on a supposition of their never being accepted, and intended only as so many baits for Sir Richard's intimacy and acquaintance, of which the gentleman, while it cost him nothing, was particularly proud. Recovering, however, from his surprise, he stammered out—"Why, really, Sir Richard, I would serve you to the utmost of my power, but at present I have not twenty guineas in the house." Sir Richard, who saw through the pitiful evasion, was heartily vexed at the

meanness and excuse.—"And so, sir," says he, "you have drawn me in to expose the situation of my affairs, with a promise of assistance, and now refuse me any mark of your friendship or esteem. A disappointment I can bear, but must by no means put up with an insult; therefore be so obliging as to consider whether it is more agreeable to comply with the terms of my request, or to submit to the consequences of my resentment." Sir Richard spoke this in so determined a tone, that the baronet was startled, and said, seeming to recollect himself, "Lord, my dear Sir Richard, I beg ten thousand pardons; upon my honour, I did not remember—bless me, I have a hundred-pound note in my pocket, which is entirely at your service." So saying, he produced the note, which Sir Richard immediately put up, and then addressed him in the following manner: "Though I despise an obligation from a person of so mean a cast as I am satisfied you are, yet rather than be made a fool, I choose to accept of this hundred pounds, which I shall return when it suits my convenience. But that the next favour you confer may be done with a better grace, I must take the liberty of pulling you by the nose, as a proper expedient to preserve your recollection." Which Sir Richard accordingly did, and then took his leave, whilst the poor baronet stood surprised at the oddity of his behaviour, and heartily ashamed at the meanness of his own.

BREAD AND BEER.

There were no bakers among the ancients. Corn, like the other pro-

ductions of nature, was eaten without any preparation. When the art of grinding was discovered, they made porridge of it, and much time elapsed before flour was used in any other way. When its most essential use became known, the bread was prepared an hour before meal-time by the mother of the family. The Roman ladies, to whom this occupation was common, did not think themselves in the least degraded by it.

It was the Easterns who first baked their bread in ovens; but the custom was not adopted in Europe until the 583d year of the foundation of Rome.

Beer is considered to have been invented by the Egyptians, in the year 1212 before the Christian era, and that they called it *Pelusian drink*, owing to its being made in a town called Pelusium, on the eastern branch of the river Nile. It is now used in almost every country, and it is nearly the only drink where there are no vineyards; and even where there are, it is a useful substitute in a time of scarcity.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

An eccentric barber some years ago opened a shop under the walls of the King's Bench prison. The windows being broken when he entered it, he mended them with paper, on which appeared, "Shave for a penny," with the usual invitation to customers, and over his door was scrawled this poetry:

Here lives Jemmy Wright,
Shaves as well as any man in England,
Almost—not quite.

Foote, who loved any thing eccentric, saw these inscriptions, and

hoping to extract some wit from the author, whom he justly concluded to be an odd character, he pulled off his hat, and thrusting his head through a paper pane into the shop, called out, "Is Jemmy Wright at home?" The barber immediately forced his own head through another pane into the street, and replied, "No, sir, he has just *popt* out." Foote laughed heartily, and gave the man a guinea.

JOSEPH II.

In one of those excursions which this emperor frequently took *incog.* he proceeded to Trieste. On his arrival, he went into an inn, and asked if he could be accommodated with a good room: he was told a German bishop had just engaged the last, and that there were only two small rooms, without chimneys, unoccupied. He desired a supper to be prepared. He was told there was nothing left but some eggs and vegetables, the bishop and his suite having bespoke all the poultry. The emperor requested the bishop might be asked, if he would allow a stranger to sup with him. The bishop refused, and the emperor supped with one of the bishop's almoners, who was not admitted to his master's table. He asked the almoner what he was going to do at Rome. "My lord," he replied, "is going to solicit a benefice of 50,000 livres, before the emperor is informed of its being vacant." They changed the conversation. The emperor wrote a letter to the chancellor of Rome, and another to his ambassador. He made the almoner promise to deliver both letters, agreeably to their address,

on his arrival at Rome. He kept his promise. The chancellor presented the patent for the benefice to the astonished almoner.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

The Bishop of Luçon* was passing over the Pont Neuf at Paris at the time that the body of his patron, the Marechal d'Ancre (Concini), was tearing in pieces by the people. The mob stopped his coach, and the cardinal asked what was the matter. He was told that they were burning the body of the Marechal d'Ancre. "Very well," replied he, "you are doing a good action; you are shewing yourselves good subjects to your sovereign. *Vive le roi!*" His carriage was then suffered to pass very quietly.

This great minister said one day to Marechal Fabert, respecting the sincerity with which the great are treated by mankind, "In your situation of life, it is easy to distinguish your friends from your enemies. No disguise prevents you from discerning the difference with accuracy. But, situated as I am, it is impossible for me to penetrate into their real sentiments. They all hold to me the same language; they make their court to me with the same earnestness; and those who secretly wish to destroy me, give me as many visible proofs of their friendship, as those who are truly attached to my interest."

It is said by M. d'Argenson, in his "Essays," "that Richelieu was in real business only six hours a day; the rest of his day was filled up in giving audiences (which were not all equally serious and unen-

* He was brought into the council by Concini.

tertaining), in intrigues, and in his pleasures, for in reality this great minister had his pleasures. I cannot help supposing, that independent of Marion de l'Orme, and of Abbé Bois-Robert, his dramatic compositions, and his rivalry with Corneille, were really amusements to him; and indeed without them, how could he have gone through the immense weight of business with which he was loaded?"

LADY DAVIES,

the widow of the attorney-general of Ireland; having spoken something relative to Villiers, the first Duke of Buckingham, that he should not be alive till the end of August (which really happened), got the reputation of a cunning woman amongst the common people. She then became so mad, that she fancied the spirit of the prophet Daniel was infused into her; and this she grounded on an anagram which she made of her own name, Eleanor Davies—"Reveal, O Daniel;" and though the anagram had too much by an *L*, and too little by an *S*, yet she found "Daniel" and "reveal" in it. For this she was brought before the High Commission Court; but whilst the bishops and the divines were reasoning the point with her out of the Holy Scriptures, Lamb, the Dean of the Arches, took a pen in his hand, and wrote the following exact anagram upon her name, "Dame Eleanor Davies," "*Never so mad a ladie;*" which having been proved to be true by the rules of art, "Madam," said he, "I see you build much on anagrams; I have found out one which I hope will fit you." Having read

it aloud, he gave it into her hands. This put the grave court into such a laughter, and the poor weak woman into such a confusion, that she afterwards grew wiser, or became less regarded.

LAUD, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

The Commons, in their accusations against this prelate, charged him with setting up and repairing the Pope's images and pictures in the windows of his chapel at Lambeth. Amongst other topics of defence, the archbishop insisted, that the Homilies allow an historical use of images, and that Calvin himself allows them in this sense.—See his "Institutes," b. i. cap. ii. sect. 12. beginning *Neque tamen eâ superstitione teneor*; and that the primitive Christians approved, and had the pictures of Christ himself; Tertulian recording that they had the picture of Christ engraven on their chalices, in form of a shepherd, carrying home the lost sheep on his back.

Laud, when Bishop of London, attended Charles I. at his coronation as King of Scotland. It was observed, that Laud was high in his carriage upon this occasion, taking upon him the order and management of the ceremony. Spotswood, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, being placed on the king's right hand, and Lindsey, Archbishop of Glasgow, on his left, Laud took Glasgow and thrust him from the king, with these words: "Are you a churchman, and want the coat of your order?" (a rich cope, which he refused to wear, says Rushworth, as being a moderate churchman), and put the Bishop

of Ross at the king's left hand instead of him.

DR. YOUNG

walking in his garden at Welwyn, in company with two ladies, one of whom he afterwards married, the servant came to tell him, a gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him," says the doctor, "I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted that he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron, his friend; and, as persuasion had no effect, one took him by the right arm, the other by the left, and led him to the garden-gate, when finding resistance was vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and in that expressive manner for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines:

Thus Adam look'd when from the garden driven,

And thus disputed orders sent from heaven:

Like him I go, but yet to go am loth;

Like him I go, for angels drove us both.

Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind:

His Eve went with him, but mine still stays behind.

ORIENTAL ANECDOTE.

The different conduct of the Christians and Mahometants in India will appear in a very striking point of view, from the relation of the following authentic anecdote of Oriental history: Surage ul Dowla was the grandson of the great Alyverdi Khan, who had a favourite wife, a woman of extraordinary abilities and great virtue. When Alyverdi was dying, knowing the flighty and tyrannical disposition of his grandson, whom he intended for his successor, he ad-

vised him on all important occasions, after his death, to consult the old queen, whose discernment would enable her to foresee dangers, imperceptible to an impetuous and inexperienced youth like him. When Surage ul Dowla, instigated by avarice, intended to attack Calcutta, he consulted this oracle, who advised him against it in the following prophetic words: "The English are a peaceable and industrious people; like bees, if properly encouraged and protected, they will bring you honey, but beware of disturbing the hive: you may perhaps destroy a few of them, but in the end, believe me, they will sting you to death:" a prediction which was soon afterwards verified. From this well known fact, it appears that we were not even suspected of a disposition to enslave the natives of India, or even to quarrel with the Mahome-

tan usurpers, until compelled to it, in order to avoid being enslaved ourselves.

SIR HENRY SAVILLE

was provost of Eton College. He was a very severe governor; and the scholars hated him for his austerity. "He could not abide wits," says Aubrey. "When any young scholar was recommended to him as a wit, he would say, 'Out upon him! I will have nothing to do with him. Give me the plodding student*: if I would look for wits, I would go to Newgate for them; there be the wits.'" Sir Henry was much esteemed by Queen Elizabeth; he read Greek and politics to her.

* A celebrated ambassador of our times was told how clever a boy his son was. "I would rather," said he, "you had told me how industrious he was."

PICTURESQUE TOUR IN THE OBERLAND.

PLATE 14.—VIEW OF THE CASTLE OF RINKENBERG.

OF all the views in our Series, the present contains perhaps fewest of the characteristic features of Swiss scenery. If we did not know, or at least not recollect, that the rocks bordering the opposite shore of the lake of Brienz are prodigious, and that it would be difficult to find throughout all Switzerland, a basin, the immediate environs of which are more majestic, we should almost imagine that the view here represented was composed of the most beautiful parts selected from a variety of real scenes, and combined by the artist from memory into a delightful whole. The objects here given

are, nevertheless, delineated with all the fidelity which distinguishes the preceding plates.

The fore-ground is a winding hill, adorned with clumps of trees; a mill, and a shed for fishermen, who are seen employed in preparing their nets; the ruins of a castle, to which interesting recollections are attached; a rural church; the basin of a beautiful lake; and in the back-ground a range of mountains, which, from their immense magnitude, harmonize, notwithstanding their prodigious distance, with the rest of the picture: such are the component parts of a landscape at the same time beau-



tiful and sublime, a combination of objects which excites in the soul of the spectator the most soothing emotions, at once striking his imagination and interesting his heart.

The quadrangular tower situated on the top of the hill on the right is a relic of the ancient castle of Rinkenberg, or Ringgenberg, the founder and inhabitants of which belonged to one of the most ancient families of Berne. The family of Raron transplanted itself at an early period from the Valais into the vallies of the Oberland. First settling at Eppligen, on the lake of Brientz, it soon afterwards removed to the town of Brientz, and finally fixed its residence at Rinkenberg, where it exchanged its ancient arms of a lion argent in a field vert, for the *ringgen*, or buckle, which its members bore till it became extinct. This family was particularly distinguished for valour and intrepidity, which indeed, in some instances, bordered upon cruelty. One of them was celebrated for his poetical compositions, which are not the least important, in point either of number or value, in the collection of the *Minnesingers*, edited by Bodmer. "Another Ringgenberg," says the ancient Chronicle of Berne, by the industrious Justinger, "was the most distinguished of all the knights who formerly accompanied a German emperor to Rome, and so signalized himself by his valiant deeds, that the emperor promised to grant any three things he should desire." A Cuno von Ringgenberg, on the field of battle, previously to the battle of Laupen, challenged John von Magenber, a Freyburg

gentleman, to single combat. His son, of the same name, was present, in 1365, at Berne, when Anthony zum Thurm calumniously asserted, before the Emperor Charles IV. that the city of Berne had not kept a promise made to him; and concluded with exclaiming, that "if any one dared to accuse him of falsehood, he would confute him in mortal conflict;" at the same time throwing down his gauntlet, in token of defiance, before the emperor. Cuno von Ringgenberg undauntedly sprang forward, eagerly took up the gauntlet, loudly charging zum Thurm with falsehood, and accepting his challenge in vindication of the honour of Berne. The emperor, however, would not permit the combat, and took upon himself the adjustment of the affair. In the same century, according to some historians in 1352 or 1353, but according to Müller, in 1381 or 1382, perhaps therefore at two different times, this castle was destroyed, in consequence of a long dispute between Peter, Baron of Ringgenberg, and his vassals at Wilderswyl, Ringgenberg, and Brientz, who were assisted by the people of Unterwalden. "One morning," says Müller, "when the baron had left his castle for the purpose of fishing in a beautiful adjacent lake, now called the lake of Golzwyl, he was surprised, and carried prisoner into the country of Unterwalden; his son John was driven away, and the castle taken, plundered, and burned. Then came his fellow-citizens of Berne with their force, by land and water, defeated the peasants, carried off the boldest of them, dispersed the rest, and reco-

vered all the baron's domains. The misunderstanding was at length adjusted." In 1444, Ringgenberg was in possession of the convent of Interlachen: but it does not appear that the castle was ever rebuilt after its demolition as mentioned above.

From the rear of the castle, which

commands a delightful view, a path conducts through gently sloping meadows past the lake of Golzwyl, which is visited by naturalists on account of its fine fresh-water shell-fish, through the hamlet of the same name, and across the Aar to Unterseen.

A LAST WORD FOR OLD MAIDS.

Addressed to Mr. J. M. LACEY.

SIR,

I SHOULD not have ventured, for the first time in my life, to take my chance of getting into print, only I am really afraid that, in the contest between you and Celibia, there is considerable danger of our sex losing one of its most valuable privileges; a privilege which even the greatest, wisest, and boldest of yours have never yet ventured to infringe—I mean the *last word*: to prevent therefore the possibility of such a misfortune, I intend, unless somebody else should have anticipated me, to submit to the readers of the *Repository* a defence of the venerable sisterhood, upon a more enlarged scale than the one offered by Celibia.

In my opinion, Celibia and you both take a wrong view of the subject. She avows, with infinite naïveté, her belief, that to get a husband is the grand object of every woman's thoughts and desires; and you appear to think, that as soon as a lady finds herself a little neglected by the men, she will stoop to any mean artifice which might enable her to write *Mrs.* instead of *M.* before her name. I think, that in laying these down as general rules, you are both mistaken.

The community of old maids consists of various classes, of which the Eliza's and Celibia's form only a small part. We might, I believe, fairly place them under the following heads:

Spinsters from disappointed love.

Spinsters from ambition.

Spinsters from not meeting with congenial minds.

Spinsters from principle.

Spinsters from want of offers.

Spinsters from opportunities thrown away.

Little, if any thing, surely need be said in defence of the first class. Woman is so constituted, that if she loves at all, it must be with her whole heart, and it is only to the Almighty Power who bestowed upon her that sensibility, which must be either her blessing or her bane, that she can be deemed accountable for the indulgence of it. If disappointed in her affections, either through the death or the unworthiness of him whom she had selected as the partner of her future days, her widowed heart refuses to receive another inmate, surely the cause of her celibacy is of a nature too sacred to excite ridicule, or to merit reprehension. She may indeed be viewed with

pity, but it must be that tender and respectful sentiment of commiseration which ennobles, not degrades its object.

As to those ladies who remain single because they do not meet with congenial minds, I cannot see how they are at all to blame. They may possibly be accused of over-refinement; but let us see how far that accusation is well founded. It must certainly be admitted, that mutual and strong affection is necessary to render the marriage state happy: without a certain congeniality of disposition, such an affection cannot exist; and I will only ask you, which is the most respectable character in all unprejudiced eyes, the female who becomes a wife merely from motives of interest or convenience, or the woman who "braves the world's dread laugh" by submitting to the title of old maid, rather than perjure herself at the altar by uttering vows which her heart refuses to ratify?

Well, but, methinks, I hear you ask, what excuse can be made for those whom ambition keeps from submitting in time to the fetters of Hymen? Why, my good sir, a great deal may be said even for them. I maintain that the fault is not theirs, but their mothers. If girls were properly brought up, we should have no old maids through ambition: but what is, generally speaking, the first lesson which females are taught now-a-days? Why, to make a good match. The old song says, "Look once at the person, but twice at the mind;" but neither mind nor person is now regarded half so much as the rent-roll. A girl is not taught

that she will be happy in proportion as her husband is amiable, of good moral character, and strongly attached to her. No; she is told, that the most essential point is, his ability to maintain her in a still equal, if not superior, manner to what she lived in before she married. And if her heart or her reason rejects this mercenary counsel, still her mind may not be strong enough to contemplate, without shrinking from them, the various evils which a woman exposes herself to, who marries in opposition to the advice and opinion of all those with whom she has been accustomed to associate. I think therefore, sir, that if you have half the candour for which I am willing to give you credit, you will agree with me, that in forty-nine cases out of fifty, the celibacy of this class may be traced to the instructions which they have received from their mammæ.

And now we come to those who remain single from principle; and here I could be prolix indeed, if I were not afraid that the Editor may be something of your mind, and have a dislike to long stories. My own knowledge of this class furnishes me with two instances, sufficient to rescue the name of old maid from reproach. The first of these is an amiable Frenchwoman, who, while a mere child, was compelled to emigrate with an aged father. The little money they brought with them was soon exhausted, and the industry of Emilie, then scarcely fifteen, was her father's only resource against the horrors of want. Providence blessed her endeavours by enabling her to support him in decent com-

fort. When she was about eighteen, she formed an acquaintance with an emigrant nobleman, who, like herself, gained a livelihood by his talents; they soon became mutually attached, to the great vexation of the *comtesse* his mother, who was terribly alarmed at the thought of her noble blood being contaminated by a plebeian alliance. She sent for Emilie, and after haughtily remonstrating with her on her presumption, demanded a promise that she would never become the wife of the *comte*. But she raved and threatened in vain; Emilie positively refused to sacrifice her lover. The polite *comtesse* on this changed her ground: "And pray," cried she, in a tone of sudden recollection, "have you ever thought, child, what is to become of your father?" Emilie blushed, was silent, and at last owned that the *comte* had promised her father should live with them. This was enough; madame instantly conjured up all the evils that might probably result from their marriage—straitened circumstances, increase of family, the actual certainty that, at all events, her attention must be so divided, that she could no longer be, as then, every thing to her father. The picture was eloquent; it went to the heart of Emilie. She interrupted the *comtesse*: "Say no more, madame, say no more. Never, no never, while my father lives, will I become the wife of any man." She kept her word, kept it at the expense of losing the man whom she adored. The conflict between duty and passion nearly unsettled her reason, but her resolution never wavered.

Who can view such conduct as

Emilie's without respect, I may say veneration? Nor is that of my friend Charlotte S—— less deserving of applause. She was left an orphan under the care of a brother, whose amiable wife died just as Charlotte attained her twentieth year, leaving a young family, to whom my friend has been a mother in every sense of the word, and for whose sake she has repeatedly declined the most unexceptionable offers.

As to the class to which Eliza belongs, I have not a word to say in its favour; but, luckily for the credit of the sisterhood, its numbers are so few, that they are not worth taking into account.

Nothing need be said in behalf of Celibia's class, for even the most inveterate enemy of old maids cannot blame them for remaining single, if they can't find husbands. But this last class, and this only, you seem inclined, in some small degree, to tolerate. You are even generous enough to console them by persuading them, that they may be *comparatively* happy in shirt-making, stocking-mending, &c. for their matronly friends and relations. Oh! for shame, sir! Could not you find them better employment? Are there no duties more sacred, more important, which old maids might fulfil? I protest I think you are a little inclined to Mahometanism, for that part of your letter reminded me very forcibly of the Turkish opinion, that women have no souls.

And now, sir, perhaps you may ask, to which class of old maids I belong. I assure you I have not the honour to be a member of the sisterhood: my defence of them, such as it is, is in no shape inter-

ested: I shall be extremely glad if it makes a convert of you, and I think I could even allow you the privilege of the *last word*, provided your reply contained a complete abjuration of your heretical opi-

nions, touching the motives which consign so many of your fair fellow subjects to single blessedness. I am, sir, your very humble servant;
CAROLINE CONTEST.

ON ASTROLOGY.

THIS conjectural science, though formerly supported and defended by very able and acute writers, is now very properly exploded by the intelligent part of the world, as false and irrational. The modern professors are only almanack and calendar makers.

Bayle remarks, there are often some fortuitous conjectures take place, that stagger many persons in their belief of the fallacy of astrology, and prevent them from condemning it totally. In support of this observation, he relates the following anecdote in his Dictionary :

Marcellus, professor of rhetoric in the college of Lisieux, had composed a Latin eulogy on the Marechal de Gassion, who was killed by a musket-shot at the siege of Lens. He was preparing to recite it in public, when an old doctor, who made it his sole occupation to read all the bills that are stuck up, was much surprised at reading that which announced Marcellus's harangue for two o'clock in the day. He went immediately, and represented to M. Hermant, the rector of the university, that the funeral oration of a man who had died in the pretended reformed religion, could not be permitted in a Catholic university, and requested that an assembly might be appointed to decide on it.

The rector agreed, and it was resolved by a majority, that they should go directly in a body and interdict Marcellus from delivering the panegyric on M. Gassion. The learned were greatly disappointed and very much vexed at this interdiction; but the astrologers were rejoiced, for they shewed the public, that in an almanack of the celebrated Larwey, of the year 1648, there was among the predictions, written in large letters —LATIN PERDU.

It was predicted to our Henry IV. that he would die in Jerusalem; he was taken suddenly ill in Westminster Abbey, and died in the Jerusalem chamber.

Anaximander foretold to the Lacedemonians a dangerous and great earthquake at hand, advising them at the same time to quit their houses and the city, and seek for safety in the fields. The earthquake came shortly, ruined the city of Sparta, and overwhelmed a great part of Mount Taygetus.

However, if Anaximander wished to gratify any revenge, and obtain the reputation of a prophet at the same time, we know that this was the exact way to do it, with little risk of his predictions failing: that is, supposing there were any caverns about the mountain or town; then wetted nitre and sulphur, or much stronger detonating materi-

als, buried in the earth; were fully adequate to the effect; and being the author, he could point out the extent and direction of the havock.

Bassianus Caracalla, during his war in Mesopotamia, ordered one of his counsellors at Rome, called Maternianus, to procure a meeting of all the prophets and conjurors, to discover if any plots or designs were in hand against his person or authority. It was their unanimous opinion that one Macrinus, a colonel or tribune, who had a charge in the field at that very time under the emperor, should bereave him of his life.

Maternianus immediately dispatched this account, and the messenger happening to arrive at a time when the emperor was exceedingly earnest and intent at some sport, he commanded this very Macrinus, who stood *next at hand*, to open the packet, and *inform him of the contents* at the time of council.

By this means Macrinus, advertised of the contents and his own danger (though this idea had never entered his mind before), and finding there was no medium between killing and being killed, made choice of a desperate fellow, who commanded a company under him, to stab the emperor as he withdrew from company to ease nature, and thus established the credit of the Roman magi.

Hippocrates foresaw a dreadful famine among the Greeks long before it broke out. Might he not have done this from physical perspicacity?

The most illustrious and unequivocal instance of verified prediction in this line, as attested by

the notes and journals of the House of Commons, is by Lilly.

Among a series of hieroglyphics relative to the English nation, and to last for many hundreds of years yet to come, published by him in 1651, were two, immediately succeeding one the other: the first of which represented several dead bodies in winding-sheets, a church-yard with sextons employed, and cart-loads of dead emptying into the graves; the second was a view of London-bridge on both sides the water, and the city of London in flames.

After the fire, and when Lilly had for some time retired from business, and lived at Richmond, the House of Commons sent him an order to attend at their bar. On appearing, the speaker told him, that as he had, fifteen years before, predicted the plague and fire, the House of Commons wished to ask him, if he could give them any intelligence concerning the cause or authors of that fire.

He answered, the House might readily believe, that having predicted it, he had spared no pains to investigate the cause, but that all his endeavours had been ineffectual: from whence he was led to attribute the conflagration to the immediate finger of God.

I must add, that he has another threatening hieroglyphic against this city, and that is, the *Twins*, London's ascendant, falling hand in hand into flames, which are fed by two men, each pouring on them, out of a jar, a combustible liquor. On a small turf from the ground is placed a regal crown, and a mole running towards it.

The republisher of these hiero-

glyphics, in 1682, seems judiciously to refer the signification of this to party disputes and animosities, as productive of this flaming effect.

We might relate many other predictions that have been crowned with success; but let us not forget the ingenious Barclay's answer to the man, who, infatuated with judiciary astrology, was boasting to him of the many astrological predictions which had been justified by the event. "It is not that which astonishes me," replied Barclay, "but that among the infinite number of conjectures which astrologers have published, they have not oftener been right than what they are."

We are informed by Tacitus, that while Tiberius was exiled at Rhodes, he employed his leisure in studying judicial astrology, under Thrasullus, whose abilities he tried in the following manner:

Whenever he chose to consult an astrologer, he retired with him to the top of the house, attended by a single freedman, selected for the purpose, illiterate, but of great bodily strength. This man conducted the soothsayer, whose talents were to be tried, along the ridge of the cliff on which the mansion stood; and as he returned, if the emperor suspected fraud, or vain affectation of knowledge, he threw the impostor headlong into the sea. Tiberius was, by these means, left at ease, and no witness survived to tell the story. Thrasullus was put to the same test. Being led along the precipice, he answered a number of questions, and not only promised imperial splendour to Tiberius, but opened

a scene of future events, in a manner that filled his imagination with astonishment.

Tiberius desired to know, whether he had cast his own nativity? Could he foresee what was to happen in the course of the year? nay, on that very day? Thrasullus consulted the position of the heavens, and the aspect of the planets: he was struck with fear; he paused; he hesitated; he sunk into profound meditation; terror and amazement shook his frame. Breaking silence at last, "I perceive," he said, "the crisis of my fate; this very moment may be my last." Tiberius clasped him in his arms, congratulating him both on his knowledge and his escape from danger. From that moment he considered the predictions of Thrasullus as the oracles of truth, and the astrologer was ranked in the number of the prince's confidential friends.

By a couple of passages in this sagacious historian, it is proved, that when there is a prevailing prejudice among many people, men of the greatest talents cannot entirely escape the general illusion, but are induced to accede to it in part, though with some unwillingness and restraint.

The first of these passages is in b. vi. ch. xxii. where, after making some reflections on the different opinions of philosophers relative to astrology, he adds: "It is not to be doubted, but that all events which are to happen to us in this world are fixed at the moment of our birth; but the ignorance of astrologers leads them sometimes to error in the predictions which they

make to us, and thereby disgrace an art, the reality of which is clearly proved by the experience of this and preceding ages."

The other passage is in the fourth book of his "Annals." Tiberius being gone from Rome, we learn from Tacitus, that several astrologers foretold that he would not return; which prediction caused the ruin of several citizens, who concluded that this prince had but a short time to live, and were indiscreet enough to propagate their belief with great joy. Who could have imagined that Tiberius would live eleven years a voluntary exile?

The historian adds, that at the expiration of this period, it appeared obvious to every understanding, how slender the partitions are, which, in the skilfulness

of predicting, separate the art from chimeras, and under what thick clouds truth is often obscured; for the prediction, "that Tiberius would not return to Rome," was not the result of chance, but founded on truth; which the event proved, although every other circumstance was hidden from the predictors; nor could they perceive that this prince should arrive to a very old age, without entering a city, into the neighbourhood of which he came so often.

Mr. Murphy remarks, that the reasoning of Tacitus calls to mind the passage in Milton :

Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
In thought more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and
fate;

Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE British Institution, Pall-Mall, has re-opened for the season with a full collection of works by British artists. Without, however, possessing any pictures of very commanding interest, the present Exhibition is still sufficient to keep up the character of our arts, and attest the utility of the Institution. The Royal Academy, which has always ably seconded the views of the Directors of this establishment, has this year furnished less of its professional aid, than we remember on any former occasion; few of the academicians have contributed; and the present attractions of the gallery are chiefly supplied by humbler practitioners,

than those who are incorporated by the king's charter. The few academicians who have exhibited in this collection have presented excellent examples of their taste and skill. Mr. Stothard's *Vintage* is a glowing production, full of poetical effect.—Mr. Howard's *Sabrina and Nymphs*,

"that nightly dance
Upon her streams, with wily glance,"

is a well conceived and expressed subject from Milton's *Comus*; and *Ascanius carried away by Venus*, the work of the same artist, is full of poetical beauty :

"Lull'd in her lap, amidst a train of Loves,
The goddess bears him to her blissful groves;"

There is a good deal of rich colour-

ing; graceful attitude, and sweet expression, in the last picture; but there are parts of the group not wrought up with the same playful and attractive effect, which we are almost always accustomed to behold in Mr. Howard's poetical compositions.—Mr. Reinagle's *Thunder Storm*, though in many parts well executed, has too slight an effect for so terrible a subject.—Mr. Daniell's *Oriental Views* are at first sight interesting to an European eye; but there is a monotonous character in the *coup d'œil* of such landscapes, which, notwithstanding the novel appearance of the costume, well introduced into these pictures by the artist, is productive of a languid effect: they are well painted, and creditable to Mr. Daniell's pencil.—Mr. Northcote's *Marriage of Richard Duke of York with Lady Anne Mowbray*, is principally remarkable for a vivid display of colouring. This picture has been already exhibited, and, if we mistake not, under our notice in a former Number.—Mr. Briggs's *Cradle, or a Present for the first Child*, is well painted: but what can be made out of such objects out of the limits of a nursery?—Mr. Drummond's *St. Cecilia*, though well drawn, and not inexpressive, still wants that soul-inspiring piety, which Guido of old, and Reynolds in our own times, were wont to infuse into such subjects.—Mr. Arnold's *Views* are interesting, and sufficiently descriptive of the real scenery they are intended to represent.—Mr. Constable's *Landscape, Noon*, is a fine picture. If the vigour, freshness, and truth of effect, apparent in every part of the work, were united to a little more neatness of execution, the picture would be perfect. The scenery which Mr. Constable selects is mostly common, and his landscapes generally resemble each other: a moist hue too often occurs in their tone. His *Noon* in the present picture is rather portentous: the spectator would be disposed to fly for shelter from it, if he could find an agreeable shade. Mr. Ward's *Study of a Colt* is in this artist's usual style of close imitation of animal life.—Mr. Drummond's *Belisarius* is characteristic; and last, not least, of the members of the Royal Academy who have exhibited, Mr. Cooper's *Rupert's Standard at Marston Moor*, claims our notice. It is a picture which excellently sustains this artist's character for the delineation of spirited expression, action well drawn, and admirably adapted for the efforts in which it is displayed.

We have already said that the effect of this Exhibition chiefly depends upon the productions of the students and other artists not yet honoured with the diploma of the Royal Academy. There are nearly three hundred of their pictures, and their merits are as various as their subjects: some are puerile, and probably first efforts; others are hastily executed, and composed not in the best style: in fact, the present, like other general Exhibitions, contains specimens to be avoided, as it does examples to be admired. The latter considerably predominate, and the students evidently disclose the advantages, particularly in drawing, which they cannot fail to acquire from a diligent pursuit of the studies and opportunities which are

open to them at the Royal Academy. We are, from our limits, necessarily restricted from going into many details respecting a public Exhibition which comprehends so excursive a range of subjects; nor do we mean to be understood as giving a selection of all the best works it contains. We merely give them as they appeared to us in an ordinary glance; requesting the excuse, both of our readers and of meritorious artists, for the omission of pictures which have probably escaped our attention in the general summary, to which we must confine our observations upon this Exhibition.

Jacob meeting Rachel.—W. Bewick.

This picture wants energy: the artist, though the pupil of a vigorous colourist, has failed in transmitting any example of his preceptor's style in this work. There are many good parts in the picture; but they are rather subordinate.

Venus and Cupid descending.—
W. Etty.

This artist has exhibited several pictures in the British Gallery. Among them, besides that which we have prefixed to his name, is the sparkling *Cleopatra* we noticed in the last Royal Academy Exhibition. The truth, variety, and splendour, even to exuberance, which characterize some of the works of this artist, have already attracted public attention. His merit is one almost exclusively of execution; for the subjects, generally speaking, would prove insipid, unless recommended by those technical merits which distinguish Mr. Etty. It was the want of such qualifications which left so much

to be wished for in the works of Cipriani and Angelica Kauffman. *The Venus and Cupid* is a beautiful picture: the spirit of one of the figures, the buoyancy and sparkling tints of well distributed colouring, give this picture a decided advantage over the *Cupid and Psyche*, which is also in the present collection.

Diagram of the Battle of Waterloo.

—George Jones.

The artist represents the Duke of Wellington directing the advance of the British line in pursuit of the routed enemy. Buonaparte is on the road leading from La Belle Alliance to La Haye Sainte, and Marshal Ney is attempting to rally the scattered and fugitive troops, whilst the wings of the British army are closing upon and forcing the enemy from the field. The Prussians appear in the extreme distance to the left, and from thence the British line may be traced over the centre, and extending to the right as far as the wood of Hougomont. Such is the eventful series of movements which Mr. Jones has ventured to crowd upon his canvas. It would be rather hypercritical to quarrel with the artist for the name he has thought proper to give his picture: a *diagram* of 17 feet 6 inches in height, by 9 feet 6 inches in width, presents rather startling proportions to an ordinary mathematician! But, be that as it may, the artist has filled his space: he has made the fore-ground interesting by individual portraiture; for who does not feel an interest in whatever records the individual actions of British officers on so memorable an occasion? and his back-ground does

not want grandeur. The confusion and awe of a general battle are, however, badly adapted for representation through the medium of an artist's pencil. The great father of poetry, as was well said by a distinguished orator, instead of attempting to convey, by a confused narration of particulars, some sense of the vicissitudes of a battle, selected the incidents of prominent achievements, and left the rest to be supplied by the imagination: so did the eminent painters who flourished soon after the revival of the arts. A few of the bustling adventures which Mr. Cooper paints, when he wants to portray the clashing of arms, produce more of the terror which a battle is calculated to impress, than the spectator is likely to derive from lines of troops drawn out in a mechanical position, and enveloped with smoke and mist. The objection to size and the mode of description is purely one of taste: we believe, however, Mr. Jones has the consolation of having the public admirers with him. We have already said, that there is considerable merit in the execution of the work.

There is a class of pictures in this Exhibition, for which, from the time of Hogarth, this country seems to have had a peculiar taste; they flourished, in one rude shape or another, while other branches of art lay altogether unnoticed: we mean subjects of familiar humour. The principal of them in this gallery has the advantage of a diffusively odd name; viz.

"No one knows where the shoe pinches so well as he who wears it."

A second picture on the subject, with extensive variations, from that

Painted in water colours for W. Chamberlayne, Esq. M. P. by H. Richter.

This second effort of the artist's is certainly inferior in execution to his water-coloured drawing. There is a heaviness in it which does not suit such subjects, and which impairs their expression. Mr. Richter's humour is broad, without degenerating into caricature. Wilkie, by being more delicate in his choice of subject, sometimes becomes less obvious, and has latterly we fear not been so happy in his choice of subject. Mr. Richter's composition is in the highest degree creditable to his taste and judgment.

Lovers' Quarrels, from "Le Depit amoureux" of Moliere—G. Newton,

has an elegant cast of the same species of humour. The piqued air of the lady and haughty mien of the count are an exceedingly happy effort, which is heightened by the expression of the sly waiting-maid, who enjoys the scene without fear of detection, and seems to think it will not prove a very fatal rupture. The execution of the picture is light and easy; the colouring and effect are excellent: the drawing and finish are, however, a little too negligent. The Strephon and Cloe and doves in the tapestry are judicious accompaniments, to heighten and embellish the story, and afford something by way of contrast.

Poor Relations.—F. P. Stephanoff.

We think that this picture was in the last Royal Academy Exhibition. There is great feeling and character in the story, and it is one of the best efforts of this artist.

The Larder invaded.—Edwin Landseer.

This is a marvellous piece of colour, execution, and effect, highly creditable to the young artist whose name is attached to it.

Scene at Brixley.—J. Stark.

Mr. Stark has two neatly executed landscapes in this Exhibition: they are bright, lively, and full of the beauties of nature.

A View of London, from Somerset-House Stairs—T. C. Hofland, is a sunny and well-finished picture.

Mark's Ridge, on the River Dart, Devon—F. C. Lewis,

for truth and nature is excellent, and were it more dexterously managed, to form a better finished picture, would deserve unqualified praise.

Celebration of the Coronation of his Majesty King George IV. at Newcastle upon Tyne, shewing the Fountain which was erected, running Wine. Several well known and eccentric Characters, Pitmen, Keelmen, &c. are introduced.—H. P. Parker.

There is a great deal of humour in this picture; but its effect is much impaired for want of light and shade.

Composition from Nature. — W. Willes.

This artist has three very pleasing landscapes in the present collection. The scenery is selected with great taste, the figures introduced are interesting, and the colouring is natural and appropriate. *The Death of Atys.*—John Hayter.

There is some merit in this picture; but such subjects require the exercise of very mature powers. Daring, we know, is the cha-

racteristic of young efforts; it is usually called ambition, and its indulgence deemed oftner a proof of genius than of rashness. To the artists who practise it, and there are several in the present Exhibition, we cannot do better than recommend Sir Joshua Reynolds's oft repeated injunction, in his own words; viz. "You must have no dependence on your own genius. If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well directed labour: nothing is to be obtained without it. Not to enter into metaphysical discussions on the nature and essence of genius, I will venture to assert, that assiduity unabated by difficulty, and a disposition eagerly directed to the object of its pursuit, will produce effects similar to those which some call the result of natural powers."

Mr. Nasmyth is particularly good this year. Miss H. Gouldsmith has various *Views*, which have been justly described as a sweet example of female talent exercised in a pursuit most congenial with the female character. Mrs. Carpentre is also successful. Mr. Perigal, Mr. W. Ross, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Taylor, and several other young artists, whose names we have not room to enumerate, have also very clever pictures in the British Gallery.

THE SCULPTURE.

There are about twenty sculptural models, and our limits disable us from devoting to them even a bird's-eye glance. Many of them are highly meritorious. The prin-

principal are, Mr. Garrard's models, and Mr. Heffernan's *Musidora*, a charming poetical figure from Thomson's beautiful lines:

"And fair expos'd she stood, shrunk from
herself,
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze

Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn;
Then to the flood she rush'd."

Mr. Wyatt, and Messrs. Gott, Chenu, Smith, Legé, Rouch, and Moore, have also models in this Exhibition.

EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS.

THE frequency of our Exhibitions connected with the fine arts, it may be fairly assumed, proves the growing attention of the public to their progress, and evinces some sense of their important influence upon the interests of society. We are now, to use Mr. Opie's words, sailing round the world of art and science, touching at every point, and bringing home something of value from each; and the time has fortunately ceased to be, when, according to the quaint language of Nicholas Hillier, who wrote upon the state of the arts in the time of Edward VI. "Woe be unto him as unto an untimely birth (that is, *the painter!*) for of mine own knowledge, it hath made poormen poorer, as amongst others many, the most rare English drawer of story works," &c. For upwards of a century, from the time of Charles I. the arts languished in England, and would in all probability have become as extinguished as they were two centuries before, were it not for the arrival among us of a few foreigners, who kept alive some embers of the public taste, and enabled Sir Joshua Reynolds at length to secure for his own countrymen, the succession to that name which Vandyke had previously acquired for himself, and other equally distinguished foreigners.

It has been often remarked, that after any sudden great improvement in science and art, the human mind, as if exhausted by the effort which produced the accelerating step, becomes for a while stationary, and some time intervenes before progressive advances develop the inexhaustible resources of our energies. So it has been in the arts. Nearly half a century elapsed from the time of Reynolds, in the course of which, though great efforts were made by individual artists, though works of distinguished merit adorned the sphere of their exertions, yet the attention they excited was languid, and the remuneration they received, discouraging and inadequate. The half century had, however, scarce passed away, when again the public mind was aroused to the value of the fine arts; our manufactures had been gradually fixing attention by the purity of their designs; the establishment of the British Institution, in some degree, embodied public patronage; the Royal Academy enlarged its efforts; Exhibitions of works of art underwent more classification; the value of arrangement became felt, and the public eye was more familiarized to those points which lead to the cultivation of taste. The best examples of the old and the modern masters have been studied,

engravings have been multiplied, and there is hardly a department of art which has not had an opportunity of shewing its particular proficiency. Drawing, which is as it were the grammar of art, and ought, in the order of its station, to have been first considered, has, naturally enough, from the existing state of society towards the arts, remained for the last. The public eye was first to be caught by the blandishments of colour, before it could be instructed to feel the more chaste merit of purity of design; and it is now directed towards the first principles of the art, so as to catch the important connection and influence which the formation of the diagram has upon the future character and effect of the work.

The popularity of the present Exhibition of Drawings in Soho-square, for the collection of which the public are indebted to the efforts of Mr. W. B. Cooke, who is long known as an engraver of the first-rate merit, is a proof that the public begin to be conversant with the nicer principles of art. The Exhibition is subdivided into three divisions: the first room is intended to present a connected view of the progress of the art of drawing in England from the time of Paul Sandby, who was the first that introduced in this country that style of water-coloured drawing in landscape, which has been since carried to so singular a degree of beauty and expression of nature (as the present collection illustrates), down to the present day. In the second room is a very valuable collection of drawings by the old masters, which is interesting,

not only from the intrinsic merit of the works themselves, but also as affording the means of comparing the art of drawing in former times, with its present state in the modern English school. The collection of enamels by Mr. Muss, in the inner room, is alone an exhibition, displaying the great perfection which the art of painting in enamel has of late years attained in England. There are upwards of three hundred drawings in this Exhibition; they are well arranged for examination, and less room taken up by the frames than might be expected in a collection where some show is pardonable, to heighten general effect for the ordinary observer.

To attempt to describe the merits of these drawings, would be to analyze the skill of the principal arts which flourished throughout Europe since the revival of painting. Of the old masters, there are a few geometrical specimens of Albert Durer; a *dead Christ*, much praised, by Michael Angelo; some spirited sketches by Rubens; a few stiff pieces of drapery by Van-dyke; some landscape sketches by Claude; several drawings by Raphael, Rembrandt, Dominichino, the Caracci's, Parmegiano, Zuccherro, Julio Romano, Paul Veronese, indeed, nearly of the whole of the Italian, Flemish, and Dutch painters who lived from the 13th to the 17th centuries. Many of these drawings are crude, feeble, and incomplete; some of them positively bad, and in violation of all the principles of perspective (in a few instances necessarily so, from the ignorance that prevailed at the time upon that study); others, bold, vigorous, and impressive; and

the whole curious, if not as useful specimens of art, developing the principles upon which the old masters worked, at least as fragments of antiquity. Why not affix the same scale of value upon Michael Angelo's *Head of Ariosto*, as upon an early edition of Boccaccio? or upon Albert Durer's pen-scratch of the *Holy Family*, as upon the autograph of Lorenzo de Medici in an ancient missal? Both in the antiquarian's and the artist's pursuits, we repeat, these old sketches will be found interesting and useful; many of them are extremely characteristic, and full of energy and beauty.

Before we glance at the modern drawings, we might as well pay that tribute to the beauty of Mr. Muss's enamels which they so richly deserve.

The Holy Family, after Parmegiano, is a brilliant production, and perhaps the largest enamel ever executed. Considering the risk and difficulty attending the process of an ordinary sized enamel, we were much pleased with the success which has attended this work of the artist on so large a scale. A portrait in enamel of the Marquis *Canova* is a gem that should not be overlooked. Mr. *West's*, after Sir Thomas Lawrence, is also beautiful. In examining these productions, we were struck with the peculiar improvement which Mr. Muss has infused into his enamels, and which is quite new in their execution. It is the touchiness (to use a technical phrase) and the texture of oil-painting which he has successfully imitated, and which give a life and brilliancy not previously exemplified in enamel-

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painting. The portrait of *Northcote*, and the *Dog*, after Ward, illustrate this improvement. Such works, together with those of Mr. Bone, have established our excellence in enamel-painting beyond all competition with the enamellers who enjoyed for such a long course of years so magnificent a patronage upon the Continent.

Of modern English masters, to connect the line with Paul Sandby, we have (including his) several drawings of our principal artists who flourished in the middle of the 18th century: among these are some pleasing landscape studies by Gainsborough, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Wilson, and one or two other artists of that day; and then we are led at once to our own time, by the appearance of the elegant, spirited, and finished studies of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Stothard, Jackson, Howard, Ward, Turner, Gandy, Westall, Reinagle, Havell, Collins, Martin, Stephanoﬀ, Pugin, Hills, Dewint, Clennell, Cook, Fielding, and a number of other artists, whose names are too well known to require enumeration, if our space admitted of their present recital. It will be seen from the names we have enumerated, that the student in art has a most advantageous opportunity afforded him by the present Exhibition, to compare the different stages by which water-coloured drawing attained its present high state of perfection, from its origin amongst us, in the labours of Sandby and Girtin. The greater part of these drawings are entirely new to the public: we are not aware that any of Sir Thomas Lawrence's

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chalk drawings have been before exhibited. The President's little sketches of ladies of rank in this Exhibition are exceedingly delicate and beautiful. Turner's drawings of *Hastings* and *Cologne* are very fine, and display great power and truth. Moreland's drawings in this collection are clever, though not his best. Stothard's are neat and graceful. Wilson's are vigorous; that of *Tivoli*, as it deviates from the picture in the Dulwich Gallery, is curious, as exhibiting the changes made for the sake of composition. Martin's drawings illustrate both his taste and manner—a refined wildness, if we may so express it. Nash's drawings are beautiful. The same observation applies to the works of the other artists whom we have already named, and indeed to the general character of this interesting Exhibition.

In the centre of the principal room is placed Mr. Jackson's copy of Annibale Caracci's celebrated picture of the *three Maries*, which, in the awful mutability of fortune occasioned by the French Revolution, fell from the Orleans collection to the Earl of Carlisle's gallery, where it remains the principal ornament. The copy is good, and reflects great credit upon Mr. Jackson's powers as an artist.

In recommending Mr. Cooke's Exhibition to the public, we would fain hope, that it will receive a better fate than the Exhibition of Engravings last year, which, unaccountably enough, was rather discouraging to the proprietors. The loss to the public will ultimately be great, should meritorious individuals be discouraged from presenting Exhibitions of this kind, which are so fraught with improvement and gratification.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

MELODIES OF VARIOUS NATIONS, with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by Henry R. Bishop; *the Words by Thomas Baily, Esq. Author of "Rough Sketches of Bath."* Price 15s.—(Goulding and Co. Soho-square.)

WE take an early opportunity of bringing this publication under the notice of our readers, convinced as we are that its contents are calculated to afford the highest gratification to the true lover of vocal music. To us, at least, this collection has proved a source of repeated delight, and we do not hesitate to affirm, that these national melodies, arranged as they have

been by Mr. Bishop, form one of the most interesting works that have issued from the musical press of this country for a long time past. The nature of the work will best appear from a brief sketch of its contents. The melodies are twelve in number, of which four have additionally been adapted for two, three, or four voices; viz.

1. "Hark from yonder holy pile."
(*Portuguese.*)

The same as a glee.

2. "They may talk of scenes that are bright and fair." (*French.*)

3. "Though now we part." (*Unknown.*)

The same as a glee.

4. "Oh! do not give way to the shadows of care!" (*Tyrollese.*)

5. "In hours of grief." (*Italian.*)

6. "Wake, dearest, wake." (*Spanish.*)

7. "Youth's bosom, when joy flourishes." (*French.*)

8. "Can we banish the past?" (*Bohemian.*)

9. "When meteor lights dance o'er the fen." (*German.*)

The same as a glee.

10. "It is in the voice of years that are gone." (*Swiss.*)

11. "In happier hours." (*German.*)

12. "To the home of my childhood." (*Sicilian.*)

The same as a glee.

In the above vocal congress of nations, it is apparent that nothing but what could claim decided merit or striking originality has found admittance. Some of the airs naturally hold out, comparatively, a greater degree of attraction than others, but none can be said to border even on mediocrity; every one presents obvious features of interest. The Portuguese air is a beautiful specimen of the chaste tranquil style; and the Spanish song captivates the ear by its great national originality, and deep, we might almost say, mysterious feeling. The German and Bohemian airs are charming; No. 9. above all, has our favour, and the glee which has been made of it, is excellent.

Mr. Bishop's symphonies, and the harmonic arrangement, are such as might be expected from the acknowledged talent and experience of that gentleman. They abound in tasteful combinations, united to the utmost variety of expression, and occasionally to a high

degree of originality. Here and there we have observed some imperfections in the accompaniments, which no doubt arose from oversight, and at times they appeared to us to be of a nature too studied and *recherchés*. The same observation might be applied to two or three of the symphonies, the design and colouring of which seem to us rather too profound and elaborate, and beyond the character of the airs to which they belong. This, however, may be matter of opinion, and if that opinion be correct, we would prefer an overplus of selectness and originality, to trite and commonplace ideas.

The poetry, as far we may be allowed to pass a judgment, is of a stamp to do the highest credit to the author, especially when the difficulties of the undertaking are taken into consideration. In short, the volume before us appears to us to form an important addition to the higher order of vocal music in this country, and the beauty of its typographical execution constitutes a further feature of recommendation in its favour.

"*The Emerald Isle*," Air, arranged as a Rondo, with an Introduction for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to his friend Isaac Willis, Esq. by Ferd. Ries. Op. 84. No. 4. Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)

The introduction to this rondo is of an original cast, and the rondo itself bears ample testimony of the author's fertile and tasteful fancy, which has enabled him to produce a very interesting piece from a subject comparatively unpromising. We shall content ourselves with this general commen-

dation of Mr. Ries's labour, without entering into a detail of its component parts. In the sixth page, we observe a series of deep modulations, and the passages which follow are characteristic and select. The transition to four flats in the eighth page likewise calls for distinct notice, and the portion which dwells in that key is replete with good effect. The conclusion, founded on the subject, is in Mr. Ries's best manner.

Sestetto per il Piano-forte, con Accompanimento di due Violini, Viola, Violoncello e Basso, dedicato alla Signora Oome, di F. Kalkbrenner. Op. 58. Pr. 8s. —(Goulding and Co. Soho-sq.)

Our opinion as to the full effect of this sestetto, with all the above instruments, must be founded on an inspection of the parts, since hitherto we have not had an opportunity of hearing the accompaniments, which are *obbligati*. But we are quite sure, from the investigation we have been able to command, that Mr. K. has written few things, if any, which could claim a superiority over the present performance. The movements are four in number: an allegro $\frac{4}{4}$ in G; a minuet in the same key, trio in C; an adagio $\frac{3}{4}$ in E \flat , and a rondo G $\frac{4}{4}$. The whole, in fact, forms a *Concerto da Camera* of first-rate excellence, so full of real beauties and touches of a masterly hand, that an attempt to analyze, if it suited our limits, would be to us a laborious, and to most of our readers probably a tedious task. In this predicament we ought by rights not to single out any of the movements for even transient notice, yet we cannot forbear to con-

gratulate Mr. K. upon the fine adagio: it is a pathetic composition; abounding in fascinating melody and rich harmony. The rondo sets out with a subject of quite a novel conception, and at every step discovers the most tasteful combinations, interspersed with traits of great originality.

La Carnival (Le Carnaval) de Venise, a favourite Air, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte, by Augustus Voigt. Pr. 2s. 6d. —(Clementi and Co.)

Among the productions of Mr. V. that have come under our observation, this appears to us to hold the highest rank. The elegant tune on which it is founded may have contributed in some degree to this distinction; but, besides the advantage of the subject, there is ample evidence of Mr. V.'s aim to do his work well, and of a laudable care to accomplish this object: so that if we were not apprehensive of giving offence, we should give it as our opinion, that Mr. V. has made considerable improvement in musical writing.

The rondo is preceded by a short slow movement in D minor, in which the character of the subsequent theme has been cleverly interwoven; but we have an objection to the beginning. If we thought ourselves sure of not being accused of an Iricism, we should say that this lento seems to begin in the middle: first, because it sets out with a range of semiquavers in the manner of a progressive passage; and, secondly, because we have to wait a good bit before we are properly at home in the minor tonic. We know full well that the imitation of the subject has given

rise to the commencement in question, but a few previous steady bars full in the tonic would have been of great advantage.

In the rondo, we observe many good things and many ideas of a very studied conception. The passages in p. 3 are quite appropriate. In the 4th page a series of modulations makes its appearance, which, we think, rather of a deep and elaborate cast; but, we must say, that they have impressed us with a very favourable idea of Mr. V.'s harmonic studies. He has taken great pains to get through all sorts of accidentals. The bass passages (p. 6) are very good: in short, this rondo has many claims to our favour, and does the author great credit.

"I dream'd I was a spirit blest,"
extracted from *"The Privateer,"*
the Music composed, and dedicated
to Lady Georgiana Wellesley,
by M. C. Mortellari. Pr. 2s.—
(Falkner, Old Bond-street.)

Mr. Mortellari's song before us is liable to some objections on the score of rhythm and proper connection, but it contains ideas, the merit and interesting character of which are very prominent. The composition, in fact, is any thing but commonplace; it is evident the author has aimed at selectness, both in melody and harmony. Our observations as to rhythm shall be confined to the outset. The four first lines are as follows:

1. I dream'd I was a spirit blest,
2. I dream'd my flight was fast
3. { To gain the meed I lov'd the best,
- { For all my sorrows past.

These lines are thus periodized:
No. 1. period of four bars; No. 2.
phrase of three bars; No. 3. the two
last lines blended in a continued

period of five bars. Here, therefore, a great want of symmetry of parts is very obvious. At l. 2, p. 3, a new idea is introduced, which has our entire approbation; it is impressive and well treated, and the succeeding little symphony is appropriate. At the word "solitude," the harmony goes from D, 4, 6, by D, 3 ♯, 6 to C 3; that is, through chords of G major, B minor, and C major, a progression which is hard. The three concluding lines of the voice (pp. 4 and 5) are delicate as to melody, and the accompaniment is well devised.

"Thou art lovely in every place,"
extracted from *"The Privateer,"* com-
posed, and dedicated to Lady Caro-
line Lamb, by M. C. Mortellari.
Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Falkner, Old Bond-
street.)

This ballad is more perfect in rhythm and general keeping than the one above noticed; although we think the lengthy lines of the text must have operated as considerable difficulties to a satisfactory metrical arrangement of the musical ideas. These difficulties Mr. M. has upon the whole successfully encountered, and we give him great credit for the ingenuity he has displayed. The song contains several thoughts which claim the distinction of decided originality. The very beginning is quite of this description. The new period too from "Yon planet that looks so bright," is particularly attractive; and the conclusion, strongly as it modulates, is in good style. The song altogether, and indeed the preceding one, is of a description to claim the amateur's particular attention. They are both free from hacknied thoughts, and the

peculiarities in the melody and accompaniment may afford good matter for vocal and instrumental practice.

An Overture for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute or Violin, ad lib. to which is added the favourite Air, "Will you come to the bower," with Variations, composed and respectfully inscribed to Miss Ferrier, by J. Jay, Mus. Doc. Cantab. Pr. 4s. — (Phillips and Mayhew, Old Bond-street.)

The overture is somewhat plain, and not in the most modern style of musical writing. The subject in particular reminds us of the simplicity of those venerable productions, which it formed the pride of our youthful days to master with some sort of decency to the satisfaction of ourselves and our kind uncles and aunts. That was the golden age of executive proficiency, when violoncellos dealt in crotchets, and fiddles in goodly quavers, when the ear could anticipate a stave or two to come, and the eye upon a pinch regain its lost place in the book. That heretic, Beethoven, then played at marbles and chuck farthing; Haydn, it is true, occasionally would be our torment, but as we had a vast regard for the man, we pretty much kept at a respectful distance, and when we approached, it was with much circumspection and discretion.

But to our book. The next piece in it consists of variations upon the air, "Will you come to the bower." These are neatly written, and calculated to please the student's fancy. The demisemiquavers in the third variation produce an agree-

able sensation of harmonic bustle; the 4th variation presents a fragment of a march in C minor, and the interruption occasioned by the second part being in the relative major key, and deviating from the previous character *di marcia*, has a peculiar effect. The passages in var. 5. are free and satisfactory; and the coda, which is conceived in a good style, winds up the whole with considerable effect.

"The young Sailor," sung by Mr. Pyne; the Melody, and Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by L. S. Pr. 1s. 6d. — (Payne and Hopkins, Cornhill.)

The anonymous author of this ballad has been stated to us to be a youth not belonging to the musical profession, but who occasionally employs his leisure hours in vocal compositions, some of which, we have further been informed, received favourable notice at our hands on former occasions. As we cannot at this moment take a muster of our previous critiques, we can only say, that whatever may have been their import, they were conscientiously and impartially given. The motivo of the present song resembles strongly a German air of Haydn's, and the sequel has some attractive melodic ideas, which evince a certain degree of latent talent; but the melody, as well as the accompaniment, presents imperfections, which natural dispositions alone cannot remove. A course of study would soon convince the aspirant of the correctness of our assertion; and music, perhaps more than any of the fine arts, requires such a course, to arrive at a certain degree of perfection.





EVENING DRESS.

The Gleaner, or select Flute Miscellany, comprising Airs, Duets, and Trios, compiled, arranged, and partly composed by J. Monro. Nos. 1. and 2. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(J. Monro, Skinner-street.)

"The Gleaner," which is to be continued monthly, contains a great variety of favourite tunes, about thirty in a number, arranged in an easy manner for the use of flute-

players of moderate proficiency. The duets and trios are set with propriety and good effect; and some variations, which are occasionally introduced, are pleasing and showy, without being difficult. The above will suffice to understand the nature of the publication, which we think very reasonable, considering its contents.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 18.—PROMENADE DRESS.

A POPLIN high gown, made tight to the shape: the collar is very deep; it falls over, and is finished at the edge by a satin trimming, resembling shell-work: the long sleeve is rather tight to the arm; the epaulette is loose and shallow, and is finished at the edge to correspond with the collar; the bottom of the long sleeve has also a similar trimming: the skirt is moderately wide, and less goared than they have lately been worn; it is trimmed at the bottom with three deep flounces, placed near each other, disposed in the drapery style, and headed by a wreath of shell-work in satin, to correspond with the *corsage*. The pelisse worn over this dress is composed of dove-coloured lutestring, lined with rose-coloured sarsnet, and wadded: the fulness of the skirt is thrown very much behind; a broad band of ermine goes round the bottom, and an extremely novel trimming, for which we refer to our print, goes up the fronts: the back is tight to the shape; the collar falls over in

the pelerine style; the long sleeve is finished at the hand with ermine. Slashed epaulette, with satin folds drawn across the slashes. Head-dress, a bonnet of a new cottage shape of rose-coloured lutestring, turned up in front: a bouquet of Provence roses goes round the crown: rose-coloured strings. Very full lace ruff. Black shoes and Limerick gloves.

PLATE 19.—FULL DRESS.

A white satin gown, cut low and square round the bust; the *corsage* is fastened behind, and draws in with a little fulness at the waist. The front of the bust is composed of alternate bands of white satin and Urling's lace, which forms the shape in a very new and graceful manner: the upper part of the bust is cut round in points, and these points form a narrow blond tucker into plaits. The sleeve is of white lace intermixed with satin: a row of deep points, composed of the latter material, goes round the top of the shoulder, in the epaulette style; the lace is disposed in *creres*, each of which is ornamented in the

middle with a full bow and ends of satin. The trimming of the skirt consists of a deep fold of satin at the bottom: it is wadded, and surmounted by a net *bouillonné*, interspersed with narrow satin rouleaus disposed in chains, each connected by bows, and finished by bouquets of heath-blossoms of different colours. Head-dress, a blond net hat: the front of the brim is cut in scollops, and turned up: round crown, of a moderate size; the net is disposed over it in a little fulness, and spotted with gold beads; the top is embroidered in white silk and *chenille*, intermixed with gold beads: the front of the crown is adorned with short full plumes of marabouts, with a bouquet of heath-blossoms between each. Neck-lace and ear-rings pearl. White kid gloves. White satin shoes.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON
FASHION AND DRESS.

The uncommon mildness of the season has had a visible effect upon the dresses of our fair pedestrians: muffs, it is true, are still generally worn, but the large round tippets so much used in the beginning of the winter are now very seldom seen. Cloth pelisses are but partially adopted, and never worn with shawls; and even silk pelisses, to which shawls were last month looked on as indispensable appendages, are now frequently seen without them.

The materials of promenade dress have little variety: silk is more in favour than any thing else; *gros de Naples*, of a plain stout kind, is very generally adopted in dis-

habille; poplins are also worn, but they are not so much in favour as silk: tabbinets are very little used, and bombasins and lustres are now decidedly unfashionable.

Pelisses are still considered most fashionable for the promenade: the alteration in their form during some time past has been very trifling; they are no longer made quite so full in the skirt, nor so much gored: the backs are in general plain, but not quite so narrow at the bottom as they were worn two or three months ago. Trimmings are either fur or satin, to correspond with the pelisse. We have noticed a good many pelisses, the trimmings of which consisted of clusters of narrow cords from three to five in number; these were placed at the edge of the pelisse all round, and the collar was edged to correspond: this kind of trimming has a plain but very neat appearance.

High dresses are always trimmed with the material of which they are made, either disposed *en bouillonné* or in flounces; we have consequently no novelty to remark in them: they are always worn with shawls.

In two or three months more, we expect to be able to congratulate our fair subscribers on their bonnets having attained a very reasonable size: they are now in fact much reduced, as our readers may perceive by the one given in our present Number. We must observe, that for walking, the cottage style is the most appropriate, and by far the most generally becoming. Black bonnets are still in favour for plain walking dress; they are also in favour for the dress prome-

made and carriage costume, but then there is generally a good deal of steel mixed with the trimming. The principal novelties in the dress promenade, are the *pelisse* and bonnet which we have given in our present Number. We have observed that some very elegant women adopt the French fashion of long silk mantles made with hoods, lined and wadded; these are a convenient, but by no means a graceful fashion: in a few instances, however, they are extremely expensive, being lined with, and the hood composed of, ermine or chinchilla.

Coloured Norwich crapes are beginning to come into favour for morning dress: they are certainly very appropriate for dishabille, and have a neat and ladylike appearance. Those dresses that we have seen composed of them were made high, to fasten behind, and with aprons in the French style: the trimming of the gown consisted of a deep flounce of the same material, which was disposed in drapery, the point of each drapery turning

upwards, and finished by a satin bow. The apron, cut round in points, had a very narrow lace border. A lace collarette and cuffs completed what was in our opinion an extremely pretty morning dress.

White satin, black, and coloured velvets, and white lace, are the materials most in favour in full dress; rich silks, of various descriptions, are also worn, though not, we think, so generally. The only elegant novelty in grand costume which this month affords, is the one given in our print.

Head-dresses in hair begin at last to decline in estimation, unless among very youthful *belles*. *Toques* and turbans are both in favour; dress hats are still more so; and a good many *élégantes* have their hair dressed with an intermixture of gauze, feathers, and jewels; or with gauze, flowers, and ears of corn in gold or silver.

The colours most in favour are, dove colour, lilac, lavender, rose, and French gray.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Feb. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

THE uncommon fineness of the weather at present has rendered our out-door costume of a lighter description than it usually is at this season. We see in the public walks a great many muslin dresses: they are worn with silk or velvet spencers. High dresses, made of silk of light colours, are also much in favour for the promenade: shawls or fur tippets are worn over them. The round large tippet so long in

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favour is now discarded; those that are considered fashionable are round at the back, and with long ends, which are crossed on the bosom: the prevailing fur is chinchilla; it is at present more fashionable even than ermine.

The form of promenade gowns has not varied much: waists I think are rather longer, and if the dress be white, it is very much trimmed. There are two kinds of trimmings in favour: the one most in request consists of flounces of rich work,

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cut in the form of scollop-shells; there are three of these laid on with scarcely any fulness, and surmounted by a narrow flounce of work, disposed in a wave: this style of trimming has an exceedingly rich and novel effect. The other trimming is a deep flounce of rich work, above which is a muslin *bouillonné*, interspersed with lace medallions, and finished at the top by a flounce of narrow work. The bodies of muslin gowns are a good deal ornamented with work, but not at all in a novel manner.

Silk dresses are not so much trimmed: two or three scolloped flounces, put pretty close to each other, or bands of silk or velvet cut like the teeth of a saw, and not more than two in number, ornament silk gowns. As to *redingotes* they have not varied at all in form since I wrote to you last. Spencers I think have some novelty, and I will try to describe to you those that I consider the prettiest. They are made tight to the shape; the back plain; the front of the bust is adorned with rows of braiding placed crosswise, and disposed in a scroll pattern: the collar is very high, and half turns over; the long sleeve is perfectly tight to the arm; the epaulette consists of bands interlaced in a manner that resembles the chequers of a chessboard. I must observe that the trimming always corresponds with the spencer, and that blue, lilac, and rose are the colours most in favour.

Bonnets are a good deal smaller, and hats are very fashionable for the promenade; the newest have small brims, which are bent over the forehead in the Mary of Scotland style; the brim is cut deeper

on one side than the other; a gold band is placed across the front of the hat, and tied in a forked knot at the right ear; full plumes of either down or ostrich feathers stand upright in front. This is a very elegant style of head-dress, but I do not like it so well as the moderate sized bonnets which are now fashionable: the brim is shallow in front, but wide across the forehead, and rounded at the ears; the lining generally corresponds with the outside; the edge of the brim has a binding of satin or silk *pluche*: a full knot, composed of the same material as the bonnet, is sometimes placed inside of the brim, on the left side; in other instances, a flower to correspond with those on the head-dress, or a down feather similar to those on the bonnet, is passed under the brim.

Black velvet *chapeaux* are still in estimation, but they are not so much worn for the promenade as for dress. Coloured silk bonnets are trimmed either with feathers or flowers, both which seem to be equally in favour; but black velvet *chapeaux* are always ornamented either with feathers, or with velvet mixed with steel: in some instances, steel, velvet, and feathers are all employed to decorate a hat; but this profusion of ornament is rarely adopted for the promenade.

Silk, *crêpe de Barege*, muslin, and French cachemire are all worn in dinner dress. High gowns are a good deal in favour, particularly for those social parties which admit of what is called half-dress: the collar does not come more than half way round, and the fronts are sloped down on each side, so as to display the *fichu*. The newest trim-

ming for silk or *crêpe de Burege* gowns is a wreath of cocks' combs of the same material, or of satin; this is generally placed at the bottom of the skirt over a flounce: the trimming of the *corsage* consists of cocks' combs only, but made much smaller than those on the skirt.

Muslin dresses, the bottom of the skirt trimmed with flounces worked in colours, are very fashionable in half-dress: these gowns are made nearly but not quite up to the neck; they are finished by a pelerine cut in three points, which is worked to correspond with the bottom of the dress: the sash worn with them is of a mixture of colours similar to those in the flowers of the trimming.

The materials for full dress are the same as last month, but our trimmings are of a more glittering description, particularly those of ball dresses, a good many of which are trimmed with an embroidery of silver or steel spangles; others have flounces of the *tulle* or gauze of which the dress is composed, looped with bouquets of flowers mingled with blades of silver wheat. Gauze *bouillonné*, interspersed with silver chains, is also much in favour: nothing can be lighter or more brilliant than this style of trimming. Folds of gauze, fastened at regular distances by silver shells, are also much in request; the folds are disposed in an irregular wave; and this kind of trimming is deeper than any other that is worn.

The bodies of dress gowns are made quite as low as when I wrote last; but we now rarely see stomachers: the body is either made plain, or else the material laid crosswise, in deep tucks. The

sleeve, which is very short and full, is tucked in the same manner, and confined to the arm by a full rouleau: bouquets à la *jardinière* are now much in favour; and where the dress is trimmed with silver, the bouquet has a mixture of silver wheat-ears.

Head-dresses *en cheveux* are more in favour than when I wrote last. The present style of hair-dressing is more generally becoming than it has been for some time: the forehead is less exposed, but there is still enough of it visible to shew its beauty, and that of the eyebrows; while the light full curls which shade the temples give that softness to the countenance, in which, *entre nous*, French beauty is too frequently deficient. The hind hair is not worn quite so flat, but it is still disposed in braids, which, instead of being wound round the head, are brought across the crown, and a little raised. Sometimes, but not often, one half of the hind hair is plaited, and the rest is disposed in bows, which are confined by the plaits.

Flowers and feathers are in equal favour to decorate the hair in full dress. The *coiffure* for ball dress is generally of a glittering description; either a wreath of silver lilies, or else an intermixture of silver wheat-ears with the feathers or flowers of which the head-dress is composed.

The only colours at present in favour are, rose, pale blue, and lilac. Black is still worn, but very partially, both in promenade and full dress: white is in greater favour for the latter than any other colour. Adieu, my dear friend! Believe me always your

EUDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

ON the 1st of March will appear the second edition of *Hindoostan*: containing a Description of the Religion, Manners, Customs, Trades, Arts, Sciences, Literature, Diversions, &c. &c. of the Hindoos; with seventeen coloured engravings. To be completed in six monthly volumes, illustrated by upwards of 100 coloured engravings, many of them containing whole groups of figures; and forming the fourth division of "The World in Miniature," which already comprises,

1. *Illyria and Dalmatia*, 2 vols. 32 plates.

2. *Western Africa*, 4 volumes, 47 plates.

3. *Turkey*, 6 vols. with 73 plates.

Russia, or *Persia*, it is expected, will form the fifth division of this work.

On the 1st of March will be published *The History and Life of Quæ Genus, the Little Foundling*, written by the author of "Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque—of Consolation—and of a Wife;" illustrated with 24 coloured engravings, by T. Rowlandson, Esq.

Lord Dillon, author of "Commentaries on the Military Establishments and Defence of the British Empire,"—"Policy of Nations,"—a translation of the "Tactics of Ælian,"—"Legitimacy," &c. has, during his residence at Florence, composed a work under the title of *The Life and Opinions of Sir Richard Maltravers*, an English gentleman of the 17th century, which is now in the press.

Mr. Bernard Barton has in the press, a new volume, under the title of *Napoleon, and other Poems*: it is expected to appear some time in March.

Sermons and Miscellaneous Pieces, by the Rev. Robert Wynell Mayow, formerly of Exeter College, Oxford, and Curate of Ardwick, near Manchester, are in the press. Prefixed is a Memoir of the Author's Life.

The History of Stamford, in Lincolnshire, comprising its ancient and modern state, to which is added an account of St. Martin's, Stamford-Baron, and Great and Little Wothorpe, in Northamptonshire, is now in the press, and will shortly be published by Mr. Drakard of Stamford. The work, although in a great measure compiled from former historians, contains several new and interesting documents, and will be embellished with a number of excellent engravings.

Charles and Eugenia, or the Paternal Benediction, translated from the French of Madame de Renneville, is in the press, and will shortly be published.

Shortly will be published, Massimino's *Method of Musical Instruction, particularly applicable to the Art of Singing*, by J. Green.

Towards the end of March, Dr. Roche will publish the first number of *A new Series of Ancient Irish Melodies*, with appropriate words, and with symphonies and accompaniments for the piano-forte.

Poetry.

THE ROBIN.

'Twas winter, and the icy scene
 Gleam'd with the rosy tint of morn;
 Dead was the verdure of the green,
 And leafless was the spangled thorn;
 When at my window-sill appear'd
 A little minstrel, blithe and gay,
 Who with his woodland music cheer'd
 The morn, and stole the time away.
 Upon his downy breast he wore
 A brilliant badge of crimson hue,
 And linger'd round my cottage-door,
 As loath to bid the cot adieu.
 A welcome visitor was he,
 For him my window-sill was spread
 With tributes to his minstrelsy,
 Some scatter'd crumbs of hoarded bread;
 And much I lov'd my little guest,
 I lov'd to hear his early song;
 I lov'd the bird with crimson breast,
 And wish'd he might his stay prolong.
 But winter came with sternest frown,
 And, lo! upon a luckless morn,
 I saw the bird with breast of down
 Lie dead beneath the spangled thorn.
 Now 'neath the moss of yonder mound,
 All tuneless, lies my once-lov'd guest,
 And lightly bears the grassy ground
 Upon the bird of crimson breast.

EDWARD.

Newington-Butts.

SPRING.

See smiling Spring, led by the rosy hours,
 Come dancing on, replete with fruitful
 showers,
 And o'er the plain its cheerful aspect throws,
 Unmindful of the chilling blast that blows;
 For stormy Winter, jealous of his reign,
 Seems still reluctant to desert the plain,
 'Till Sol, impatient of his long delay,
 At last compels him to resign his sway,
 And throws through April clouds his laughing
 face,
 And bids the pelting shower abate apace.
 'Twas in this changing month, one blushing
 morn,
 When Anna, young, and timid as the fawn,
 Was to a distant lonely village sent
 To a sick friend, on kindly message bent:
 The sun had cheer'd her with his rising ray,
 And tempted her to choose the longest way;

Leaving the public road, where the town
 stood,

To tread the mazy windings of the wood:
 Here the sweet violet rais'd its modest head,
 And the pale primrose chose its lowly bed;
 Well pleas'd among such peaceful calm re-
 treats,

Unseen, unknown, to mingle here their
 sweets:

Here tuneful songsters swell'd their warbling
 throats,

And their fond mates return'd the thrilling
 notes.

Such scenes as these the gentle Anna lov'd,
 And oft amongst these shades at evening
 roved;

Charm'd with their songs, she stopp'd, and
 linger'd nigh,

Nor mark'd the changes of the varying sky.

Not long had she pursu'd her lonely way,
 When Sol at times began to hide his ray;
 The distant clouds like mountains seem'd to
 rise,

And quite obscure the lustre of the skies;
 And the scar'd birds, low skimming o'er the
 ground,

Foretold the coming storm that gather'd
 round;

Fierce rushing winds, which lately only
 sigh'd,

Seem'd now to threaten the forest's lofty pride:

Louder and louder now the tempest grows,

And o'er the plain its dark reflection throws;

The distant thunder, rolling now more near,
 With sudden crash breaks loud upon the ear.

Now Anna, nearly sinking with her fears,
 Thinks through the storm a distant noise she
 hears:

Breathless she listens to the welcome sound,

Whilst heavy drops are falling fast around:

Borne on the breeze it nearer seems to come,

As of some weary traveller whistling home

His wand'ring dog; and now a sudden flash

Of vivid lightning, follow'd by a crash

Of peeling thunder, fill'd her with alarm,

And she had fallen, but some friendly arm

Caught her fair form, and bore the senseless
 maid

With hasty steps, and to his home convey'd

Her fainting form, and to the tender care

Of a kind sister he resign'd the fair.

Long had the tempest ceas'd, the winds
 been stay'd,

Ere reason once more dawn'd upon the maid;

Nor sense return'd, 'till waking as from sleep,

Now o'er her mind a thousand terrors creep,

Of horrors past, of dangers yet to come,
Of where she is, or how far from her home:
But first to him who rules the stormy sky,
Or bids be calm, she lifts her tearful eye;
In silent praises breathes her humble pray'r,
And for each future day implores his care.

Now by the bed a female form she sees,
Fair as her own, and like hers, form'd to
please,

Who bids her all her fears and terrors cease,
For hush'd the storm, and all without is
peace;

Tells how it was her brother's happy lot,
Safe from the storm to bear her to his cot:
Then to the youth she leads the trembling
fair,

Who blushing, thanks him for his timely care;
And now towards home her anxious thoughts
she bends,

And tells her wishes to her new-found friends.
In vain the pair entreat her longer stay,
Restless she grows, impatient of delay:
Her generous friends no more her steps de-
tain,

But safe conduct her through the wood again;
Talk by the way of storms and dangers past,
'Till at her peaceful home arriv'd at last,
They part reluctant, loath to bid adieu,
And promise soon their friendship to renew;
And now the pair their homeward footsteps
bend,

Edmund deep musing on his lovely friend.

THE HAWTHORN.

On summer's breast the hawthorn shines
In all the lily's bloom,
Mid slopes where evening flock reclines,
Where glows the golden broom.

When yellow autumn decks the plain,
The hawthorn's boughs are green,
Amid the ripening fields of grain
In emerald brightness seen.

A night of frost, a day of wind,
Have stript the forest bare:
The hawthorn too that blast shall find,
Nor shall that spoiling spare.

But red with fruit, that hawthorn bough,
Tho' leafless, yet will shine;
The blackbird far its hues shall know,
As lapwing knows the vine*.

Be thus thy youth as lilies gay,
Thy manhood vigorous green;
And thus let fruit bedeck thy spray
Mid age's leafless scene.

BLOOM ON, YE SWEET ROSES.

Bloom on, ye sweet roses, 'mid sunbeams so
gay,
On the blush of thy cheeks the fond zephyrs
shall play;
'Mid thy beauties the bird of young morning
shall sing,
And love steal thy fragrance to perfume his
wing.

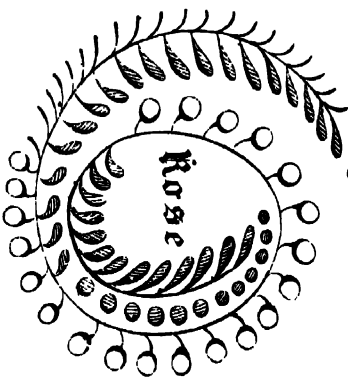
To the sick thou art health, to the healthful
a smile;
Thy presence repays the fond labourer's toil;
Thou grace to the garden, thou sweet to the
air,
For the garden looks sad if the rose is not
there.

The bee 'mid thy beauties shall revel all day,
And stealing thy sweets, fly o'erburthen'd
away;
The virgin whose *charms* other virgins out-
shine,
Still lovelier looks if her bosom wear *thine*.

For ever unrival'd in beauty then blow;
The white rose shall vie with the white of the
snow;
While the roses so red through the dewdrops
appear,
Like the blush of young morn in the spring
of the year.

EDWARD.

* The predilection of this bird for the fruit
of the vine is mentioned by ancient authors.
—See *PLINY, lib. ii. cap. xxi.*



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THE SECOND SERIES.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 15th of the month, announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

We can truly assure A. Mother, that, as parents ourselves, it is no part of our ambition to terrify little children. She would scarcely have expressed herself so strongly, had she considered that the article in question is nothing more than a popular tradition of the country to which it relates. Would she proscribe the use of knives, because an awkward boy chanced to cut his finger?

More last Words for Old Maids, and Fragment of a Letter written after severe Illness, shall appear in our next.

The Lines on a Dandy have too pointed a reference to a particular object.

Illustrations of the Sorrows of Werter, with a view of Wetzlar, the scene of that tragic story, will be given in our next Number.

The Anecdotes mentioned by P. S. would be very acceptable.

Our fair Correspondent who complains of the suspension of the poetical department, will observe that it has since been resumed. We purpose to continue it regularly in future.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.



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SELECT VIEWS OF LONDON.

PLATE 19.—REGENT-STREET.

How often do we find that a few bold oracles will give the tone to public opinion in matters of taste and science, and that their decisions, received in haste, are nevertheless pertinaciously accredited by the multitude, because it is too laborious a task to examine and think sufficiently deep to form a judgment for themselves! As the severities of criticism are often both amusing and gratifying, it is not matter of great surprise, that the artist is sometimes induced to compromise his desire of living reputation, for greater certainty of employment, and to abandon the cold expectation of posthumous celebrity, for the more comfortable assurance of wealth and independence.

The mischief with which such conversational criticism of the day is pregnant, checks the advancement of legitimate architecture. Hence

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the exertion of the able artist's creative and imaginative powers is abandoned for the safer ground of plagiarism, that he may at least escape the common censure, or successfully rebut it by shewing the critic's error in his abuse of established art; an occurrence by no means uncommon, even with the amateur and cognoscenti: hence the architectural remains of every region become materials to our artists and artisans, and which are abundantly substituted for the efforts of national taste. This perverted current of British talent will continue its erratic course so long as the public have not sufficient discrimination in art to know its value, and to bestow employment where it is most deserved. When our native talent is rightly cherished, and applause and approbation are willingly afforded, then we shall not fail to find architecture

C C

arrive at that elevated distinction in this country, which ought to belong to so great a nation.

That the powers of our architects at least are adequate to this extent, is manifest from the admirable designs that yearly are "to be let" on the walls of the Royal Academy during its annual exhibitions, and by the numerous commissions from foreign countries that are given to our own architects, which become obvious testimonies of their eminence.

But it cannot be expected that the art shall reach its practical elevation in this country, until good sense and good taste have made critical approbation more familiar than the language of censure and reproof. The *censure* of criticism is easy and imposing, and is alike open to the ignorant and the learned, but admiration and judicious praise are alone the offspring of learning and knowledge. Men must learn before they can admire; their pleasure keeps pace with their judgment; and it is only by knowing much, that they can be highly delighted, and become capable of communicating the principles of their approbation to others.

The New Street (as the late vast improvements have been called, which bisect the west portion of London from south to north,) cannot be supposed to escape the medley of praise and censure, which is the lot of all great works, and of most great men: if the criticism be fair and full, it is fit it should be so. Just criticism is the most fertilizing dew of art; its absence would bespeak sterility, and it is ~~not~~ in the spirit of our nature to

withhold the sentiments with which the exercise of our faculties has inspired us: but it is not to be endured that condemnation shall precede inquiry and judgment; a practice which in this instance has not unfrequently been pursued.

The improvements have now advanced to about two-thirds of their completion, already presenting an avenue, which, for extent, splendour, architectural and picturesque attraction, is not equalled in Europe; and it is wholly unexampled in the annals of any other country, that such a proposal of improvement made by a sovereign to his subjects (for it was from our present King that this great work emanated), should be so followed up, and chiefly by the enterprise and spirit of trade, as to convert an extensive and miserable assemblage of alleys, into palace-like marts of commerce, and princely establishments of science and literature, up to the very gates of the monarch, competing with his own residence in style, but exhibiting to their munificent and liberal patron, the gratifying testimonies of their confidence in his protection, and of their own prosperity and eminence.

When it is farther considered that all this is done, not on freehold property belonging to the builders, but for a tenure short of one hundred years, and that for this term of tenure, speculation and trade have already expended many hundred thousand pounds, in very adverse times, and are now executing the whole extent of the projected work, the spectator may well exclaim with the enlightened

foreigner, whose testimonies in favour of British art add lustre to his own talents: "*This, this is only to be accomplished by the English people!*"

The admiration of entire strangers to our shores upon their first visit to London, entering at Westminster-bridge, and thence proceeding along the line of the New Street into Portland-place, cannot be adequately imagined; but their countenances speak their wonder as they pass,

"And wonder is involuntary praise."

The writer of these observations has often witnessed these genuine tributes of applause, and has felt them to be conclusive.

It is really a pleasing recreation of the mind, during a morning's exercise, to traverse this whole line with the intention of forming some idea of the stranger's sensations at the varied and imposing images that are presented to him in his way. Westminster-bridge, on which the scene begins, is of itself a noble structure. The Thames, flowing in its grand and serpentine course through an immense city, demonstrated by the towers and steeples to the right, is also a source of admiration. The contrast of picture presented by the very different characters of the scenery on the left, adds a charm to the general and panoramic scope of the prospect, which here comprehends a fine expanse of water, verdant country, a great city, ancient, gothic, and modern structures, bridges, towers, and spires, with the busy traffic of the bridge itself, and that of the shores beneath. The Adelphi-Buildings, So-

merset-House, Waterloo-Bridge, Lambeth - Palace, Westminster-Hall, that grand edifice the Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, and the imposing buildings on every side, bespeak a country rich in its possessions, and of long established prosperity; and here the stranger cannot fail to receive the full impression of this truth. At his turning from Bridge-street into Parliament-street, the Abbey and Henry the Seventh's Chapel, with all the improvements of the spot, which now exhibit that fine assemblage of buildings with great effect, command his notice. On his entrance to Whitehall, the public and private buildings, and onward, Melburne-House, Whitehall, the Horse-Guards, the Admiralty, &c. become equally interesting. The opening lately made by the erection of Whitehall - place across Scotland - yard, forms a vista through which the upper part and dome of St. Paul's cathedral are exhibited to great advantage.

The statue of Charles at Charing-Cross, executed by Le Seur, has always been admired; in his way to which, the steeple of St. Martin's church, and the entrance of the busy Strand, excite the stranger's interest. Immediately on his turn to the left, the late improvements break upon his view, and he here beholds them in active and rapid progress; and passing large and splendid stone-looking edifices, brilliant in colour, and branching off in several directions, the Opera-House and Haymarket are next viewed with increasing effect; and Pall-Mall lies before him, a noble street, presenting a charm to him, not always appreciated

by ourselves. Again turning opposite to Carlton-House into Waterloo-place, a new series of princely edifices meets his attention.

Waterloo-place and Regent-street are designed with a view to picturesque effect; to produce continual variety by the operation of light and shade, and that change of linear perspective which is consequent on irregularity of plan and altitudes of connecting buildings; preserving at the same time sufficient masses of structure to give bold effect to the several objects as they are passed. St. James's-square, and the portico of the Haymarket Theatre, are seen in the progress, and many noble establishments in the way up the street to Piccadilly. Here a circus embraces the junction of four ways, and Piccadilly is seen to great advantage. At the County Fire-Office, a building designed after the façade of old Somerset-House by Inigo Jones, a new character of scene presents itself in the Quadrant—a vast curve of buildings, unbroken and unchanging, except by the play of light and shadow, and which is rapidly transferred from one portion of its surface to another in the space of a single hour. The colonnades are the principal features of this amphitheatric boundary, for so it seems to be, and should the intention be realized of furnishing its terraces above them with the splendour of a morning and evening promenade, and the shops below with magazines of rich and valuable wares, the Quadrant will become as delightfully interesting as it is novel and imposing. This new feature in metropolitan scenography can-

not fail to excite the particular attention of the stranger.

Having passed the Quadrant, he enters another fine and more spacious street, designed on the same picturesque principles as the former, but with more extended and imposing buildings, in the style of Italian and Roman villas, all having the appearance of stone-work: they are, however, varied by another crescent similar to that in Piccadilly, and by the openings into squares and streets, of which Oxford-street presents the stranger with another example of spacious breadth and continuity. Beyond Oxford-street, another class of building is about to be adopted, still in continuation of the same splendid design; and at this spot one or two churches are proposed to be erected. This leads to Langham-place, the extremity of the line of improvements in question, and farther onward to Portland-place, designed by Mr. Adam, a street until lately the pride of London, but which is so eclipsed by the magnificence of the New Street, that it has become comparatively tame and vapid.

When we contemplate the fine pavements, both for carriages and the foot-passenger, the preparations for lighting by gas, the advantages of this street for sun and shade, and the rich commodities that are here exhibited, we may readily conceive that when first viewed by foreigners, they cannot refrain from yielding to the claims of the New Street the admiration and applause which it deserves, and which we ourselves are too ready to withhold, and will continue to do, until they shame

us out of our apathy as to the talent and claims of our own countrymen, and the too common aptitude to general censure, that indeed savours more of conceit and self-opinion, than of candour, ability, or good sense.

The annexed engraving is a view of Regent-street, taken from a spot near to the establishment of the Horticultural Society, looking onward through Waterloo-place to Carlton-House, in Pall-Mall, and which faces the end of the street. Waterloo-place occupies the lower ground in front of this building, forming a square area, in the centre of which some work of ancient or modern art is proposed to be erected. The transverse opening is Charles-street, at the nearest corner of which is seen the United Service Club-House to the east, and Warren's Hotel to the westward; on the latter side are several private buildings, and also Waterloo chapel, designed by Mr. Repton, the portico and turret of which are seen towards the front of the picture.

From the Club-House on the east is an extensive range of buildings, formed into chambers and offices, suited to professional men, the apartments of which are exceedingly commodious. The building in front of the engraving, designed in the style of an Italian villa, forms a centre and projecting wings, embracing a central courtyard: it contains two handsome dwellings, intended for the residences of Mr. Nash the architect, and of his friend G. Edwards, Esq. The wings receive portico entrances to the houses, which are consequently opposite to each other.

Under the patronage of his present Majesty, in July 1813, an act of parliament was passed for the formation of the New Street; and commissioners were accordingly appointed to put the act in force.

The plans of Mr. Nash for the execution of this great work were soon after acted upon, and from that time it has advanced with great rapidity, now exhibiting a work that has required the exertion of extraordinary talent, industry, and indefatigability, and must do him distinguished honour in the completion.

Few persons can comprehend the labours incident to this undertaking: in the valuations of such complicated property as the old tenants had claims for by their several and multiplied interests—in the divisions and compensations for ground and portions of properties needful to the execution of the whole—in the adjustment of plans to sites, and proposed occupations and expenditure—in the fulfilment of the building acts of parliament relating to party walls and every new edifice—in the adjustment of levels and slopes to the irregularities and declivities of the ground; and not least in magnitude of all these gigantic labours—in the conciliation of parties, conditionally undertaking to build, whose confidence in their own powers of embellishing the New Street permitted them to give to the world an example of their abilities in the execution of their own designs—or *not to build there at all*.

Beyond Mr. Nash's own works, and, with some exceptions, those of our artists readily cognizable to the real architect, the great dif-

ficulty produced in this way is very evident; and it is to be lamented that established art is to be chargeable with the faults that must thence be endured, because there exists no remedy; and this must be yielded to, until the public de-

nounce plagiarism, and justly distinguish between the *artist* and the *artisan*. Then, and then only, will the architect find dignified employment, and the country be adequately enlogized for the perfection of its buildings.

THE FAIR PRODIGAL.

MARION DE LORME, the celebrated friend of the still more celebrated Ninon de Lenclos, ran up in one year a bill to the amount of fifty thousand crowns for gloves, fans, pomatum, and perfumery alone, and it was paid for her, not by fifty admirers, but by one only of the many whom she numbered, and whom history has immortalized by the name of Emeri. If the rest of the expenses of this lady were in the like proportion, the revenues of a kingdom could scarcely have kept pace with her profusion.

As Marion, however, beheld at her feet the greatest hero and the greatest statesman of her age, it may perhaps be questioned whether we have a right to censure her prodigality. The mistress of such men must necessarily distinguish herself above others of her sex; and how could she do this more effectually than in spending the revenues of a little principality annually in gloves?

The minutest circumstance in the life of a lady of such rank can scarcely be unimportant to other ladies: we shall therefore need no excuse for subjoining the following particulars relative to the fair Marion.

Marion de Lorme was secretly married to Cinquars, the cele-

brated favourite of Louis XIII. In spite of his conjugal rights, he was obliged to give way to Cardinal Richelieu, who, moreover, contrived to get him exiled from court.

After having been loved by one cardinal, she was so cordially hated by another, namely, Mazarin, on account of the meetings of a political society inimical to the court, which were held at her house, that her friends, in order to save her, were necessitated to propagate a report of her death. Her funeral was formally solemnized, and she witnessed the ceremony through the curtain of her window, when she had the satisfaction to observe with her own eyes the deep affliction of several of her admirers, who followed the coffin with all the demonstrations of the most profound and unfeigned sorrow.

When she was thus happily buried, she fled to London, where she soon obtained the hand of a wealthy nobleman, who was not destined long to enjoy the happiness of possessing so beautiful a wife. As his widow and heir, she set out on her return to France; but between Dunkirk and Paris she was attacked by a band of robbers, whose captain, not content with securing her treasure, carried

off the fair owner also. The natural death of the robber—an unnatural one for persons of his profession—delivered her after an involuntary union of three years from this lord and master. The widow, now fifty years of age, returned with a fortune of a hundred thousand livres to Paris, and chose an honest *procureur* for her fourth spouse. In her eighty-first year she became a widow for the fourth time, and lived as such in the Fauxbourg Saint Germain, on an income which formerly would scarcely have paid her account for gloves and fans for a single week.

At a still later period this female, nursed in the lap of luxury and profusion, learned what it was to want even the necessities of life. Her servants plundered her of every thing, and suppressed a letter in which she applied for relief to her friend Ninon; nay, but for the kindness of a benevolent neighbour, who supported her for thirty years, she must have perished with hunger.

Marion at length died at Paris, at the age of no less than 135 years, according to the certificate of the minister of Moncheray, on the 5th of January, 1741. She was born on the 5th of March, 1606, at Batherain, near Diez, in Franche Comté. Her parents were poor people, of low condition. Her father's name was Jacques Grapin. The name of Marion de Lorme was given to her by her first lover, the celebrated Desbarreaux, who, notwithstanding her other intrigues, always retained a place in her heart. At the time when her beauty enchanted Cardinal Richelieu, she had attained those years when other fair-ones too frequently cease to please, for she had numbered no fewer than forty-four summers.

Heaven forbid that any of the fair ladies of the present day should take it into their heads, that Marion lived longer than others, because she spent more money than they. Were they to adopt such a notion, who durst venture to take a wife but kings or emperors?

MEGOLE DE LESCAR.

IN the year 1380, Megole de Lescar, a merchant of Genoa, descended from an ancient and noble family of that city, acquired the highest renown by the extraordinary energy of his conduct, which, though strongly tinctured with the spirit of that age, has various claims to admiration.

He carried on an extensive trade in the Levant, and in consequence of the advantages accruing from this commerce, he gained the fa-

vour of the Emperor of Trebisond, in Asia Minor, to such a degree, that the great men of his court beheld the Italian with envious eyes, and sought opportunities of humbling him: nay, one of them went so far as to give him a box on the ear during a game at chess, in which he was a master. Lescar complained of this insult to the emperor, who, however, gave him no satisfaction: burning with indignation, he therefore quitted

Trebisond, returned to Genoa, and equipped two galleys, with which he appeared on the emperor's coasts, proclaimed war against him, and did him incredible mischief. The emperor sent four galleys against him; Lescar took two of them, and obliged the two others to sheer off. He then ordered the ears of his prisoners to be cut off on that side on which he had received the blow, and sent them home with this message to the emperor: that he should continue to collect Trebisond ears till his majesty delivered up to him the man from whom he had received the indignity.

The emperor, perplexed how to act, at length ordered the incon-

siderate wight to be conveyed in chainson board his galley. Though he expected no mercy from Lescar, he earnestly solicited his pardon, and humbly resigned himself to his pleasure. Lescar, however, was generous enough to send him back unhurt to his sovereign, with this message: that if he would build a house at Trebisond for the exclusive accommodation of Genoese merchants, and cause the history of this affair to be painted on it, he would live in peace and good understanding with his majesty. The emperor cheerfully complied, and Lescar was rewarded by his native city with wealth and honours for his courage and magnanimity.

BUTLER AND TAGLIACOTIUS.

MARGATE, 8th Feb. 1822.

DR. HUNTER informs B. B. in answer to his inquiry inserted in the *Repository* for February, p. 93, that Gaspar Tagliacotius was an eminent surgeon and physician, living at Bologna in the year 1597, who seems to have practised successfully the art of restoring the nose, ear, and lip, after accidental curtailment. He is sorry as an Englishman to admit, that Butler, in his allusion to that expert surgeon's art, has sacrificed truth on the altar of humour. Tagliacotius (in his learned work now before the writer, published in folio at Venice in 1597), describing the

mode of performing the operation, directs the deficiencies to be supplied, not from the part which Butler mentions, but from a part of the patient's own skin adjoining.

Gaspar was the son of Andrew Tagliacotius, and from several letters addressed to him by some of the most eminent men of the day, attached to his book, was in high and deserved reputation for his skill and learning. Ambrose Parry mentions a Monsieur Saint Thoan, who had his nose restored by this surgeon, going into Italy for the benefit of his assistance.

THE STRENGTH OF PATERNAL AFFECTION.

WHEN Heaven has implanted strong passions in the bosom of a man, it cannot bestow on him a more dangerous gift than power.—Freelove was born with lively feelings, which concurred with excellent health and a robust constitution to awaken within him ardent passions, and he possessed wealth, that is, the power to gratify them. He manifested at an early age a propensity to the fair sex: the indulgence of this propensity was not an amusement, but a real occupation, which habit rendered more and more indispensable to him. He was now forty years old, but to judge from his conduct, he still fancied himself a youth of twenty. For many years he had kept adding to the list of his victims. This villain nevertheless passed for a man of honour; for though he seduced innocence, parted wives from their husbands, and plunged whole families into misery, still he punctually paid all his gaming debts within twenty-four hours; and though he made not the least scruple to violate the most solemn oaths to beguile a credulous female, yet he conscientiously kept his word when he had promised to attend a party of pleasure.

It must not, however, be supposed, that Freelove was a coxcomb. A coxcomb aims only at notoriety: he, on the other hand, cared more about the pleasure than the honour of the conquest: he was inconstant, not in order to increase the number of his triumphs, but from desire for a new object.

His victims were nevertheless sacrificed to a passion equally destructive with the vanity of the coxcomb; and habit had rendered him so indifferent to the means, that he did not stick at the most criminal when they promoted his designs.

He one day beheld the youthful Louisa, and all his passions were inflamed: she was a poor girl, who could not allure him by the arts of the toilet, and knew still less of those of coquetry. Her innocence and poverty were no claims to his forbearance; on the contrary, he built upon the latter his plan for her seduction.

Louisa's father had twelve children to support by the labour of his hands alone. The eldest boys indeed began to earn a little, but when the father, on returning home weary at night, came to reckon up all their earnings, he found them inadequate to their wants. At such times honest old Sanders would frequently sit absorbed in anxious thought, and he had no other consolation—to him indeed no trifling one—than that his own integrity was inherited by all his children. Hence when a day happened to have been more than usually productive, the cloud was easily dispelled from his brow, and he could make himself quite happy amidst his family.

His children all loved him dearly, and especially Louisa. She scarcely needed her virtue; for the fear of grieving a father to whom she was so tenderly attached, would have been quite sufficient

to keep her in the path of duty and honour. She too was his especial favourite. Freelove employed an artful female to make her splendid offers, but she rejected them with abhorrence. With a flood of tears she complained to her father of the insult offered to poverty. He clasped her with deep emotion in his arms, and returned the more cheerfully to his labour.

The worth of this honest family was not wholly unnoticed by generous souls. Sanders was once summoned unexpectedly to an attorney, who informed him that he was commissioned to pay him twenty pounds a year. The old man was struck mute with astonishment. He could now send his youngest children to school, buy his daughters ribbons against the fair, and occasionally afford himself little indulgences. He thanked God with tears, and earnestly desired to express his gratitude to his benefactor. The latter was accustomed to "do good by stealth," and Sanders could not learn his name. He had no other means of lightening his full heart than to relate his good fortune to all he knew, and to bless his modest benefactor.

This circumstance reached the ears of Freelove. He smiled contemptuously at the silly donor who would not even receive thanks for his bounty, and resolved to profit by his folly. In a few moments he repaired, with all the paraphernalia of wealth, and the affectation of honour, to the habitation of virtuous poverty. He was received with respectful curiosity. "Honest Sanders," said he, "you have long wished to know the person

who has been so happy as to alleviate your cares with part of his superfluity. You would never have learned his name, did not his heart impel him to increase tenfold the little that he has given, on account of your exemplary conduct. I am the person."

No sooner had he uttered these words, than the whole family, shedding tears of gratitude, was prostrate at his feet. Each strove to kiss his hand, or at least the hem of his garment. He affected emotion. "Rise, my friends," cried he, wiping his dry eyes, "I am but come to earn this touching reward." Turning to the children, he inquired the name of each, spoke to them in a strain of parental kindness, and kept a vigilant guard over his eyes, which were particularly attracted by the fair Louisa, whose tears of joy but rendered her the more beautiful.

With friendly familiarity, Freelove made minute inquiries concerning the circumstances of honest Sanders. "I clearly perceive," said he at last, "that you are still obliged to labour so hard, that your exertions are liable to undermine your health, and to deprive these good children of their excellent father. That you may have the fewer to provide for, I will take a couple of them off your hands. Let's see, which we shall chuse. I will not deprive you of the boys; they are already of some assistance to you: for girls it is always most difficult to find employment. Well, it shall be two of them: they shall be kindly used; one shall be for my mother, the other for my wife. I hope they will always behave so as to deserve

your affection and my friendship." He then pitched upon Louisa and the plainest of her sisters, with a view to prevent suspicion.

Sanders felt great reluctance to part with his children, who wept bitterly at the idea of leaving their father: but how could he refuse such advantageous offers? it would be like flying in the face of Providence. Freelove, moreover, promised that they should have very frequent opportunities of seeing one another. The country-seat to which he intended to take the girls was but a few miles from the town; the father might visit them in the holidays, or if the children were too anxious to wait till then to see him, Freelove would send them in his own carriage, which would reach their father's house in a few hours. These pleasing prospects which he held out to them considerably alleviated the pain of separation. Sanders impressed the name of his treacherous benefactor and that of his country-seat indelibly on his memory, embraced his daughters, gave them his paternal advice, and especially exhorted them to be dutiful and obedient to their second father. The trembling girls got into the handsome carriage, and Freelove drove away with them.

He found it no difficult matter to gain their confidence by the way: they considered him already as their benefactor, and the parental tone which he assumed, gave them courage. They soon began to converse familiarly with him, and expressed surprise that, at the rapid rate they went, it was so long before they reached the end of their journey. Freelove easily pa-

cified them with the observation, that he had taken a circuit for the purpose of leaving the plainest of the two sisters with his mother, whose place of abode he named, telling them that it lay a mile from the next stage. The girl was accordingly sent off in that direction with a trusty attendant. He then proceeded with Louisa to a distant estate which he had recently purchased. She was surprised at not finding his wife there; but Freelove had none, he was a widower. The gentle, affectionate creature, whom he could not possess but by marriage, had long since fallen a victim to grief, leaving him two children, a son and a daughter, of about the same age as Louisa. His sincere affection for these children was the only virtuous sentiment that he yet cherished; for the most depraved heart resembles the copper of Siberia, which is always mixed with some particles of gold.

He assured Louisa that his wife was gone on a little excursion of pleasure, and would return in a few days. He was well aware that it would be impolitic to make an immediate assault on this virtuous girl. An adept in the arts of seduction, he began with the utmost caution to lull her innocence to sleep. The seclusion of the country offered him daily opportunities, of which he duly availed himself. His daughter lived at a great distance with an elderly aunt, and he had expressly forbidden the visits of his son.

Long was Louisa far from suspecting any snare; but Freelove's impatience, and the impetuosity of his desires, which did not permit him to finish his part, at last

removed the bandage from her eyes. She perceived the impending danger, and insisted on returning to her father. She daily repeated this request, sometimes with meekness, at others with vehemence, but all to no purpose. Freeloze made her feel that she was in his power. She wept bitterly on finding herself compelled to hate and despise the supposed benefactor of her father. Necessity taught her dissimulation. Fearful of stimulating the voluptuary to violence, she now and then gave him hopes that in time he might conquer her virtue, and thus gained some respite.

Meanwhile her father waited with anxiety from day to day for intelligence from his daughters. No tidings arrived from them, and he became quite uneasy. He related his adventure first to one acquaintance, then to another, in hopes of receiving from them advice or consolation: they all significantly shrugged their shoulders. He named the gentleman to whom he had intrusted his daughters—nobody knew him: he mentioned his country-seat—there was no such place. His anxiety now rose to despair. He was too miserable to pursue his usual labours, and spent his valuable time in fruitless inquiries. Fatigued, but unable to sleep, he sunk every night on his humble couch, watered his pillow with his tears, and cursed the seducer.

While Freeloze was revelling in the country in the indulgence of criminal hopes, an unexpected bankruptcy in the metropolis threatened him with the loss of great part of his fortune. It was

absolutely necessary, in order to save it, that he should be apprised of the danger without delay; and under these circumstances his son, Edward, believed, in spite of his father's prohibition, that he should but perform a filial duty by hastening to him. He entered quite unexpectedly, when his father was alone with Louisa. Freeloze was alarmed; but soon recovering himself, he desired Louisa to retire, then heard what his son had to say, gave him directions, and afterwards acquainted him, as it were incidentally, that the young female whom he had just seen had been committed, for important reasons, by her relatives to his care; that no one was to know who she was, or whence she came; and that Edward, therefore, upon pain of his severest displeasure, was to observe the strictest silence in regard to her. Edward was accustomed to obey; but Louisa had already made a profound impression on him, and this impression her appearance at supper only served to strengthen. She spoke little, but what she did say evinced good sense and feeling. The melancholy diffused over her fair face, and expressed by her beautiful eye, completed the conquest of his heart. Edward's stolen looks confessed the sentiments which she had awakened, and she perfectly understood those looks, novice as she was in the language of the eyes.

Immediately after supper, Edward was dismissed to his chamber. He could not sleep. Next morning he was to set out again; but he could not do that either. He took leave indeed of his father, but he concealed himself in the

gamekeeper's cottage contiguous to the park, hoping that the fair stranger might walk that way, and determined, if she should be alone, to reveal his passion. He was not disappointed. Louisa always took advantage of the hour at which Freelove was accustomed to write letters, for a solitary walk. She passed sighing under the lofty elms, when all at once Edward lay at her feet. Her fright was soon succeeded by joy, on seeing at last before her one in whom she could confide, and to whom she could look for deliverance. She acquainted him with all that had happened; and the son listened with burning blushes to the crimination of his father.

What was he to do? to become the public accuser of his father? to leave the beautiful creature by whom he was so fascinated at his mercy?—Both seemed equally impossible. The covenant between their hearts was speedily concluded; but the only means of immediate rescue, an elopement with Edward, appeared to her indecorous: at any rate she determined not to resort to it but in the last necessity. The lovers separated with a mutual promise to consider of some expedient, which should neither be disreputable, nor run counter to filial duty. In a few days Edward was to return; till then she hoped to be able to keep the importunate seducer in check: but then at all events some resolution was to be adopted, and carried into immediate execution.

In vain did both of them meanwhile puzzle their brains to devise some middle way. A fresh disas-

ter threw a cloud over Edward's mind. A letter from his aunt requested him to convey to his father the dreadful tidings, that his daughter had gone off with a foreign nobleman. With this distressing intelligence he returned, and first saw Louisa in private, into whose bosom he poured his new sorrows. At this information, a lucky thought flashed across her mind. She begged Edward to give her the letter from his aunt, and to remain for a short time where he was. She then hastened to Freelove, acquainted him with his son's arrival, and delivered to him the open letter. He read it and was overwhelmed. "My daughter!" he exclaimed, "my beloved child! my honour! my every thing!" He then sunk upon a sofa in silent despair, while big tears coursed down his cheeks. Louisa threw herself at his feet. "What you now feel for your daughter," said she, sobbing, "my poor father has been suffering for weeks on my account. Need I say more to move your heart at this moment?"

No; she had seized the right moment: her words penetrated his heart, softened as it was by parental affection and parental anguish. He raised her from the ground, soliciting her forgiveness, and soon restored her to the arms of the disconsolate Sanders, whom grief had confined to a sick bed. There, surrounded by the weeping family, he penitently acknowledged the villainous design which he had formed, but happily not accomplished. The transported father clasped his recovered child to his bosom: Edward made amends for their suffer-

ings by conducting Louisa to the altar; and Frelove strove, by contributing to the happiness of his new and worthy daughter, to forget one who had rendered herself unworthy of his affection.

ANECDOTES OF THE CUNNING OF THE FOX.

THE two following circumstances, relative to the fox, may be depended on as facts, both having happened some years since in the county of Suffolk.

An old woman who reared poultry for the market at Bury St. Edmunds, and who consequently generally had a pretty good stock in her poultry-house, going one morning to open it as usual, discovered that the universal destroyer, death, had seized on every fowl; and upon closer inspection, found that it was from the jaws of a fox the mischief had emanated; but to her great satisfaction, reynard too was dead, and lay stretched out among his numerous victims*. This pleased the old lady so much, that she exclaimed (at the same time catching the *dead* fox by the brush), "Ah, curse thee! since thou art dead, I don't so much care," flinging him, as she said so, on a neighbouring dunghill.

To her infinite surprise, no sooner had reynard's body alighted on the dunghill, than he took to his heels, and very nimbly ran away.

The fact was, that the fox had crept into the hen-house at a small aperture, and, like the weasel in the fable, had feasted himself till he was too large to return by the same way, when being surprised by the entrance of the old woman,

he had resorted to the above trick to effect his escape.

A gentleman who kept a pack of hounds, having caught a fox, *bagged* him for future sport, and on the intended morning of hunting, invited a neighbouring clergyman, who never thought he preached worse on a Sunday because he had hunted once or twice in the course of the week, to breakfast with him. Previously to starting, the parson wished to have a peep at the fox, and a servant was ordered to bring him into the parlour in the bag: having done so, he left the room. The reverend gentleman now took hold of the bottom of the bag, and shaking it, out fell reynard *dead* upon the floor.—"Why," he cried, "your fox has *departed this life*, my friend!"—"Impossible!" exclaimed the other.—"Impossible!" rejoined the clergyman, "why look here," and he suspended him by the tail. Dead he certainly was, they both decided, and he was accordingly dropped on the floor, where he fell prone and heavy as a log. The bell was rung for a servant to take him out, but no sooner was the room-door opened than reynard was resuscitated, bolted from the parlour into the garden, from thence over the low wall into the fields, and for that day at least completely spoiled their sport: he left them in *full cry* indeed, but it was a cry of *recreation*.

* It is well known that a fox will kill every fowl in a poultry-house before he eats one: probably to prevent any noise.

MISERABLE STATE OF THE FEMALE SEX AMONG PAGAN, MAHOMETAN, AND UNCIVILIZED NATIONS.

By the Abbé GREGOIRE, formerly Bishop of Blois.

AMONG uncivilized nations there are too few moral relations between the sexes to counterbalance the superior physical strength of the one; but when the other can compensate for its inferiority in this particular by the charms of virtue and by the qualities of the head and heart, its empire softens the manners, and man, in loving his wife, accustoms himself to respect his equal. In general, the respect paid to the sex may be taken as the ratio of the progress of a nation in social life; but the developement of the moral faculties of women, and the ascendancy which it gives them, are commonly the effect of legislation, but more especially of religion and public opinion, which are frequently more powerful and more durable than the laws themselves.

By some of the nations of antiquity the sex was held in high estimation. Such were the Egyptians, the Gauls, and the Germans. The latter, according to Tacitus, believed that in women there was something divine. M. Graberg is of opinion, that the European ladies are indebted for their influence to this politeness of the ancient Germans; and Guingené, author of the "Literary History of Italy," ascribes modern civilization to the barbarians of the north, and particularly to the Goths, by whom women were almost deified. These assertions, however, are not only exaggerated, but susceptible of contradiction, even admitting what history has handed down to us

concerning the respect paid by the Germans to their women.

Those of the Gauls enjoyed extraordinary consideration from the time when, interposing their mediation during a civil war, they discussed the respective interests of the states of Gaul, and fixed the rights of each with such judgment, as to put an end to their disputes. Such was probably the origin in that country of a senate composed of women, a political institution of which no example is to be found in any other. In a treaty between the Carthaginians and the Cisalpine Gauls, it was stipulated, that, if the latter had to complain of any infractions, they should address them to the government established in Spain by the senate of Carthage; and if the Carthaginians had any complaints to make, they should be submitted to the council of Gallic females.

But if some of the nations of antiquity manifested great respect for women, by how many others, not excepting the Israelites, were they treated with too little! If we turn to the prophet Malachi, we shall find that so early as his time they merited this reproach; which proves moreover that their conduct on this head was opposite to the spirit of the Mosaic law. Cardoso assures us, that they paid the sex great respect: but how is this assertion to be reconciled with the notion of Philo, who considered woman as an imperfection of nature; with the childish stories of the Rabbis, concerning the embarrass-

ment of the Almighty how to create the first woman; with the daily thanksgiving of the Jews: "Blessed be thou, O Creator of the heavens and the earth, because thou hast not made me a woman!" and with that of the despised female, who says with resignation: "Blessed be thou, for having formed me according to thy good pleasure!"

In Greece, if we except Lacedæmon, the women were not considered as forming part of the people: in this point of view they were on the same footing with the slaves; and the education of girls was extremely neglected.

Among the Athenians, beauty, wit, and the graces possessed a baneful influence, as in every country where politeness is combined with looseness of manners. The homage and applause lavished on Aspasia and other women, both celebrated and obscure, being neither inspired by, nor addressed to, virtue, cannot authorize the conclusion, that the sex enjoyed any marked consideration in the Athenian state. Custom and the laws seem indeed to prove the contrary: the former, because women were bought and sold; the latter, because at Athens they forbade women to make any bargain to an amount exceeding the price of a measure of barley.

None of the philosophic systems of the Greeks raised women to the rank which is assigned to them by Christianity. Who can read without feelings of indignation, even in Aristotle, the prince of ancient philosophers, that the female sex is a species of monster, an incipient degeneration?

The Roman matrons were honoured so long as austerity of manners upheld the republic. A statue was even erected to Tanaquilla, the wife of Tarquin the elder, representing her holding the distaff. Wine was so strictly forbidden them, that the violation of this prohibition was deemed as criminal as adultery. Valerius Maximus assigns as a reason for this law, that drunkenness borders on lewdness. Fabius Pictor, Pliny the elder, and Tertullian relate, that a woman, having taken the keys of the cellar, was starved to death by her family. The severity of the punishment was, nevertheless, inadequate to suppress this passion, if, as another author asserts, they drank at the cask itself.

In the *Memoirs of the French Academy of Inscriptions*, Bonamy has adduced abundance of proofs, that the Roman women were treated nearly like slaves. The Voconian law forbade any citizen to constitute his wife, or even an only daughter, his heir. It is painful to find that Montesquieu has undertaken the vindication of such a law; but his very admissions carry with them their own confutation, for when he declares that it is hostile to the feelings of nature, he himself passes unintentionally the severest censure on a law, than which, says St. Augustine, nothing more unjust can be conceived, and which was abolished by the Christian emperors.

Women have been degraded in all those countries where incestuous connections were authorized or tolerated, as in Persia—

In those where a vice still more

revolting to nature prevailed, and was approved of even by philosophers, as in Greece—

In those where custom sanctioned the lending of wives like a piece of household furniture. Thus Socrates lent his wife to Alcibiades, and Cato afforded the same accommodation to Hortensius; and yet these are the sages whom infidelity has so highly extolled. Among the Romans it was the custom, that if the wife who had been lent in this manner was not reclaimed by her husband within the year, the borrower might refuse to return her, on the ground of prescriptive right.—

In those where obscenity and licentiousness are integral parts of religion. Many of the temples of the ancients were haunts of immorality. This practice still subsists in the East Indies, where great numbers of females are attached to the service of the temples of the gods, whose worship is constitutionally impure—

In those where the facility of divorce and polygamy degrades this half of the species into mere ministers to the pleasures of the other half, as among the Mahometans and Hindoos; so that by their looks alone they may easily be distinguished from Christian women. The Hindoo code contains many regulations tending to disparage and to oppress the sex: it places women on a level with minors and slaves, and declares that no reliance is to be placed on their chastity; and that if a woman is ever left to be her own mistress, she is sure to conduct herself ill. Her evidence is not admitted in cases of murder, robbery, or adultery.

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She is expelled from her home if she eats before her husband; and must therefore be content with her savings. In many cases, punishments abhorrent to humanity are inflicted on guilty females, such as drowning, and causing them to be worried and devoured by dogs.

The historians of the middle ages agree in stating, that among the ancient Slavonians, widows burned themselves on the pile erected to consume the bodies of their husbands; and that any woman who should have refused to comply with this custom, would have brought disgrace on her family. This barbarous practice was abolished by Christianity, which is at present exerting its influence for its abolition in India, where idolatry, says Carey, kills greater numbers than the sword. Many perish by throwing themselves under the wheels of the enormous chariot on which the gigantic idol of Juggernaut is drawn. In six months of the year 1804, one hundred and fifteen widows were burned with the remains of their husbands, within thirty miles round Calcutta. The number of women who annually perish in this manner is estimated at ten thousand. This species of fanaticism maintains its ground, in spite of all the efforts of the English for its abolition. In regard to another equally inhuman practice they have been more successful.

It was discovered in 1789, that the Rajekomars, who reside in the district of Juanpore, near the country of Oude, were accustomed to put to death their female children immediately after their birth, and

that they were 'in' consequence obliged to seek wives among the Rajpoots. The tribe of the Jarejah, in Guzerat, followed the same practice till 1807, up to which time it was calculated, that they destroyed about three thousand female infants every year. The antiquity of this custom, which is supposed by the Rev. Dr. Buchanan to have existed above two thousand years, and the alledged inferiority of the female sex, served as pretexts for persevering in it. These atrocities are perpetrated among people who seem to have abjured all humanity towards rational creatures, and to have reserved the exclusive exercise of it in behalf of brutes. Before we quit India, we must observe, that if a woman happens to be the first object met by a person after leaving his house in a morning, she is an omen of ill luck*. In China, where civilization is said to have made such progress, Lord Macartney saw women harnessed to the plough.

The degradation of women is sanctioned among many idolatrous nations, either by religion, especially in the countries professing Shamanism, or by the laws, as among the Kirghises, who, valuing the life of a man at a certain price, punish murder by a fine; but only half the sum is required for the murder of a woman or a slave, or

to indemnify a female for the loss of her honour.

Among the savage nations, the condition of the sex is still more deplorable. All navigators and travellers agree in this statement, but Dampier, Gumilla, and Forster may be particularly referred to. The latter remarks, that in New Zealand boys are taught from infancy to despise their mothers. At Nukahiva, in time of famine, the men kill and eat their wives and children.

The testimony of other travellers might be adduced, if necessary, to heighten the colouring of the horrid picture sketched in the work of Captains Lewis and Clark, who, in their expedition to explore the sources of the Missouri, visited a great number of previously unknown tribes. We there find that among those savages conjugal fidelity and chastity are violated without scruple. Women being a property which may be lent, given, or maltreated, are frequently obliged to follow on foot their husbands, who are mounted on horseback.

Lady M. W. Montagu asserts, that Europeans entertain false notions of the confinement of Mahometan women. Thornton and Mirza Abu Taleb are of the same way of thinking: but the enumeration of the advantages attributed by the latter to the women of his country, seems but ill calculated to support his assertion, and to convince our European females. Is it to be believed, that women are deemed equal to men in a country where the law authorizes their being let out to hire, and where the testimony of four women is not of equal

* Such of our readers as wish to pursue this interesting subject, will find many curious particulars respecting the treatment of the female sex by the Hindoos, in the fourth division of *The World in Miniature*, containing *Hindoostan*, now publishing at the Repository of Arts, 101, Strand.—EDITOR.

weight with that of two men? The Musulmans can scarcely conceive it possible that any one can feel respect for beings, whom their opinion never raises above contempt. The veracity of the lively and highly gifted Lady Montagu, who professed to envy the Turkish women the felicity of vegetating in a harem, may very justly be questioned. A more recent witness, Mrs. Tully, in the entertaining account of her ten years' residence at Tripoli, assures us, that the Moorish ladies frequently expressed their regret at being deprived of that liberty which they saw Christian females enjoy.

The picture here presented is useful, nay perhaps necessary, for the purpose of shewing the more clearly by contrast, as will be done in another article, the influence of Christianity on the condition of the sex—an influence which is durable, because it results from its doctrine. We are nevertheless told of a tribe, among which Christianity is still struggling against rude and semi-barbarous manners, and which

keeps this half of the species in a state of degradation. When the Morlachians make mention of a woman, they use an expression employed in other countries when speaking of the most disgusting objects—*saving your presence*. The Abbé Fortis, who communicates this observation, is of opinion, that the filthiness of the Morlachian women is at once both the cause and effect of the humiliating manner in which they are treated by their husbands and relatives.

No one can be a judge in his own cause. This maxim was a principle of reason before it became an axiom of jurisprudence. Experience proves, that the individual who is both judge and a party in the cause generally inclines the balance in his own favour. So it has fared too in regard to women. The men have made a very unequal division in all the countries where physical force is not counterbalanced by a moral force. To furnish this counterpoise, the interference of a more than human authority was required.

ORIGIN OF THE KALEIDOSCOPE. TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THERE are few of your readers but will recollect the discussion which took place two or three years ago, respecting the then popular instrument, the *kaleidoscope*, which many, doubtless for sufficient reasons, contended to be an ancient invention. These people, I take it for granted, were influenced solely by the love of truth, and not by any interested motive; but in spite of their industry, the

real origin of this ingenious contrivance seems to have escaped their research. Allow me then to set them right on the subject.

In an old book, which unluckily wants the title, I have met with a passage purporting that this instrument was invented at a remote period by the grand vizir of a sultan. The monarch seldom quitted his harem; but, like a true father of his country, he was desirous of learning the state of his dominions;

and the vizir was therefore obliged to make reports to him every morning on their condition. The minister was mortified to observe, that in the midst of the most florid expositions of the happiness of the people, the opulence of the commercial classes, the disinterestedness and integrity of the great functionaries of the empire, &c. the sultan frequently fell asleep. He therefore set his wits to work, to devise the means of presenting these results in an agreeable manner to the sultan, and invented the instrument in question.

When he had finished this wonderful mirror, he carried it one morning to the sultan, who inquired what sort of thing he had brought. "Your highness's most humble and most faithful servant," replied the vizir, "has endeavoured to lighten for you as much as possible the heavy burden of government. Your highness will now be relieved from the labour of listening to my frequently tedious reports, and you may convince yourself with your own eyes of the happiness and prosperity of your dominions." He then fixed the instrument on a pedestal of curious workmanship, and placed it before the eyes of the sultan.—"Well, let us see! Ha, that is beautiful!—and all so full and of such a rich yellow!"

—"That is your highness's treasury."—"Indeed! I am glad of it—I will write some orders presently on the treasurer—but go on." The vizir turned the tube. "Beautiful again! all concentrated into a star!"—"That shews the harmony and union of all the Imams in your highness's empire."—"That rejoices me much; I had heard that

they sometimes disagree. Proceed." The vizir again turned.—"What is that? Nothing but straight lines, running to a vacant spot in the centre."—"This denotes the straight paths pursued by the Cadis in your highness's dominions, when they decide the disputes of your subjects; and how they all concur to one laudable end, that is, to discover and to do what is right and just. The vacant spot in the centre indicates their disinterestedness."—"Excellent! that is just what I wish! Go on." The vizir turned again. "Exquisitely beautiful, by the prophet! blue, red, green, and all so rich!"—"The blue denotes the fidelity with which your highness's Defterdars manage the finances; the red, the joy felt by your subjects in living under the sceptre of so wise a sultan; and the green, the flourishing state of agriculture, and the prosperity of the manufacturing classes." The sultan was of opinion that there was rather too much green, and that it would be well to impose a fresh tax on rice.—"Your highness's wisdom," replied the minister, "never fails to hit on what is best: your commands shall be obeyed." In this manner he amused his master every morning, and the sultan was never tired of contemplating the felicity of his dominions.

It happened, however, that an enemy of the vizir's once found an opportunity of placing the sultan at the back instead of the front of the instrument. "How is this?" cried his highness in the utmost astonishment. "Broken glass, bits of stones, scraps of cloth—!"—"This is a true picture of the state of your highness's dominions; what

the vizir showed you was a mere optical deception," replied the honest man.

Whether the vizir was deposed, and the latter appointed to his of-

fice, I know not, for the conclusion of the story has been gnawed away by the mice. I am, Mr. Editor, your humble servant,

BOOKWORM.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT LIMA.

IN the palace of Don Pedro de Rocca was held a splendid entertainment; for that gentleman was celebrating his betrothal to Maria Fuentes with all the magnificence which the wealthiest inhabitant of the opulent capital of Peru could command. If the merchants and men of business had hitherto envied the fortunate Don Pedro his immense wealth, the junior part of them now envied him still more on account of the angelic beauty of his bride. The ladies, indeed, turned up their noses, and were of opinion that he might have made a better choice among their number, and thus have avoided the scandal of so unequal a match: for Don Pedro was descended not only from a very ancient but also a very opulent family; while it was notorious that the mother of his too enchanting bride was but the poor widow of a captain's clerk, who had so far earned a scanty subsistence by the labour of her hands.

Pedro, in fact, was much to be envied, for Fortune seemed to have selected him for her favourite. Born at Seville of rich parents, he led the life of a philosopher, and piqued himself not a little on the evenness of his temper, which he considered as the result of the system he had adopted. An uncle in Peru, a man of immense fortune, died, and constituted him

his sole heir. Though Pedro, like a genuine philosopher, valued temporal possessions merely as affording the means for the accomplishment of objects, he was nevertheless not displeased at this prodigious accession to his already considerable property. He set out for Lima, intending, after he had transacted all the business which required his presence there, to return to Seville. Fate, however, decreed otherwise.

One morning, having attended matins according to custom, he was about to leave the church, and approached the font for the purpose of taking holy water. At that moment two females advanced with the same intention. Don Pedro did not fail, agreeably to the laws of politeness, to present the sacred water to the ladies, especially as the ethereal figure of one of them had strongly attracted his notice; but when she threw back her veil to sprinkle herself, and astonished him with the sight of a heavenly face resplendent in the charms of the freshest youth, and animated by dark expressive eyes, it was all over with the peace of our philosopher.

He soon learned that the fair unknown who had made such a dangerous inroad on his tranquillity of mind, was the daughter of the widow Fuentes, and it was no difficult matter for the wealthy

Don Pedro to obtain admission into the house of the poor widow, who supported herself and her daughter by keeping a milliner's shop, and working at her needle.

Laura, this was the name of Maria's mother, was the child of poor but respectable parents living at Venice. She was scarcely eighteen years old when she became enamoured of a young Spaniard, who was clerk to a merchant, and named Fuentes, and wished to marry him. Her prudent parents opposed the match, which, in their opinion, could not fail to plunge their only daughter into misery; but the latter, blinded by passion, eloped with her lover in a Spanish ship which was just ready to sail for the new world. The captain appointed Fuentes his clerk, and the chaplain at his desire united the lovers. Indulging the hopes of speedily making a fortune, the unfortunate couple arrived in Peru, but soon found themselves disappointed. Fuentes was obliged to leave his young wife, far advanced in pregnancy, at Lima, with a small sum, and to go to sea again to earn a subsistence. Laura received a few letters, and also some money from her beloved husband. Many months had passed since the arrival of the last, when she learned, that he had scandalously deserted her, and formed an illicit connection with the widow of his late captain. Punishment speedily overtook him; for in his very next voyage, the ship foundered, and all the crew perished with him.

Such was the intelligence that reached Laura shortly after the birth of her Maria. In the excess of her affliction, she made a so-

lemn vow to guard her daughter from any precipitate union founded on passion, to accustom her from her infancy to implicit obedience, and not to give her maternal consent, till such a suitor should appear as could offer her with his hand a settlement that would place her beyond the reach of future want. Agreeably to this resolution, she early accustomed Maria to communicate her most secret thoughts to her, to hold her commands as sacred, and to pay them unreserved obedience.

A child of innocence and nature, Maria became as she grew up a model of female beauty. So much the more vigilant was her prudent mother to preserve her pure heart from all dangerous impressions. Thus had she attained the age of sixteen years, a stranger to every other pleasure than what she derived from her little garden, where she diligently tended her flowers when the business of the day was over. This little space embraced all her wishes; the height of her ambition was to make her beloved mother happy, and to attain this object, she thought no effort too great, no privation too severe. Through Maria's industry and taste, their business was materially improved, and Laura found herself now relieved from that anxiety respecting a subsistence, which she had once so keenly experienced. The expanding charms of the beautiful Maria strengthened her hopes of enjoying competence and ease in her declining years, but determined her at the same time to watch with redoubled vigilance over the fascinating girl.

It was about this time that acci-

dent introduced mother and daughter to our Don Pedro, in order that the charms of the latter might at the first glance subdue a heart which had so long presumed to bid defiance to love.

Pedro at first visited the widow upon pretence of wanting a variety of articles in which she dealt; but the real cause of his coming could not escape the scrutinizing eye of the mother. As, however, she learned upon inquiry concerning him nothing but what was to his advantage, and he himself on farther acquaintance explicitly professed honourable intentions in regard to Maria, she received him with marked politeness, and strove to direct the attention of her unsuspecting daughter to their illustrious, and what was to her of still greater importance, their opulent visitor.

Maria's heart, which had yet known no other sentiment than filial love for her mother, allowed it the accustomed ascendancy. The suit of Don Pedro, who, though not young, was handsome and vigorous for his years, flattered her, while the prospect of a brilliant career, and above all the idea of being enabled to make a provision for the declining years of her mother, would not permit her to delay her consent for a moment when Don Pedro formally solicited her hand.

Four weeks after the solemn betrothal mentioned at the outset, the nuptials were to take place; till then, Laura and her mother resolved to reside in their own humble habitation. Though Don Pedro offered to give up part of his spacious mansion for their accommo-

dation, yet the prudent mother insisted on not removing thither till the day fixed for his union with Maria.

In the rear of Laura's house was an alley, bordered on the other side by a river. Maria passed many an hour at the window of her chamber which overlooked it. Some days after her betrothal, she was standing there absorbed in thought, reclining her head on her fair hand, when she was disturbed in her reverie by the sound of the footsteps of a horse. She looked, and beheld a youth beautiful as St. George in the altar-piece of the church which she was accustomed daily to visit, mounted on a superb Andalusian horse, which proudly pranced along the alley. With a sensation unfelt before, her fascinated eyes dwelt on the charming figure of the handsome cavalier, but she cast them down with a deep blush when he looked up at her. It had nevertheless not escaped her observation, that the sight of her had made no disagreeable impression upon him: a notion in which she was confirmed by his frequently turning his head towards her window, while, with stolen glances, she ventured to look after him. As she thus stood with throbbing heart and heaving bosom, a piercing shriek rent the air. Maria turned in alarm towards the quarter whence the cry proceeded, and saw a child, which had fallen into the river while incautiously playing on its bank, struggling with the waves: in a moment it disappeared. Maria, beside herself with fright, loudly called for help: the handsome cavalier returned with the velocity of lightning, his inquiring looks

fixed on the trembling girl. Maria could now think of nothing but the situation of the child. "Help, save it!" cried she to the handsome youth, pointing to the river, where the drowning infant had by this time risen to the surface, and extended its little hands above the waves for assistance. The stranger sprang from his horse, and accompanied by a scream of terror from Maria, plunged into the stream, from which he soon rose again with the child, and swam to the shore. No sooner had he reached the alley, and delivered the child to its parents, who, on the first alarm, had hurried to the spot, than he sunk senseless to the ground, at the very moment when Maria and her mother were hastening out at their back door to render what assistance they could. Laura's house was the best in the neighbourhood; so much the less could she object to the proposal of her neighbours to carry the young gentleman thither, how reluctantly soever she assented to it in her heart.

A physician was sent for, and declared the swoon to be the effect of the sudden transition from heat to cold, which would speedily pass off, and not be attended with any further consequences. This prediction proved to be correct. In a few minutes the youth opened his eyes, and his first glance fell on Maria, who was busily engaged about him: penetrated with gratitude, he seized her hand and ardently pressed it to his lips. Laura observed with displeasure this impassioned movement, which she shrewdly suspected to spring from a different sentiment; she eyed the

deeply blushing Maria with a look of reproof, and ordered her soon afterwards to leave the room.

The stranger, who, to his extreme mortification, had recovered but too rapidly, found himself necessitated to quit a house where he had no excuse for staying any longer. He did not fail, however, to call the next morning, in hopes of seeing the enchanting creature who had made such a profound impression on his heart; but the prudent mother received him alone, and gave him plainly to understand that she considered the repetition of his visit as quite superfluous. Thus disappointed, he could do nothing more than ride up and down the alley, where he might perhaps catch a glimpse of her at the window; and he fancied that he perceived her several times peeping at him from behind the window-curtains—nor was he mistaken.

The pressure of his hand, the ardour of his kiss, and still more, the eloquent expression of his eye, had kindled in Maria's bosom a flame which threatened her peace. She felt as though suddenly awakened from a long dream, and the obscure sensations which at times filled her heart with unaccountable desires, became all at once quite clear to her. With terror she now thought of the truth which she had plighted, conscious that she had never loved Don Pedro; and the more she compared him with the handsome stranger, the more he sunk in her estimation, and the more she dreaded the decisive day. She knew of the stranger's visit to her mother; his frequent rides past the house, and his wishful looks at her

window, had not escaped her; and all contributed to increase her anxiety.

About a week before the day to which she looked forward with such apprehension, she missed the stranger. Though she scarcely quitted the well-known window, and vigilantly as she kept watch with her falcon eye, still she could not discover the handsome cavalier. He has forgotten me—thought Maria, while a sigh heaved her oppressed bosom—and is bestowing his attentions on some happier female. A tear started into her eye, and it was succeeded by a torrent. This conjecture contributed nevertheless to restore her peace of mind in some degree, so that on the wedding-day she could attend Don Pedro to the altar with becoming fortitude, and pronounce the decisive—*I will*—if not with a free heart, at least with a tolerably firm voice. The bustle and festivities which succeeded the ceremony, the extreme kindness of her happy husband, and many valuable presents, dispelled her grief, and tended to erase the image of the handsome stranger more and more from her recollection.

Let us quit for a moment the youthful bride and her delighted spouse: but to render ourselves intelligible to the reader, we must go back a few weeks with our narrative.

One day, just after the fair Maria had been solemnly betrothed to Don Pedro, the latter went out to make various arrangements for his approaching nuptials, and on his return home, he was informed that a stranger wished to speak to him

Don Pedro immediately ordered him to be introduced, and a youth of about twenty, a model of manly beauty, entered, and after a short salutation delivered to him a letter. No sooner had Don Pedro opened it, and glanced at the signature, than he joyfully exclaimed, "From my dearest friend, Don Luis d'Alavar! How is he? What is he doing?"

"He is dead!" replied the youth, and a tear bedimmed his expressive eye.

"Dead!" cried Don Pedro: "is it possible? My junior, and yet fate——"

"Has summoned him to a better world, to rejoin my excellent mother," continued the youth, whose name was Alonzo, interrupting him, while the big tear trickled down his cheek.

Nor could Don Pedro suppress his tears, for he had lost a real friend, one who had twice risked his own life to save him from imminent danger. At length he recovered sufficient composure to read the letter, which was as follows:

"Dearly beloved friend, my last hour is come, and I shall soon appear in the presence of God to render an account of my conduct here below. I am not alarmed at this prospect, knowing that I have a mild sentence to expect from the lips of the Almighty.

"I have been informed by a friend who lately came hither from Lima, that you are now resident there, in possession of a large fortune. I heartily congratulate you upon it. My lot has been less brilliant, and I leave my only son Alon-

so without asylum, and exposed to all the storms of fate. Be a father to him, and provide for him. Heaven grant you uninterrupted happiness. Farewell for ever, and forget not him who is your faithful friend even in death,

“LUIS D'ALAVAR.”

“Forget thee, faithful soul!” exclaimed Don Pedro, “no—never! All that I possess, Don Alonzo, is at your service: command my purse, my—”

“May I request you to read the whole of my father’s letter?” said Alonzo in a modest tone.

Pedro again read:

“*Postscript*.—Imagine not, my old friend, that in thus recommending my son to your care, I wish to impose on you an oppressive or unpleasant burden. Far from it—all I solicit is, that you would use your interest to procure him some appointment. By gifts you would but degrade both him and me. I leave him sufficient for his support till you can procure him a situation, and Providence has given him health and talents to earn his subsistence.”

At reading these words, a dark cloud lowered over Pedro’s brow, but it soon dispersed, and, in his peculiarly prepossessing manner, ..

he said to Alonzo, “I hope at least that your father has not forbidden you to take up your residence in my house, till I have an opportunity of fulfilling his last bequest.”

Alonzo durst not refuse this offer, for fear of offending the generous Don Pedro, and thus became an inmate of his house. In the daily intercourse with his experienced friend, the youth displayed such qualities of heart and mind, that Don Pedro began to conceive a strong affection for him: but when he considered how lavishly nature had adorned his person, he could not help apprehending, that some danger might arise from introducing him to Maria: in short, our philosopher, in spite of his vaunted wisdom, was not proof against jealousy, and therefore resolved not to mention his approaching marriage, but to employ all his interest in promoting the views of his deceased friend in regard to Alonzo. The latter could not remain ignorant of a circumstance known to the whole city; but as Pedro never made the slightest allusion to the subject, he concluded that he must have motives for his silence, and determined to follow his example.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

CURIOUS SPECIMEN OF POPULAR PREACHING.

At the beginning of the last century, Father Chatenier, a Dominican, attracted much notice at Paris by his sermons. He aimed at a popular style of preaching, and the consequence was, that he frequently travestied the history of the Old and New Testament in a most ludicrous manner. On one

of these occasions, he related the conversion of Mary Magdalen in the following terms:

“You must know, my pious and Christian hearers, that Mary Magdalen was a lady of high rank, who led a very free life, and was much addicted to gallantry. She was once travelling to one of her coun-



try-seats, accompanied by the Marquis of Bethany and Count Emmaus. She observed by the way a great number of persons of both sexes assembled in a verdant pasture. Grace began to operate. Magdalen ordered her carriage to stop, and sent one of her pages to inquire what was going forward in the pasture. The page returned and informed her, that it was the Abbé Jesus who was preaching there. She alighted from her carriage with her two noble companions, approached the assembly, listened attentively to the sermon of the Abbé Jesus, and was so affected by it, that from this moment she renounced for ever all vain worldly desires and gratifications."

In one of his sermons he once

declaimed with great vehemence against the young gentlemen and ladies of Paris, who thronged to hear him, not for the purpose of benefiting by his lectures, but to turn them into ridicule. After severely reprimanding their levity, he proceeded in these words:

"And lastly, after your death whither do you expect to go? To balls, to the opera, to concerts, to dinners and suppers, to assemblies where ye can ogle handsome women?—No, no, I tell you!—Ye will be cast into *fire, fire, fire!*" —These last words he pronounced with such tremendous emphasis, that all his auditors were alarmed, and many of them rushed out of the church, under the impression that the edifice was on fire.

PICTURESQUE TOUR IN THE OBERLAND.

PLATE 20—CAVERN OF ST. BEAT.

IN conducting the reader back from Unterseen, along the north bank of the lake of Thun, to the town from which it derives its name, we shall pause at the cavern of St. Beat, a view of which is presented in the annexed engraving. Its situation has been described, and the tradition respecting it noticed, in a preceding Number.

There are, properly speaking, two caverns to which this name is applied. Both were probably hollowed out of the sides of the mountain by the waters of the lake, which at some very remote period must evidently have covered a much greater space than they do at present. From the lower issues

the clear current of the Beatenbach, which descends over ledges of rocks. The upper, which is dry, and now partly walled up, was, according to report, the habitation of the apostle of this part of Switzerland. This hermitage appears to have been about 36 feet by 24, and to have been divided into different apartments.

By far the most interesting is the grotto of the stream, the mysterious obscurity of which invites to those recesses where the fairies distil pure water from the ancient ice of the glaciers. "Where does this wonderful cavern lead to?" "What, don't you know?" replied the countryman: "to Tyrol, to be sure."—"To Entlibuch;" or "to

the Black Forest," says another, as fully convinced of the truth of his story.

The lofty portal of this cavern cannot be viewed without a kind of awe, and it requires some courage to penetrate into the interior, of which Mr. John Stähli, an ingenious artist of Brienz, who recently explored it, gives the following particulars.

Accompanied by four attendants, provided with three lanterns and some planks, he set out on this subterranean expedition. The entrance is very wide; but at the distance of thirty or forty paces from the mouth, the cavern becomes narrow, and the stream forms a fall of six feet. A little farther on to the right is a vault resembling a small room, filled to some height with water. Slipping from their wavering planks, the adventurers waded through it. The passage now becomes so low and narrow, that they were obliged to advance in a creeping posture for about ten paces, when they reached an open space, four or five times as large as an ordinary room, which likewise contains a basin of water. The ground, like the roof at the entrance, is every where covered with tuff and lime-sediment; and there are many curious round holes of the most regular form, some as large as a man's fist, others of the size of one's head. It requires great care to avoid slipping into them. At the extremity of this vault is another small cascade, and ten paces farther a third, where the stream falls 10 feet. It was not without great difficulty that the party succeeded in crossing the slippery blocks of stone along the side of

the rivulet, by means of a small ladder which they had brought with them. After passing a fourth fall, at the distance of thirty paces from the last, they beheld the torrent issuing from a cleft which it completely filled. From this place, the cavern, which continued on the left, became dry. So far its direction, according to a pocket compass, was chiefly north, with some deviation to the west; but here it turned decidedly eastward. The breadth had now decreased to 10 feet; and the roof was so low, that our adventurers were obliged to stoop very much. At the distance of from ninety to a hundred paces, this passage leads nearly at a right angle back to the stream, which, at about ten paces from this point, is wholly lost in the rock. The aperture gradually widens, and fifty or sixty paces farther, there is a tolerably spacious basin of water, over which the roof rapidly descends so low as nearly to touch the surface, and to forbid any farther advance. The total length is about 665 feet; and the cavern runs the whole distance through a fine lime-stone rock, variegated with white veins.

That there is some danger in visiting this place in summer, may be inferred from the circumstance, that half an hour after the party had left the cavern, in which they had passed three hours and a half, the stream swelled so suddenly, as nearly to fill the outlet into the first grotto. The cause of this phenomenon was a thunder-storm, which had arisen while they were under ground, unperceived by them. Hence it is evident, that this stream is capable of receiving accessions,

in a very short time from the surface of the earth, probably by means of clefts in the rocks.

The country-people relate, that the swelling of the stream is announced by an extraordinary rumbling noise, which is heard on Mount Seefeld, proceeding from the back of the Beatenberg. This noise, called the *Review of Seefeld*, is heard to the distance of five or six miles. It is said to resemble the platoon-fire of soldiers intermixed with the report of cannon at regular intervals, and to be uniformly succeeded by an increase of the Beatenbach. The stream pours forth its ample current from the entrance of the cavern, as from beneath a triumphal arch, nearly 40 feet wide, and the same high, and forms three cascades in its course to the lake. At a little distance from its bank is Leerau, the remarkably neat and cheerful country-seat of Captain Lerben, of Berne.

In the neighbouring valley, called Justithal, as it is believed from St. Justus, who is said to have been a zealous assistant of St. Beat in the propagation of Christianity in this part of Switzerland, there is another remarkable cavern, at the foot of the Rothhorn, which a nearly extinct tradition represents as the solitary residence of the former. From the frequent practice of penning sheep in it, this place has received the appellation of the Schafloch, or Sheep's Cave. The entrance is 40 feet wide, but not above 14 high. The height, however, gradually increases from

the mouth, from which the cavern runs 60 feet in a north-west direction, and then turns westward. The total length is about 360 feet. The chief curiosity of this cavern is a subterraneous glacier. Provided with torches, the visitor has to scramble over fallen fragments of rock. In the clefts of the roof are the habitations of flocks of jackdaws. About half-way you come to ice, with which the ground is soon entirely covered: several large ice-hills and smaller pillars of ice recline against the walls, and afford by torch-light a singular but extremely beautiful spectacle. Some of them are curiously adorned with icicles, and others as curiously hollowed out in places by the dripping of water. They originate from the water, which, incessantly dropping from the roof, freezes in winter, and is never completely thawed in summer, because the depth and oblique direction of the cavern prevent the access of the sun's heat. At the farthest extremity there are two smaller cones of ice, and near them is a narrow but very deep chasm in the icy floor, which receives the dropping water, that, if we may believe report, issues forth again in a limpid stream from one of the mountains at a great distance down the valley.

It is a remarkable fact, that the most eminent apostles of Helvetia came from the British islands. St. Beat and St. Lucius were Englishmen, St. Columbanus and St. Gallus, Scotchmen, and St. Fridolin was a native of Ireland.

HISTORY OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE heard, that to grumble always and swear sometimes are among the privileges of old bachelors. Although I have been fairly entitled to the said privileges for at least half a score of years past, yet I can't say I ever felt much inclination to make use of them, till now that I find myself, through the medium of your Magazine, made the standing joke of all my acquaintance. In short, sir, I am set down for the original of your portrait of Tom Tardy; and though Heaven knows no two beings can be more unlike, my good-natured friends persist in declaring that I have actually sat for the picture; and wherever I shew my face, I am sure to be greeted with a suppressed titter, accompanied by whispers of—"Admirably hit off!"—"Never saw a stronger likeness!"—"Wonder who put him in to the *Repository*?"

Now, Mr. Editor, though I know nothing about you, yet there is a certain tone of gentlemanly feeling in your answers to correspondents, as well as a spirit of liberality and candour in the conduct of your work, which convinces me that you would not willingly be a party to setting me up as a laughing-stock for all those folks who either have had, or hope to have, the good fortune to get married. Nobody; Mr. Editor, has tried harder to enlist under the banners of the safe-fronted deity than myself, but some anti-hymeneal demon or other was always at hand to close the gates of the temple at the moment

I thought myself about to enter it. I protest I have a mind to give you an account of some of my various disappointments, and trust to your good-nature to give them insertion in the *Repository*, and thereby exonerate me at once from the high crime and misdemeanour of being voluntarily an old bachelor.

I shall not trouble you with the history of my juvenile attachments; suffice it to say, that from my fourteenth to my twenty-second year, I was seven or eight times over head and ears in love with some fair creature or other, who was always completely beyond my reach. However, as it was the prime object of my ambition to become a Benedict, I determined, before I had quite attained my twenty-third year, to bid adieu to these vagrant Cupids, and to look out seriously for a wife.

Soon after I had formed this resolution, chance threw in my way a beautiful girl, who was also very rich: this circumstance did not displease me, as my own fortune was but small: however, I can truly say that I was not actuated by mercenary motives, and that I should have preferred the fair Celinda with a moderate portion, to the richest heiress in England. I lost no time in making proposals for Celinda to her aunt, under whose guardianship she was. The old lady told me, that she considered us both too young to marry, but that I should have the liberty of seeing and conversing with her niece, and if, at the expiration of a year or two, our attachment were mutual,

and she were satisfied with my conduct, she should not oppose our marriage.

Hard as these terms were, I acceded to them, and in a short time the behaviour of Celinda inspired me with the hope that I was not indifferent to her. Her aunt indeed played the duenna too completely to give me many opportunities of entertaining her in a lover-like manner, but my devoirs were sufficiently marked to be very intelligible, and as I was received with smiles of welcome, and listened to with blushes of pleasure, I looked eagerly forward to the expiration of my term of probation, in the hope of then calling Celinda mine for life.

But, alas! Mr. Editor, in the aunt of my charmer I had to do with a professed manœuvrer: she was conscious that the obscurity of her niece's origin might be an obstacle to her forming a brilliant marriage, and as I wrote *Hon.* before my name, and was besides (it's more than thirty years ago) a man of some consequence among the ladies, she thought that I might be useful in bringing Celinda into fashion, and if at last no better match should offer, why I would not be absolutely despicable; but she took care to leave herself the power of retracting, if a man of higher rank should present himself.

Nearly a year elapsed, Celinda's beauty was universally admired, but still I had no competitor whom the politic aunt preferred. I had several times pleaded for a mitigation of my sentence, and the old lady began to listen to me with unwonted complacency, when my hopes were suddenly blighted by

Viscount Totterton's declaring, in a large party, that he thought Celinda the finest girl he ever saw in his life, and that he had half a mind to propose for her. I was present when his lordship's gallant speech was repeated to my charmer and her aunt, and I was so far from considering him as a formidable rival, that I was among the first to banter Celinda on her chance of becoming a viscountess. He was a widower, in his sixty-fifth year; he had been twice married, and his ill conduct had occasioned the death of both his wives—so at least said common fame. As there was nothing either in the mind or person of his lordship that a woman of the least delicacy could like, I never dreamt that his title and fortune could induce Celinda to desert me, till I was roused from my thoughtless security by the aunt's forbidding me her house, in consequence of a trifling dispute we had about the merits of a favourite singer.

In vain did I make every reasonable and even unreasonable concession; the old lady had by this time made sure of Viscount Totterton, and gladly seized the occasion to break with me. I then tried the effect of writing to Celinda, for I flattered myself I had a strong hold on her heart; but I was mistaken; my beautiful mistress had no such thing as a heart belonging to her. She sacrificed me at the shrine of ambition, and made a merit of her obedience to her dear aunt, who, on her part, took care to circulate a report, that I was the worst-tempered man in existence, and that it was a most fortunate thing that I had thrown off the mask before

matters had gone any length between me and her poor sensitive Celinda.

This disappointment sat for some time very heavy upon my spirits, and in order to get rid of the remembrance of it, I plunged into a course of dissipation; but I was soon tired of its heartless pleasures, and once more looked round to find a helpmate meet for me: determined, however, that this time my imagination should not hoodwink my judgment, by drawing me into the chains of a beauty.

Accordingly I fixed upon a lady who was not remarkable for her personal charms, but her manners were very agreeable, and she was universally reckoned a very clever woman. I was soon convinced that common fame had done her no more than justice, and in a short time, I was scarcely less fascinated by her wit, than I had been by Celinda's beauty. The hours we spent together were indeed among the happiest of my life. A short time only had elapsed before I proposed, was accepted, and nothing remained but to fix the day, when a conversation which took place between me and my mistress, totally overturned all my prospects of felicity.

I need not trouble you with the *says I's* and *says she's*; it will be enough to tell you, that my mistress was a disciple of the new school of philosophy; a circumstance which I never suspected, for female infidels in those days were very rare indeed. She spoke of marriage as a mere human institution, a galling yoke which priestcraft had imposed, but which she very energetically hoped reason would soon enable

us to shake off. As my strongest wish was to wear the yoke quietly for life, you cannot wonder that I wanted courage to share it with a partner who shewed me clearly, that she would endure it no longer than caprice or inclination rendered it agreeable to her.

I wrote, but I confess not without many pangs, a farewell letter to my pretty philosopher; but though she was a professed disciple of truth, she had not the candour to acknowledge the cause of my desertion; and as my tenderness for her prevented me from publishing it, I began to be looked upon as a strange capricious fellow, who did not know his own mind.

This character, however, did not operate to my disadvantage with the young widow Bellair; on the contrary, she declared that I was the very sort of being on whom she wished to try the power of her charms; and to say the truth, she did try it to some purpose, for she made me distractedly in love with her, kept me in suspense during some years, and at last told me, with infinite good-nature, that her excessive regard for my happiness obliged her to give me a positive dismissal; for she was certain that I should be miserable with a coquette wife, and the love of coquetry was so inherent in her nature, that she could no more exist without indulging it, than she could without breathing.

This last affair induced me to give up the idea of taking either a beautiful, witty, or fascinating wife. I thought that my only chance of comfort and tranquillity was to find a plain good sort of woman, without pretensions to any kind of

mental or personal superiority. You will readily perceive, Mr. Editor, that I was engaged in a fruitless search, for where is the woman that does not imagine she has pretensions of some sort or other? I was a good while before I could make my election, but at last I thought that in Miss Medium I had found the very being I wished for. Pleading in her person, without pretensions to beauty, possessed of just sense enough to conduct herself properly, of a quiet and rather reserved temper, she did not appear to value herself in the smallest degree on any thing in which females in general are most ambitious to shine. I made my addresses with great caution, and took care not to offer my hand till I had every reason to suppose I was likely to be accepted. At last I proposed, was referred by the lady to her father, who did not start a single objection, and things were drawing rapidly to a conclusion, but unfortunately a few days before the one appointed for our nuptials, on paying a visit to Miss Medium, I found her discussing with a female friend, the best method of dressing a hare. The stranger argued in favour of roasting it in the English fashion, and Miss Medium contended for the superiority of the seventy-five modes of cooking it *à la Française*; taking care, at the same time, to favour us with a correct list of the ingredients used in every one of them.

As the subject did not at all interest me, I believe I betrayed some few symptoms of impatience, and I tried two or three times to turn the conversation. Miss Medium fired at this, and made several sarcastic remarks on the pre-

sent flimsy taste in female accomplishments, and the total incapacity of the generality of men to estimate properly the really useful and estimable knowledge possessed by women. I bore this patiently enough for some time, but at last I was thrown off my guard, and retorted with some spirit: my mistress coloured, bridled, and remained silent during the rest of the evening. The following morning, she sent me a very laconic epistle, importing that she had been greatly deceived in the opinion which she formed of my understanding and judgment; she now found that she had highly overrated both, and therefore could by no means think of becoming my wife. I know not how far she might have proved inexorable, for, to say the truth, I was too much affronted at the cause of her refusal, to try to appease her anger.

I should narrate some more of my disappointments, but I fancy these will be sufficient to prove to the satisfaction of such of your readers as have any conscience in these cases, that it is not by choice I am suffering the pains and penalties of old-bachelorism. However, to put the matter out of doubt, I do hereby declare, that I am ready to espouse any lady whose character is correct, her person not deformed, her temper and disposition tolerably good, and her age not exceeding my own (I am just fifty-three). I trust, Mr. Editor, to your liberality, and I may say, to your sense of justice, to give insertion to this explanation of my conduct and sentiments, and remain your humble servant,

LAURENCE LUCKLESS.

ECLOGUES BY THE POETICAL HACKNEY-COACHMAN.

MR. EDITOR,

I SEND you a farther specimen of my friend the Hackney-Coachman's talents, in addition to those you inserted in your last Number but one. I refer such of your readers as did not see the account I then gave of the author, to my letter of Nov. 28, 1821. If they do not yet believe that he is a real personage, and the poems genuine, all I can do is to say, that his name is Andrew Maddon, and that he drives the coach which bears the number 362. Any body may call him off the stand, and ask him if they please, as he drove me the day before yesterday from St. Paul's to Half-Moon-street, Piccadilly. I would have added a song and a second sonnet to what follows, but by some accident I have mislaid them.

Lord Byron, in a note to "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," calls Mr. Capel Lofft "the Mæcenas of Shoemakers;" and if I am the humble instrument of bringing genius to light, and of encouraging humble merit, I shall not care what any future satirist may say of me. Yours, &c.

PHILO-JEHU.

BLACKFRIARS, March 1, 1822.

The following production is the second of six eclogues, and it is called "the Ball," as it relates what passed between two lovers on their way to a dance at Camberwell. The introduction deserves notice, as the author (who knows nothing of Latin) has hit upon the same thought as Virgil in his *Pollio*, when he says "*Paulo majora cana-*

mus." The division of the word for the rhyme in the last introductory stanza, is warranted by Ben Jonson, Ariosto, and the author of the "*Beauties of the Anti-Jacobin*."

THE BALL: AN ECLOGUE.

INTRODUCTION.

These matters done, I would aspire
To sing of something rather higher—

Of love, that dwells the heart in:
Although I know that some will cry,
That love is nothing but *my eye*,
My eye and *Betty Martin*.

And who is *Betty Martin* pray?
What man alive can ever say,

Without from truth departing?
And what is love, when I would ask,
Is just, I'm sure, as hard a task
As that of *Betty Martin*.

Is this the reason, much I wonder,
That love and *Betty* never sunder

In wisest heads and serious,
But always are combin'd together,
As neither of them worth a feather,
Yet both alike mysterious.

Thus much by way of preface I
Would say, before my strength I try

On what my page I stuff in:
The theme is lofty, well I know,
Although some of the greatest poets
Ets call it but humbuggin.

Of all the fares that hackney-coachmen get,

There's none on which a higher value's set,

Than those that offer when gay footmen call

To take a giggling party to a ball.

People that keep a carriage often take
A hackney-coach for this, lest poles
should break

Their pannels, or their horses catch a cold

In waiting, till at last the coachman's told

To bring the party home. This by the way.

I was call'd off the stand the other day
(Or rather night) to take to Camberwell
Young Master William Wilkins, with
his *belle*,

(Which means a sweetheart in our vulgar
tongue,)

For whom he long had softly sigh'd and
sung,

And who return'd her tender lover's
passion.

They were not people of the highest
fashion,

As far as I could see and understand :

I took them from the best part of the
Strand,

And I was order'd with all haste to drive,
Until at Camberwell I should arrive,
For at th' assembly-rooms was held there
A ball for dashing folks who chiefly
dwell'd there.

I rattled them across the paving-stones,
So that I could not hear their tender
tones,

But sure I was that conversation flow'd,
As when we came upon Blackfriars-road
Their tongues were in full action, and I
heard

(The window being down) full many a
word ;

For when they left behind the pave-
ment's noises,

They quite forgot to moderate their voices.
Love was the theme of course, and he
with fervour

Vow'd to do any thing that might de-
serve her :

She in return was very far from coy,
O'ercome by his warm passion, and the
joy

Of the expected ball. But now, instead
Of mere description, list to what they
said.

WILKINS.

My love, my life, my Mary-Anne,

I vow by all that's true,

No ribbon in my father's shop

Is a more lovely blue,

Than thy sweet eyes; and thy fair cheek,
So blushing to the sight,
Is like a piece of sarsanet,
Of crimson shot with white.

Miss SPICER.

Ah! cease thy sugar'd compliments,
Thou too engaging youth !

A pound of flattery is not worth
A single ounce of truth.

Thus in my father's bustling shop,
How often do we see

A pound of sugar bought to match
A single ounce of tea !

WILKINS.

I swear by yonder sky of blue,
Like *gros de Naples* shining,
The passion that I vow to you
Is like a habit warm and new,
Without deceitful lining.

'Tis with no flimsy *persian* lined
Beneath the soft *merino*,
But satin, of the richest kind,
Or Venice silk, which still we find
The most approv'd that I know.

Miss SPICER.

Ah! William Wilkins, I believe
Your love both true and great :
Thou wert not born to make me grieve,
Or in thy measures to deceive,
Or give thy love false weight.

A fig, I say, for other men !—
My love for thee each beau leaves ;
I'll love thee till—I don't know when—
Others I know are false—and then
They are but tea of sloe-leaves.

WILKINS.

Thy beauty is above all price,
A rare and matchless article.

Miss SPICER.

Thy love is like most fragrant spice,
Or salt, that keeps things fresh and nice,
Corrupting not a particle.

WILKINS.

Then let us live and love for ever !

Miss SPICER,

When married, what on earth can sever
Two hearts that love so truly?

WILKINS.

And I will do my best endeavour
To merit favours duly.
Saint Valentine is close at hand,
Till then we'll only tarry,
And then unite the holy band—
In other words, we'll marry.

Miss SPICER.

My heart shall with thy purpose jump,
And take thy offer kind:
No sugar, whether loaf or lump,
Is half so well refin'd.

WILKINS.

Then will we open a new shop
In some frequented street,
And all the gentlemen will stop
To mark thy features sweet.

If gloves they want, or they do not,
They'll come, and never mind it.
When to the counter they have got,
They'll buy of dearest goods a lot,
To see thy face behind it.

Miss SPICER.

Of ladies we'll have plenty too,
Who come in many a carriage,
Like those at House of Waterloo,
My own dear William's face to view,
Which husbands may disparage.

WILKINS.

Oh! say no more—it is too much—
My transports are all fire!
The prospect would inflame a Dutch-
Man's heart of fog and mire.

But see, my love, we now approach
The gay assembly-room,
And the bright lamps in every coach
The darksome night relume.

In fact, he scarcely brought to end his
speech

Before the entrance to the rooms we reach:
Wilkins and his intended had but time
To make agreement (and that not in rhyme),
With joyous looks, and hearts as light as
feather,

That all the night they two would dance
together;

When we drew up in order to the gate,
Where with most civil hands attendants
wait

To ope the door, and let the steps down
fall.

Wilkins and Miss enter'd the lighted hall,
And of them I of course could know no
more

Until the clock had struck the hour of four;
Then heard I joyful many voices cry,
“ Mr. Wilkins' carriage!” I, who was
close by,

Drove to the door again with speed, and
they

Said, “ Mr. Wilkins' carriage stops the
way,”

Tho' all the waiters, I could well perceive,
To see my *number* laugh'd within their
sleeve.

When they got in they pull'd up both
the glasses,

Nor could I guess at what between them
passes;

I only know, I set them down just where
I took them up, and there received my
fare.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LXXIII.

There taste for wit and sense alone prevails,
Where knowledge rules the mind. ———— DRYDEN.

ON such subjects as that which is about to employ me in forming this paper, it may appear as if I exclusively addressed myself to the other sex, when I consider my labours to be more partially and par-

ticularly devoted to my own. But in whatever relates to the duties and decorations of life, the principles on which they must be formed are more or less applicable to the one sex as well as to the other. The human character, with some variety of modification as to different functions and offices, is the same in both; and I trust, that my fair readers will perceive in the following speculations on the subject of *taste*, that they may derive a full right in applying my principles on the delicate and interesting subject to themselves, though my illustration of them may be less familiar to their consideration and experience.

But to proceed: we may have frequent opportunities of observing that some persons have what may be considered as a kind of instinct in matters of taste: but on this point I shall not stop to reason; I shall only consider their minds as being thus prepared, without accounting for that state of preparation, in a superior degree, for the cultivation of their intellectual faculties, and of course for higher attainments than many others, and among the rest, of taste, which being a combination of judgment and feeling, there never can be any certainty in the determination of any one whose judgment is not accurately formed; and to attain this acquisition there is but one method, and that is, by making comparisons. Now, to compare two objects with precision and correctness, we must have a perfect understanding of them both: hence it follows, that the first step towards acquiring a *good taste* is *knowledge*, and without knowledge, no comparison can be formed; as with-

out comparisons the judgment cannot be chastened; and therefore without judgment a true taste cannot be attained. If nature has not given us feeling, we seek an impossibility; if she has given us feeling, then knowledge must be superinduced to form judgment, and taste follows in a great degree as a matter of course. But who has ever observed a mere soldier, a mere politician, or a mere scholar, to be a man of taste?

Men of letters are not always the best judges of taste; and it may be asked, what is the cause of this literary phenomenon? The answer, however, is at hand. It is with great writers as with great painters, each has his manner, and partial to his own taste, will consider his own manner of style as the best, and consequently sets a greater value on the man of moderate abilities who adopts it, than the man of genius who has a taste of his own.

Taste therefore consists in discerning the different beauties interspersed in the works of nature and art, so far as this knowledge is accompanied with sentiment. This definition appears to remove all the difficulties and ambiguities which abound in the discussions hitherto made on this quality of the mind, in confining it sometimes to knowledge alone, and sometimes exclusively to sentiment. As to the diversity of tastes, they must necessarily proceed from the unequal distribution of the two principles of taste, which are learning and sentiment.

Among the various subjects that have exercised the inquisitive spirit of modern writers, that of taste has appeared to be the most diffi-

cult to treat, because almost all of them have lost themselves in endeavouring to trace its source.

They have generally indeed referred us for its origin to the polite and imitative arts: whereas those are rather its offspring than its parents. Perhaps their mistakes in the treating of this delicate subject may have arisen from the great resemblance which false taste bears to true, which hasty and inaccurate observers will find so difficult to distinguish. To the end, therefore, that the ideas of such as are entering into life may be somewhat more precisely adjusted upon this important article, I shall venture to assert, that the first thing necessary for those who wish to acquire a true taste, is to prepare their minds by an early pursuit and love of moral order, propriety, and the rational beauties of a just and well regulated conduct.

True taste, like good-breeding in behaviour, seems to be the easiest thing in nature to attain; but yet, where it does not grow spontaneously, it is a plant of all others the most difficult to cultivate. It must be sown upon a bed of virgin sense, and kept perfectly clean of every weed that may prevent or retard its growth. It was long erroneously thought to be an exotic; but experience has convinced us, that it will bear the cold of our most northern provinces. I could produce instances to confirm this assertion from almost every county of Great Britain and Ireland.

Perhaps to arrive at taste in one single branch of polite refinement, might not be altogether so fruitless an ambition; but the absurdity is, to aim at a universal taste: now

this will best appear, by observing what numbers miscarry even in the most confined pursuit of this difficult accomplishment.

One seeks this coy mistress in books and study; others pursue her through France and Italy: after all their labours, we have frequently seen them ridiculously embracing pedantry and foppery with the delight due alone to taste. Women, in general, have finer and more exquisite sensations than men; and it is a right acquaintance with the virtues and charms of that most amiable part of our species which constitutes a very essential quality of a man of taste. The best instance any man can give of his taste is, to shew that he has too much delicacy to relish any thing so low and little as the purchase of superfluities at another's cost, or with his own ruin; at least, the placid satisfaction of that man's heart who prudently measures his expenses and confines his desires within the circle of his annual revenue, begets that well-ordered disposition of mind, without which it is impossible to merit the character of a man of just and refined taste. Certain it is, that he best discovers the justness of his taste, who best knows how to pursue and secure the most solid and lasting happiness. Now, where shall we look for this, with so much probability of finding it, as in temperance and tranquillity of mind, in social and domestic enjoyments? Are not these the first and most essential objects of taste? Certainly they are; and when a man has once acquired these, he may, if fortune and nature have properly qualified him, launch out into a more ex-

tensive compass, and display his genius in a larger circle. It is by no means, however, surprising, that this character of taste should be so universally sought after, as true taste is doubtless the highest point of perfection at which human nature, in this her state of frailty, can possibly arrive. A man endowed with this quality possesses all his senses in the manner best adapted to receive the impression of every true pleasure which Providence has scattered with a liberal hand for the delight of its creatures. There is nothing intrinsically beautiful which does not furnish him with perpetual delight; as every thing ill-fashioned and deformed affects him with disgust and abhorrence. That is, in a word, the avenues of his mind are open only to those enjoyments that bring with them the passports of truth and reason.

The conduct of a man of taste is influenced by sentiment as well as by principle; and if he were ever so secure of secrecy and impunity, he would no more be capable of committing a low or a base action, than of admitting a vile performance into his noble collection of paintings and sculpture. His just taste of the fine arts, and his exquisite delicacy in moral conduct, are but one and the same sense, exerting itself upon different objects; a love of beauty, order, and propriety, extended to all their various intellectual and visible exhibitions. In fine, though every man cannot arrive at the perfection of this quality, yet it may

be necessary that he should be sufficiently instructed, not to be deceived in his judgment concerning the claim of it in others. To this end, the few following queries may be applied with singular advantage. Is the pretender to taste proud? Is he a coxcomb? Is he a spendthrift? Is he a gamester? Is he a slanderer? Is he a drunkard? Is he a bad neighbour, a pretended patriot, or a false friend? By this short catechism, every youth, even of the most slender capacity, may be capable of determining at least who is not a man of taste, and therefore approach the probability of determining who deserves that character.

Were we, says one, who possessed a high claim to this attractive quality—were we to erect a temple to taste, every science should furnish a pillar, every virtue should there have an altar, and the three Graces should be the officiating priestesses.

I cannot better conclude these slight, desultory, though I trust intelligible observations, than with the following beautiful lines from Dr. Akenside's admirable poem on *The Pleasures of the Imagination*:

What then is taste, but these internal powers,
Active and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
In species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow,
But God alone, when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.

F— T—.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

KALEIDAKOUSTICON, *Amusement for Piano-forte-players*, by Fred. Kuhlau. Pr. 12s.—(Treuttel and Würtz, Soho-square.)

SOME of our readers may think we make game of their credulity if we inform them, that the Kaleidakousticon—the name is as hard a six-syllable as ever came across our lips—that the Kaleidakousticon will afford them an opportunity of composing, *i. e.* putting together, such a prodigious number of waltzes—every one differing from the other—that if they were inclined to play them all, they would not be able to get through them all the days of their life. We will say more: all the paper in the united kingdom would not suffice to write down the tunes to be formed from the contents of the box before us. Nay more: all the inhabitants of the earth, supposing them all musical, would not be sufficient to play all the different waltzes during the collective duration of all their lives, were they to play as many as five hundred of them every day.

A brief exposition of the nature of this publication may tend to corroborate our statement, however marvellous it may appear.

The box contains an assortment of materials for a waltz in three parts, each consisting of eight bars, twenty-four bars in all. Every bar is upon a separate piece of paper; and there are eleven sets of such papers, each set appropriated to *one* successive bar of the waltz. Thus there are eleven changes for the first bar of the waltz,

eleven for the second, eleven for the third, and so on for every one of the twenty-four bars; but the papers destined for any one bar are inapplicable to any other: what serves, for instance, for the sixth bar, will not do for the fourth or fifth, but solely for the sixth bar. We may now add, that, instead of eight papers for the eight bars of each part, seven only have been given. This saving has been attained by making the paper for the first bar contain the leading note (of one crotchet) which precedes it, and by adding to the paper for the seventh bar the two crotchets which form the eighth bar and terminate each part.

Thus, then, each part is formed by seven papers, and as there are three parts, twenty-one papers complete the whole waltz; and to effect the changes, there are consequently twenty-one packets, labelled from A to V*, each containing eleven papers, intended for a specific bar in the waltz: eleven for A, eleven for B, &c.

In order to produce a waltz, a paper is taken from each packet indiscriminately, and ranged upon a pasteboard rack, in succession; viz. a paper from the packet A for the first bar, another from the packet B for the second bar, and so on, until a paper from each of the twenty-one packets has in succession been placed on the rack; *i. e.* seven

* It is perhaps unnecessary to observe, that these letters, A, B, C, &c. are adopted merely as references for the order of arrangement, unconnected with the musical scale, C, D, E, &c.

for the first part, seven for the second, and seven for the third and last part.

Such of our readers as are sufficiently conversant in mathematics to understand the doctrine of permutations, will find no difficulty in investigating the principle upon which the number of changes, to be made with the elements of this waltz, is to be computed. This number, it appears to us, is expressed by 11^{21} ; i. e. the twenty-first power of eleven, and amounts to the incredible, and (we may add) to the human mind incomprehensible, quantity of upwards of *seventy-four thousand trillions*, i. e. 74 followed by twenty successive figures.

Mr. Kublau, in his printed directions (which, by the bye, are penned in very homely and bad English,) states:

“The variations are almost infinite, for to the seventh power only, at the end of the first part, the number of changes are 214,358,881; consequently so many waltzes can be composed by only changing one bar at a time.”

This paragraph appears to us obscure, and incorrect in substance, the number here quoted being the *eighth* power of 11, not the seventh as implied, which, instead of 214 millions, is 19 millions. The seventh power of 11, we conceive, expresses the number of changes possible with the seven first papers only.

But as mathematics are not our province, we proceed to say a few words on the contrivance itself. The invention is not a new one, various similar publications having

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appeared many years ago on the Continent; and, if we are not mistaken, a composer in this country published something very like the *Kaleidakousticon* about twenty-five years ago. It requires much judgment and ingenuity to write all the component parts so as to dovetail kindly into their respective places; and with all the care, some occasional want of successiveness—if we may be allowed the term—must be unavoidable. In this respect, we must own, Mr. K.’s labour merits a high degree of our commendation; the few trials we have made have turned out remarkably satisfactory. Once or twice we hit upon rather awkward skips; but these, no doubt, contribute to the striking variety which is perceptible in the several changes.

MASSIMINO’S Method of Instruction, particularly applicable to the Art of Singing, communicated to the Editor, as at present practised with such distinguished success by the Author in Paris; to which are occasionally added, Hints for the Guidance of Governesses and Parents, conducting this department of the Education of their Children where the assistance of able Masters cannot be procured; with some Remarks and Exercises, calculated to assist the private Student, and others, which will be found interesting to Musical Pupils in general: arranged, and interspersed with useful Observations and Examples from other Sources, by J. Green, Professor of Mr. Logier’s System of Musical Education. Pr. 12s. —(J. Green, Soho-square.)

The art of singing, in our opinion, is the most difficult of all hu-

H 2

man acquirements, more difficult than any other art or science whatsoever. A consideration of the innumerable physical and moral requisites, and of the long and arduous course of study and practice necessary to form a good singer, leaves no doubt on our minds as to the correctness of the above assertion, however bold it may appear; and, in proof of its truth, we appeal to experience and the history of the art. We fearlessly venture to maintain, that in every age there have been more great painters, sculptors, poets, mathematicians, statesmen, and philosophers, than perfect singers.

This being the case, it is not to be wondered at that the endeavours to form a code of instruction for the attainment of so difficult an art have been manifold and various. We have the excellent Treatise of Tosi, the voluminous Course of Lanza, the Compendiums of Aprili, of Ferrari, Jousse, and numerous other elementary works. But all the books in the world are insufficient to make a singer without the direction of a master.

Mr. Massimino's method, as explained and commented upon in the book before us, appears to be founded upon the polydidactic principle, *i. e.* the teaching a number of pupils at the same time in classes. On the applicability of this principle to music in general, opinions are divided. In the *elementary* part of instrumental tuition, it may be of service and gain time; in the instruction of the theory, its employment must be of obvious and great advantage; and in the vocal department, the teaching a certain number together, com-

bining, however, individual tuition with such a course, appears to us to a great extent so beneficial, that we have long been surprised at not seeing such a system put into general practice in England. It is employed in the *conservatorios* in Italy, and in many parts of Germany.

Mr. Green's book being intended for such a course of instruction, we are not without hopes that it will be the means of leading to a more general adoption of the system. Mr. Massimino's method is evidently the result of mature reflection and experience; the plan of instruction is strictly progressive, well digested, and perspicuously explained. The numerous directions and remarks are not only pertinent throughout, but frequently very judicious and sensible. The examples and lessons proceed progressively from the simplest melodic phrases to extended vocal pieces. We regret, however, that, among all the examples, there is not one of Italian singing. That language is so apt to vocal studies, that if a language were to be created for the purpose, it would be impossible to produce one more to the purpose. We had almost omitted to notice a very conspicuous feature of utility in his treatise: it is the adhibition of Maelzel's Metronome to the whole course of instruction. In the way in which Mr. Green has availed himself of the advantages to be derived from this admirable invention, it is rendered a matter of certainty, that the vocal pupil, taught according to his directions, will be an imperturbable timeist.

"*Love wakes and weeps,*" *Serenade from "the Pirate," composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte,* by J. M'Murdie, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Clementi and Co.)

The whole of the three stanzas of this song are set to music; viz. the first in C major, the second in the relative minor key, and the third is a repetition of the music of the first verse. The composition is tasteful, well-proportioned, and correct, and very suitable to the text. The few modulations that occur, are natural and satisfactorily conducted, and in the minor portion the harmony exhibits some interesting traits. We think the leading note for the beginning of every verse might with advantage have been suppressed; in fact, our opinion on this point is such, that we would never commence in *Arsi*, when it is possible to begin in *Thesi*, without doing violence to the text. To us there appears to be an effect of imperfection in leading notes: to begin with the full bar conveys an impression of steadiness, regularity, and tranquillity.

"*Wave thy fair head,*" a *Glee for three Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed* by J. M'Murdie, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 2s.—(Clementi and Co.)

This glee, like the above song, has the first stanza in the major key (E b), the second in the relative minor, and the third is the same as the first. We observe several effective combinations in the parts, but the aggregate does not appear to us to form a successive and well-connected whole of defined musi-

cal sense. This arises partly from the nature of the ideas themselves, and from an evident defect in rhythmical proportion. In the first verse, for instance, the melodic periods are thus arranged: 4, 3, 4 and 4 bars. Here is an obvious want of symmetry, which would injure the best melody or harmony; for the mind cannot brook the least defect of proportion in music: all the parts must balance, and the more the balancing is marked and clearly perceptible, the greater the pleasure we derive.

"*Mary, or Farewell to Northmarven,*" an admired *Duallad from "the Pirate," with Accompaniments for the Harp or Piano-forte; composed, and humbly inscribed to Sir Walter Scott, Bart.* by W. H. Richards, Organist of St. Giles's, Camberwell. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(W. Blackmar, Southwark.)

Mr. R.'s composition (in E b major) is entitled to our decided approbation; the successive ideas are in good connection and keeping, and the whole of the melody is distinguished by a vein of tender and affecting feeling, quite in consonance with the text. The harmony is effective, and the episodical instrumental passages and symphonies are conceived with taste. Of the four verses, three are written out in music, the melody being substantially the same, with some variation in point of accompaniment and intervening passages of connection. Two or three slight imperfections have met our eye: p. 1, b. 2, the last quaver in the treble ought to have *no* accompaniment in the bass: in our copy the bass is E b; previous to the erasure, it seems to have been C.

P. 4, b. 1, surely must contain a typographical error: we are certain Mr. R. can never have intended to write the E's for the left hand: the bass altogether might here do very well with a less number of notes; and the triplets of the third quaver in the treble of the next bar had better have gone upwards to the new tonic B b, than down to its lower 6th.

"*Love wakes and weeps, while beauty sleeps,*" a Serenade from "the Pirate," composed, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-forte, and respectfully dedicated to Miss Love, by W. H. Richards. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Blackman, Southwark.)

The circumstance of having before us two compositions by different authors upon the same text, has afforded matter for interesting comparison; but the question of superiority we forbear entering upon, each having distinct features of attraction. Mr. R.'s symphony is well conceived, and the motivo of his air graceful. The first great division (p. 2, ll. 1 and 2,) is constructed in good keeping, and every way satisfactory; and a very elegant passage occurs in the subsequent solo for the piano-forte, which altogether is well placed and well contrived. The remainder of the verse appears to us to be less perfectly set in point of rhythmical proportion, inasmuch

as it consists of *three* phrases of two bars each, i. e. 2, 2, 2. A repetition, with some variation, of the first 2 would have produced the desirable symmetry. In fact, here the words, "Oh! prompt a theme for beauty's dream," have been compressed into *one* musical phrase of two bars, while the prior corresponding lines (p. 1, l. 1,) are cast into *two* phrases of two bars each.

"*My pretty page, look out afar,*" composed by H. R. Bishop, arranged as a Divertisement for the Piano-forte, and dedicated to Miss Gisborne, by G. Kiallmark.—Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)

"*When thy bosom heaves a sigh,*" composed by Mr. Braham, arranged as an Introduction and Rondo, and dedicated to Miss Shepley, by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)

These two compositions are similar in their general character; they are written in a tasteful style upon favourite subjects, eminently calculated for digressive amplification. The passages are of a nature to combine graceful brilliance with ready execution. Each has an appropriate, and, we may say, interesting introduction. As the performance is not subject to any particular difficulty, both pieces will be found eligible as lessons for the practice of pupils of moderate proficiency.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF THE LATE MR. COSWAY.

A POSTHUMOUS Exhibition of this long known and eminent artist's works is now opened in Stanley's Rooms, New Bond-street, to gratify the lovers of the fine arts; and there can be little doubt of that





EVENING DRESS.

object being attained by such a display of them. To the superior excellence of his miniatures, during the course of half a century, the art has borne its testimony, which public opinion has confirmed by a universal application to his pencil.

Of his capacity to attain eminence in the higher degrees of art, his Exhibition will, we presume, afford ample proof, by the various compositions which adorn it. No one who has a just feeling of those talents which are requisite to form an historical painter can, we think, deny, that Mr. Cosway possessed a combination of them sufficient to have attained a high rank in the highest order of painting, had he not found a more ready way to fortune, by being content with preference in a less elevated line of art.

We are not fearful of referring

to this Exhibition, to justify the opinion we have given; and though we shall not stop to dwell critically upon any of the pictures, drawings, &c. which compose it, for there must be different degrees of merit and character among them, yet we certainly could point out those, which, as to drawing and expression, composition and grace, will justify the opinion, that Mr. C. possessed the genius of historical painting.

To Mr. Cosway's judgment as a collector, the high prices obtained at the sale, made since his death, for the works of the old masters which belonged to him, have borne ample testimony; and we have no doubt that the public opinion respecting the merits of his original performances will be as unequivocally expressed, when, at the close of this Exhibition, they shall also be brought to the hammer.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 22.—PROMENADE DRESS.

A FRENCH gray poplin round gown, made to fasten behind; the bust is ornamented on each side with *chenille* to correspond, in a scroll pattern, in such a manner as to form a *stomacher à l'antique*. Long tight sleeve, with a full epaulette, consisting of two falls disposed in bias, and stiffened at the edges, so as to stand out from the long sleeve: they are lightly embroidered at the edge in *chenille*. The bottom of the long sleeve is pointed, and finished at the edge with *chenille*. The trimming of the

skirt consists of a rouleau of *gros de Naples* to correspond at the bottom, surmounted by a trimming of *gros de Naples*, quilled in the middle, and set on in a serpentine direction. The pelisse worn over this dress is composed of a colour between a peach-blossom and a red lilac lutestring; it meets in front, and is tied up with bows of bound lutestring. The bottom of the skirt is finished by a broad band of velvet to correspond, with branches of leaves issuing from it, disposed in a scroll pattern, and bound with lutestring. The body

is ornamented on each side of the bust with French folds, finished at one end by a rosette of crimped cord, and at the other by a bullion frog. The back is tight, and the hips are ornamented with frogs to correspond. Tight sleeve, finished at the hand in a rich pattern of lutestring leaves edged with satin. Full epaulette, slashed across in an oval form, and the middle of each slash ornamented with lutestring leaves. Head-dress, a bonnet of white figured *gros de Naples*, trimmed with amber gauze, disposed in drapery folds across the back of the crown, and brought round to the bottom of the crown in front: the edge of the brim is finished by narrow folds of *ponceau* and amber satin. A full bunch of flowers adorns the crown, and white *gros de Naples* strings tie in a full bow on one side. Black shoes. Linnerick gloves.

PLATE 23.—EVENING DRESS.

The evening dress is composed of gray silk; the trimming of the skirt is of net, laid on full, and divided into compartments by narrow satin rouleaus, terminating at the top in points, each point finished by three white satin leaves; a double rouleau of white satin goes round the edge of the bottom of the skirt. The *corsage* is of net; it is full on each side of the bust, the fulness confined in the middle by a narrow band of satin; it is sloped down at each side to form the shape of the bosom, and is edged by a singularly pretty satin trimming, which also goes round the bust. The *corsage* is cut low and squat round the bust; the waist is of the usual length; a net sash, richly wrought in steel, is tied on one

side. Short full sleeve, composed of Urling's net, finished at the bottom by a narrow satin band, and ornamented with satin in the form of bats' wings. Hair dressed low behind, full on the temples, and less divided on the forehead than usual. Head-dress, a double wreath of spring flowers. Necklace and ear-rings, pearl. White kid gloves. White *gros de Naples* slippers.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Pelisses, as our fair readers will see by our print, are still in favour, but at present they are principally made of silk; velvet ones are very little worn, and those of cloth have entirely disappeared. Spencers begin to be in estimation; we have seen several worn, with high dresses to correspond: a shawl is generally an appendage to this style of out-door dress, but fur tippets have entirely disappeared. Muffs are, however, still generally worn.

Bonnets have visibly diminished in size since last month: black ones are still considered fashionable; but we think that upon the whole coloured ones are more in favour, except for plain walking dress. We have seen in the latter also a good many Leghorn bonnets, of the cottage shape, without any other ornament than a broad rich ribbon to correspond. We do not recollect that Leghorn bonnets have been seen for some years back so early in the spring.

We find pelisses are as much worn for carriage dress as for the promenade. Spencers and shawls are also fashionable; and pelisses *à la Française*, that is, long cloaks

composed of silk, are also worn. Where the pelisse is made to fit the shape, the form is the same as it has been for two or three months past: the back is tight, or else a little full at the bottom of the waist, but it is not now quite so narrow as it was. The waist is of a moderate length, and the long sleeve is rather straight. Trimmings are various; ermine is still as much worn as in the earlier part of the season, but sable is not in much request. Swansdown is a good deal used; and fancy trimmings of satin, cut velvet, &c. &c. are also in estimation.

Among the novelties in carriage dress are, a spencer and bonnet, which we consider particularly tasteful. The spencer is composed of violet-coloured *gros de Naples*; it is made tight to the shape; the back, of a moderate breadth, is finished at the hips with frogs; the spencer buttons before; the fronts are full, but the fulness is confined exactly to the shape by narrow bands of satin to correspond; they are placed crosswise, but in a bias direction, and are terminated at one end by the buttons which fasten the spencer in front, and which are in the form of acorns, with small tassels attached, and at the other by similar ornaments. The ends of the spencer in front descend a good deal below the waist; they are rounded, and edged with a light silk trimming. The collar is very high, but sloped a good deal in front; it is *bouillonned*, to correspond with the bust, but without frogs: the epaulette also corresponds. The long sleeve is tight to the arm, and finished at the hand by satin folds. The bonnet is of

the same material as the spencer, mixed with violet gauze of a lighter shade: the crown is oval; the silk laid on plain, but the gauze disposed in folds, which are wound round it, and finished by a full tuft of gauze on the top of the crown; this tuft, as well as the rolls, is interspersed with steel beads. The brim is lined with white satin; it is shallow, rounded rather than pointed in front, and very short at the ears; it stands out a little from the forehead, and is finished at the edge by a puffing of blond, each puff fastened by a single steel bead. A full plume of white ostrich feathers with violet edges is placed at the left side, near the ear, and droops considerably on the right; a small steel slide passes through the satin bow attached to the base of the plume, and a rich violet ribbon ties in a full bow on the right side. Cloaks are in general used only as a wrap for evening dress; they are always lined: if there is any trimming, it is fur, and the *capuchin* is very large.

Early as it is in the season, we have seen already a good many morning dresses made of muslin; they are mostly of the robe kind, but except in the instance we are about to describe, we have not seen any novelty: that is a cambric muslin robe and petticoat; the petticoat finished by two flounces of clear muslin, each headed by a row of the same material, honeycombed in points; the body of the petticoat is made high, and the bust entirely composed of work. The robe is somewhat shorter than the petticoat, and the trimming is a single flounce of muslin, with a

pointed heading, which goes round the bottom and up the sides. The body is loose, and does not come farther than the shoulder in front; it is confined to the waist by a broad white *gros de Naples* sash, which does not go all round, but comes from the sides to the middle of the back, where it ties in short bows and long ends. The collar of the robe, which falls in the neck, and forms a kind of *pelerine*, is composed entirely of work to correspond with the bust: long loose sleeve, simply finished by a trimming of muslin at the hand, and tied at the wrist by a white ribbon. This is really a pretty and becoming *robe du matin*; it has the simplicity which ought to distinguish morning dress, and at the same time shews the figure to advantage.

While we are upon the subject of morning dress, we shall endeavour to describe a new *cornette*, which we have lately seen, for the breakfast-table: it has a caul exactly in the form of a shell, which is veined, if we may so express it, by casings, drawn by narrow ribbon; the head-piece is shallow, projecting a little in front, and terminated by very narrow ears, which are trimmed only with a single row of lace, but there are three round the front of the head-piece. A small bunch of primroses is placed on one side, and a primrose ribbon ties it under the chin.

Dinner gowns still continue to

be made in silk or Irish poplin: this latter beautiful article is in much request. Low bodies are the most decidedly fashionable, but we have seen a few made what the French call *à la vierge*: we are sorry, however, to say that this chaste and elegant style of *corsage* is far from general. The bodies of dress gowns are cut square at the bust; the shoulder-strap narrow, and rather a little off the shoulder, but not indelicately so. The sleeve is always very short. Waists are, we think, a little shorter than they were last month, and the busts of dresses are a good deal ornamented. The trimmings of dinner gowns are either of the same material, mixed with satin, or of net or gauze flounces, or *bouillonné*, which are also mixed either with satin or *gros de Naples*. Chain trimmings, though they have been so long in favour, are still fashionable as headings for flounces or *bouillonné*, as are also satin rouleaus.

Velvet gowns are no longer seen in full dress: satin, gauze, lace, and different kinds of silk, are in estimation. Crape appears to be quite out of favour. There is little alteration in trimmings, except that those ornamented with steel are more fashionable than any other; and certainly nothing can have a more brilliant and beautiful effect.

Fashionable colours for the month are, dove colour, pea-green, violet, evening primrose, rose colour, and French gray.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, March 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

PROMENADE dress has varied little since I wrote last, but that

little has rendered it more the *demi-saison* costume. Furs begin to disappear, except swansdown, which is a good deal used to trim

pelisses. I must observe that these envelopes are now little worn, except by ladies of a certain age. White gowns are rather more general than last month: they are worn either with shawls or spencers, and *rédingotes* are also very fashionable.

Spencers have not much novelty; they are tight to the shape, the bust ornamented with silk braiding and frogs, and the collar and cuffs composed of silk plush: this is not, however, the case if the spencer is made of velvet; the collar and cuffs are then of the same material, but finished at the edges by rows of silk braiding. The epaulette is generally full, but not deep, and the long sleeve is very straight. As to waists, I do not perceive that they have altered in length during the last three months, and when one considers the versatility of fashion in this metropolis, that seems a long time. The materials for spencers are black velvet and satin, and coloured *gros de Naples* and levantine, &c. &c. In some instances the spencer fastens behind, and when that is the case, the bust is generally ornamented in the stomacher style. The broad steel buckle which used to ornament the *ceinture* is now only partially worn, as a good many ladies have adopted a rich *cordón* and tassels in its stead.

The *rédingotes* are always of rich silk, either *gros de Naples*, or some of the different kinds of *velours simulé*; they are lined with sarsnet, but no longer wadded. The only alteration in the form of the *rédingote* is, that it is now made less scanty, and not so much gored:

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the trimmings, however, are more varied than when I wrote last. Those with a plain edging of satin are still genteel, but not so much worn as those trimmed in the manner I am about to describe to you: a band of satin disposed in four or six narrow folds, and then laid on in a manner between a wave and a scroll pattern; this goes all round, and the collar and cuffs are ornamented to correspond, as are also the *mancherons*, which stand a good deal out from the arm. Another fashionable style of trimming is a band of *pluche de soie*, cut at regular distances, to resemble short plumes of feathers placed in a drooping direction. The ornament now most fashionable for the *ceinture* of the *rédingote*, is a steel clasp in the form of a crescent. We seem to be at present in some danger of running from one extreme to another in the size of our bonnets, for the most fashionable are very small in the brim. The crowns are of a moderate size; those of an oval form are most in favour: the brim, as I before observed, is shallow; it is short, rounded at the ears, and projects a little over the forehead. The most fashionable bonnets are lined with the same material they are composed of: black ones are still in favour, but velvet begins to decline in estimation, satin being now considered much more fashionable.

Though there is little variety in the shape of bonnets, the different manner in which the materials are arranged gives them an air of novelty as well as diversity. The crowns of some are ornamented en

marmotte with a piece of satin, finished at the edge either with gauze or blond; others have the material of the *chapeau* disposed in drapery folds, intermixed with gauze across the crown; and a third sort have the crown ornamented with puffings or rouleaus of gauze laid over the silk, which is put on plain. The brims of a good many hats have no other trimming than a narrow welt of satin, which is put close to the edge; the edges of others are ornamented with a few narrow folds of satin put close together, and some have a quilling of blond put underneath. The only ornaments used for black *chapeaux* are plumes of cocks' feathers. We have the same sort of passion for them that we lately had for marabouts, but it will not last even so long; for the *belles* of Paris, like those of London, are very soon tired of any thing that is cheap. Coloured bonnets are decorated either with down or ostrich feathers; as to flowers they are now rarely seen.

Perkals and merino are both as fashionable for morning as for dinner dress. There is nothing novel at present in the form of *dishabille*: a plain high gown, or else a loose robe confined to the waist by a sash of broad ribbon, are equally worn for the breakfast-table. If the gown is round, the trimming consists of two or three narrow flounces put pretty close together; if it is a robe, a deep flounce of the same material goes all round.

Among the novelties in full dress gowns, are two which I think will please you: the one is composed of white *gros de Naples*; the bottom

of the skirt is finished by a rouleau of white satin, and above it is a white gauze *bouillonné*, in which, at regular distances, are inserted *bouquets* of blue-bells; the *bouquets* are employed to confine the *bouillonné*, and each is fastened by a white satin bow and ends. The *corsage* is of blue satin, made tight to the shape, and to fasten behind; it is cut low and square, and finished at the bust by narrow folds of white satin in front: a fall of blond lace goes from the point of the shoulder round the back; it is narrow at the shoulder, but gradually deepens behind, so as to form a small pelerine. The *ceinture* is very broad; it is disposed in folds, and fastened at the side in a bow and pointed ends. The sleeve is blue satin over *tulle*; the satin forms a *mancheron*, edged with blond: the under-sleeve is very short and full, and confined to the arm by a white satin band. This is an elegant dress; the style of the trimming is at once simple and tasteful.

The other is a dancing dress, composed of white French crape over a rich sarsnet slip. The body has a little fulness at the bottom of the waist; it is cut low, and has folds let in on each side, to form the shape of the breast: a satin loop fastened by a steel rose divides the folds in front. The *ceinture* is of steel, not fastened by a steel buckle; the sleeve is sarsnet; the *epaulette* crape: it is in the form of a demi-lozenge, and the point, which goes towards the back of the arm, is fastened by a small steel ornament: the trimming of the skirt is an embroidery in steel, which is nearly a quarter of a yard in depth, in a rich lace pattern. If

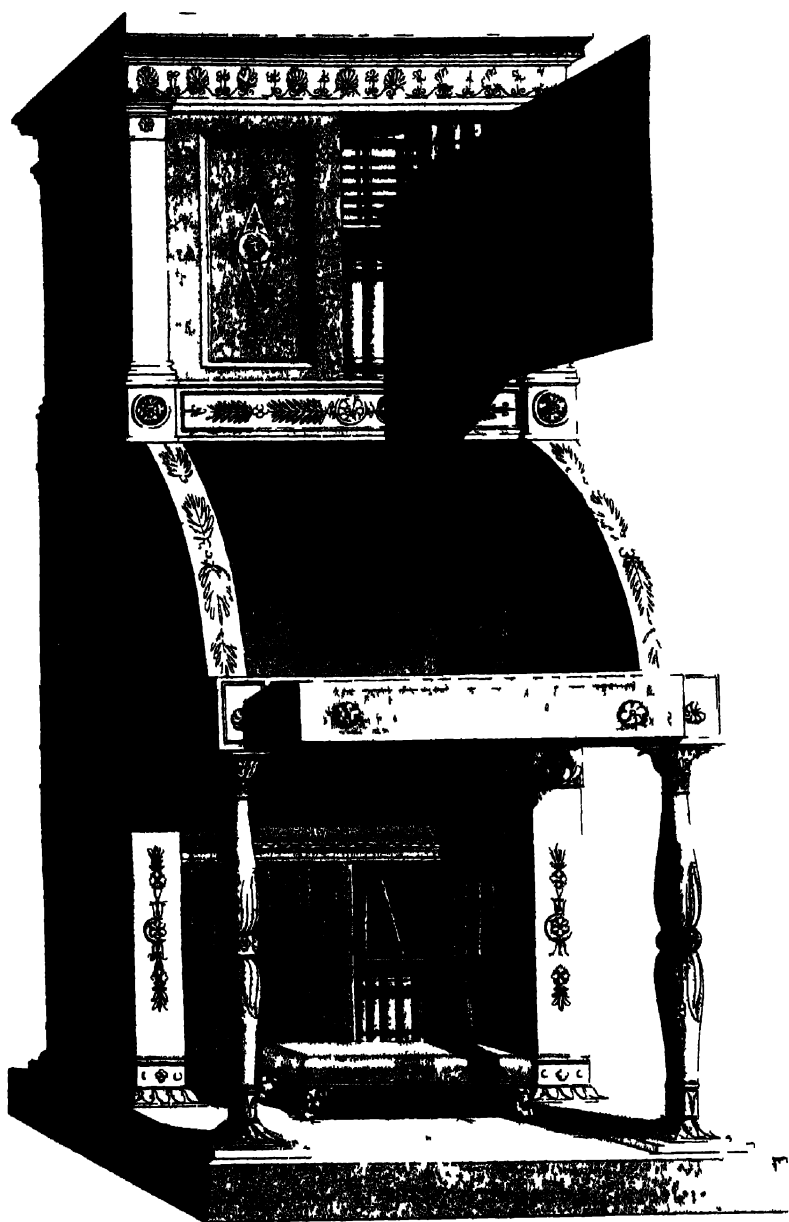


FIG. 1. POO BHAIKAV

you want a dancing dress, my dear Sophia, you can have nothing lighter or prettier than this.

The colours I mentioned to you last month are still in favour; we have added to them primrose and violet: cherry colour is also in favour for the linings of pelisses and *rédingotes*, but it is used for little else. Black is still partially used for the promenade, but very rarely in full dress. I must not forget to

observe, that we have now discarded our black satin slippers in grand costume; we now wear them with white, or the colour of the gown.

I should be frightened at the length of my letter, did I not know that my annals of the toilet will not be thought tedious by our dear little circle. Farewell! and believe me always most affectionately your
EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 21.—SECRETAIRE BOOKCASE.

THE French artists have been very happy in their contrivance of these elegant pieces of furniture, which they decorate with truly admirable fancy and delicate workmanship. Their modellers draw well in outline, and their chasers have a tact at forming tools suited to small ornaments in metal, not possessed by workmen of any other country employed in the manufacture of light articles of furniture: hence the profusion of small *appliquet* enrichments so prevalent in their designs, and which they diversify into numberless patterns by changes of the several parts, often producing graceful novelties and suggestions for other works:

The annexed design is after the style so exquisitely perfected by M. Persée, the French architect to Buonaparte: it consists of every

requisite for a writing-apparatus, inclosed by a flexible shield; the upper and lower compartments being prepared for the reception of books. It forms altogether an elegant piece of furniture for a highly finished *boudoir*.

The English style for such furniture is, however, more simply chaste, and thence perhaps less liable to be affected by changes of fashion. The harmonies of colour and decorative effect of these, particularly as they have lately been introduced by Messrs. Snell of Albemarle street, are very pleasing, and suited alike to the library, *boudoir*, or drawing-room: indeed the English style of furniture has advanced so rapidly into reputation during the last ten years, that the French themselves have now adopted a large portion of its characteristic richness and simplicity.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of interesting Extracts from new popular Publications.

TURKISH ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

(From "TURKEY in MINIATURE; being a Description of the Manners, Customs, Dresses, and other Peculiarities characteristic of the Inhabitants of the TURKISH EMPIRE." In six pocket volumes, with 73 coloured engravings.)

THE cadhys are a sort of justices of the peace, and are to be found in all the towns and villages. They are, no doubt, thoroughly versed in the civil and ecclesiastical law, that is to say, in the precepts of the Koran, according to which every thing is decided in Turkey; but they are still better acquainted with the means of promoting their private interest. A present frequently inclines the balance in favour of the person from whom it comes. When both parties give, the most liberal of the two carries his point; but in case of theft or robbery, if the loser would recover what he has lost, he must make a present of much more considerable value. The cadhys often display great ingenuity in their decisions in favour of those by whom they have been bribed. An Arab, having once lent his camel to a traveller, complained by the way that the animal was overloaded. "What does his load consist of?" asked the judge, who had been feed by the traveller. The Arab replied: "Of coffee, *et cetera*; sugar, *et cetera*; dates, *et cetera*; sacks, *et cetera*," thus naming each article, and always adding *et cetera*. "In this case," replied the cadhy enumerating the articles mentioned by the Arab, "let the coffee, sugar, dates, and sacks be left, and take away all the rest." According to this decision, the poor camel had just the same burden as before.

A Christian of Aleppo was cited before the cadhy by an emyr, who accused him of knocking his turban off in the bazar, a misdemeanour, which, according to the Turkish law, is punishable with death. The judge was himself an emyr; but he had been bribed by the Christian, who told him that the complainant had a turban of so dark a green, that it appeared to be blue; he had in consequence mistaken him for a Christian, a friend of his, on whom he merely meant to play off a joke. At the time fixed for the purpose, the accuser and the accused made their appearance: the latter was accompanied by a great number of emyrs. "Do you come hither in such force," said the judge, addressing the latter, "to do justice to yourself? If that is your intention let all retire, except the witnesses; and as for thee, Christian," continued he, turning to the accuser, who had been secretly pointed out to him, "I presume thou art a witness for the accused: retire also, thou shalt be called when thou art wanted."—"You are mistaken," cried the latter; "I am a Mahometan, an emyr, and what is more, the accuser."—"What!" rejoined the cadhy; "you an emyr, and wear a turban which I myself took in broad daylight for that of an

infidel? What wonder then the accused should fall into a similar mistake in the dark? It is you who are in fault: ought you not to be ashamed not to wear the colour consecrated by the Prophet?" The Christian was acquitted; and but for this turn, it would have been difficult to keep the resentment of the body of emyrs within bounds.

From among the numberless anecdotes of the presence of mind and justice of their magistrates recorded by the Turks, we shall select another, which can scarcely fail to interest the reader.

A merchant, being about to take a journey, committed a purse of money to the care of one of his friends, a dervise. On his return, he applied for his money, but the treacherous dervise pretended that he had not received any. The merchant, incensed at his dishonesty, preferred his complaint to Moawveh, cadhy of Bagdad. Had the merchant, whose confidence was so ill requited, taken witnesses with him when he delivered his gold to the dervise, the business would soon have been settled; but he had omitted that precaution. The cadhy, aware that it would be impossible to convict the faithless trustee, desired the merchant to come to him on the following day, and instantly sent for the dervise. The judge received him very affably, and to win his confidence, expressed for him an esteem which he was far from feeling. After a long conversation, he thus addressed him: "Business of importance obliges me to leave this country for some time. I have a consider-

able sum in gold which I dare not carry with me, and am therefore desirous of placing it in your hands; and if I have selected you for this trust, it is because I do not know a person bearing a higher character for integrity in this city than yourself. As I wish the matter to be a profound secret, I will send you my hoard to-morrow night." The dervise, overjoyed at this communication, assured the cadhy of a fidelity which he was determined to violate, and returned home.

The merchant did not fail to call upon the judge the day following as he had been directed. "Go immediately to the dervise," said the cadhy, as soon as he saw him; "and if he still refuses to restore your money, threaten to complain to me of his roguery." The merchant lost no time in complying with this injunction. The dervise, when mention was made of the cadhy, whose confidence it was, as he conceived, so much to his interest to retain, quickly delivered up the deposit. The merchant, equally surprised and delighted, went and expressed his warmest acknowledgments to the judge.

The dervise meanwhile waited with impatience for the fulfilment of the promise which had been made to him by the cadhy. Wondering at not hearing from him, he called upon the judge; but his astonishment may be conceived, when the magistrate loaded him with the severest reproaches for his dishonesty. He withdrew in the utmost confusion, and deeply mortified at having been the dupe of his credulity.

THE ARABS.

(From the same.)

THE following is the portrait drawn by the Arabs of a perfect beauty:—"Her eyes are black, large, and soft, like those of the antelope; her look is melancholy and impassioned; her eyebrows are curved like two arches of ebony; her figure is straight and supple as a lance; her step light, like that of a young colt; her eyelids are blackened with kahal, her lips painted blue, her nails stained a gold colour with hennah; her breasts resemble a couple of pomegranates, and her words are sweet as honey*."

The Arabs, whom a roving life and poverty seem to impel to plunder, sometimes manifest a generosity of sentiment extremely rare among civilized nations. Of this the following circumstance, related by Denon in his *Travels in Egypt*, affords a striking demonstration:

A French officer had been for some months the prisoner of an Arab chief. The camp was surprised in the night by the French cavalry; the chief had but just time to escape; tents, cattle, and provisions were all taken. Next day, wandering forlorn, and without resource, he drew from under his clothes a small loaf, and gave half of it to his prisoner, with these words: "I know not when we shall have another to eat; but at any rate I will not incur the accusation

* The taste and style of the Ottomans are much more simple. A face like a full moon, a pair of pomegranates, and hips like cushions, are the requisites for Turkish beauty.

of not sharing the last with the friend whom I have acquired."

After a fact, which does honour to the heart, we shall quote from the *Negaristan*, a story, which, were it even a fiction, as we have no reason to suppose, would at least furnish a favourable idea of the shrewdness of understanding displayed by the Arabs:

Three brothers, natives of Arabia, were travelling for pleasure, when they met a camel-driver, who inquired if they had seen a camel which he had lost. "Is he not blind of one eye?" asked the eldest. "He has lost one of the front teeth," said the second. "I would lay any wager that he is lame," observed the third. They added, that he was loaded with wheat, and carried oil on one side, and honey on the other. The camel-driver replied, that this was all true, and entreated them to tell him where he might find the animal. The three brothers protested, that they had not only not seen him, but had never even heard of the beast except from himself. The man, convinced by their own statements that they had stolen his camel, cited them before the cadhy, and they were apprehended. The judge, however, finding that they were persons far above the ordinary class, sent them to the governor, who received them kindly, and asked how they could know so many particulars concerning a camel which they had never seen. They replied as follows: "We observed that along the road which he travelled, the grass and thistles were cropped on

one side and not on the other; this led us to suppose that he was blind with one eye. We observed also that where he had browsed the short grass, some of it was left from the deficiency of a tooth. The unequal tracks of his feet proved that he dragged one of them after him; their great depth in the sand demonstrated that he must have a very heavy load, which we judged to be grain, from the marks of his fore-feet being very close to those of the hinder ones. As to the oil and honey, we discovered them by means of the ants and flies, attracted by a few drops that had fallen by the way; from the ants we concluded on which side the oil was, and from the flies that of the honey."

SAGACITY OF A JAPANESE MAGISTRATE.

(From "*Illustrations of JAPAN*," by M. TITSINGH. With coloured plates.)

A USURER named Tomoya-kiou-gero, residing at Osaka, near the bridge of Korea-Basi, one day missed five hundred *kobans*. As he had not seen any person enter the house, he suspected that the robbery had been committed by one of his servants. He interrogated them all one after another, but could draw nothing from them.—Suspicion, however, fell upon Tchoudjets, one of their number; his fellow-servants, as well as his master, had no doubt that he was the rogue. He was questioned still more closely, but persisted in his denial, and nothing was found by which he could be convicted. His master represented to him, that if he would not confess, the matter should be submitted to the governor Matsoura-kavatche-no-kami, and if he were found guilty, he might expect to be most severely punished. This threat having produced no effect, Tomoya repaired to the governor, accusing Tchoudjets of having robbed him, and demanded that strict inquiry might be made into the affair, and the culprit punished as he deserved. The governor promised to comply. He sent for Tchoudjets and examined him. He again protested his innocence, adding, that were he even exposed to the most excruciating tortures, they should not make him confess a crime which he had not committed. Kavatche sent him to prison, and having summoned Tomoya and his people, communicated to them the result of the examination, and the answer of Tchoudjets. He then inquired if they had any evidence of the crime. Tomoya replied in the negative, adding that neither he nor his family had any doubt on the subject; and that moreover the fellow was an arrant scoundrel, from whom the most cruel punishments would not extort confession. Kavatche again asked if they persisted in accusing the man, and if they were willing to confirm the charge by a writing signed by them all; assuring them that, in this case, he would order the culprit to be beheaded. They signified their readiness to subscribe such a paper, on which it was drawn up in these terms:

"Tchoudjets, servant to Tomoya, has robbed his master of five hundred *kobans*. This we attest by

these presents, and we demand that, by way of example, he be punished with death. We, the servants and relatives of Tomoya-kougero, have confirmed this writing, by affixing to it our signatures and our seals.

"The second month of the first year *Gen-boun* (1736)."

Kavatche-no-kami took the paper, and said to Tomoya, "Now that I am released from my responsibility, I will go and order Tchoudjets' head to be cut off. Art thou satisfied?"—"Yes," replied Tomoya; and, after thanking the governor, and again declaring that he was perfectly satisfied, he retired.

Meanwhile a robber, apprehended near the temple of Ten-ma, having been put to the torture, confessed that it was he who had stolen the five hundred *kobans* from the house of Tomoya. Kavatche, on receiving this intelligence, summoned Tomoya and all his people before him, and asked why they had accused Tchoudjets in writing, and without proofs. He informed them of the apprehension of the thief, and the confession which he had made amidst his torments, and then added: "Upon your declaration I have caused an innocent man to be put to death: as an atonement for this crime, thyself, thy wife, and thy people, shall all be beheaded; and as for me, I will rip myself up, as a punishment for not having investigated this business with greater care." They were all thunderstruck at this dreadful denunciation. The magistrates and officers solicited pardon for the culprits; but Kavatche, assuming a stern look, replied, that prayers

were useless, and that the more they strove to excuse them, the more they aggravated their guilt. The poor wretches then began to weep, and to deplore their fate. Kavatche, who wished to give them such a lesson as they should never forget, left them for some time in the most agonizing distress. At length, "Be of good cheer," said he to them; "the answers of Tchoudjets led me to believe that he was not guilty. I kept him in concealment, hoping that some unforeseen circumstance would bring his innocence to light. Sincerely do I rejoice that the event has justified my precaution." He then ordered Tchoudjets to be brought in. "Tomoya," said he, "here is an innocent man whom thy false accusations have long detained in prison, and exposed to the danger of capital punishment. Since this misfortune has not happened, I spare thy life; but thou owest some indemnification to this poor fellow for what he has suffered on thy account. Give him then five hundred *kobans*, and treat him henceforward as a faithful servant."

When the Djogoun was informed of this decision, he publicly expressed his satisfaction with it, praised the equity of Kavatche, and said, it were to be wished that he had every where such governors. Soon afterwards, he appointed him inspector of the chamber of accounts, and governor of Nangasaki, where his memory is still venerated.

In illustration of a passage in the preceding narrative, M. Titsingh furnishes some curious particulars on the

LEGAL SUICIDE OF THE JAPANESE.

All military men, the servants of the Djogoun, and persons holding civil offices under the government, are bound, when they have committed any crime, to rip themselves up, but not till they have received an order from the court to that effect; for, if they were to anticipate this order, their heirs would run the risk of being deprived of their places and property. For this reason, all the officers of government are provided, in addition to their usual dress, and that which they put on in case of fire, with a suit necessary on such an occasion, which they carry with them whenever they travel from home. It consists of a white robe and a habit of ceremony made of hempen cloth, and without armorial bearings.

As soon as the order of the court has been communicated to the culprit, he invites his intimate friends for the appointed day, and regales them with *zakki*. After they have drunk together some time, he takes leave of them; and the order of the court is then read to him oncemore. Among the great, this reading takes place in presence of their secretary and the inspector: the person who performs the principal part in this tragic scene then addresses a speech or compliment to the company; after which he inclines his head towards the mat, draws his sabre, and cuts himself with it across the belly, penetrating to the bowels. One of his confidential servants, who takes his place behind him, then strikes off his head. Such as wish to display superior

courage, after the cross cut, inflict

a second longitudinally, and then a third in the throat. No disgrace is attached to such a death; and the son succeeds to his father's place.

When a person is conscious of having committed some crime, and apprehensive of being thereby disgraced, he puts an end to his own life, to spare his family the ruinous consequences of judicial proceedings. This practice is so common, that scarcely any notice is taken of such an event. The sons of all people of quality exercise themselves in their youth, for five or six years, with a view that they may perform the operation, in case of need, with gracefulness and dexterity; and they take as much pains to acquire this accomplishment, as youth among us do to become elegant dancers or skilful horsemen: hence the profound contempt of death which they imbibe even in their earliest years. This disregard of death, which they prefer to the slightest disgrace, extends to the very lowest classes among the Japanese.

While I was at Yedo, in 1782, I was told of a circumstance which had recently happened in the palace of the Prince of Satsouma. To the sheath of the sabre is attached a small knife, the handle of which projects a little in front of the hilt, and is commonly embellished with flowers and other ornaments in gold, of superior workmanship. The prince, one night on retiring to bed, laid aside his sabre; next morning the knife had disappeared. There was no reason to suspect one person of the theft more than another. Inquiry

was secretly made of all the pawnbrokers, to ascertain whether the knife had been pledged. Three days afterwards one of these tradesmen brought a knife, on which he had advanced money, and which was immediately known to be that stolen from the prince. All his servants were summoned to appear

before the pawnbroker, who instantly pointed out the man from whom he had received the knife. The culprit frankly confessed his guilt, and was commanded to prepare for death. He replied that he was quite ready; on which he was led out into the court, and his head cut off without farther ceremony.

COMPARISON OF THE DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE FEMALE SEX IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

(From COTTU " *On the Administration of Justice in England.* ")

WE meet in England with young men of such engaging artlessness, that their cast of countenance appears to belong to the primitive ages of the world, and to have been transmitted from age to age in families that have escaped the corruptions of time. The sedateness of their looks, the purity of their heart, and their modest deportment, have something inexpressibly captivating. Nothing can equal the innocence of their conduct, and even of their thoughts. I knew some who had preserved this virginity of soul amidst the seductions of wealth, the dissipations of foreign travel, and all the illusions of the world: in general therefore they make faithful husbands, and become fathers of large families, bounding all their pleasures to what they find at home.

If any fault is to be found with the Englishwomen, it is for the very excess of those qualities that are most desirable in their sex. Their extreme reserve and gentleness wear to a stranger's eye the appearance of subjection and dependence, which gives rise to uneasiness respecting their lot. I have heard it said, however, that

few wives possess a greater sway over their husbands, or have more authority in their own families. In some parts of their manners there is a modesty and dignity that is something poetic. The custom of leaving table before the gentlemen, and of thus withdrawing from the levity of conversation which the liberty of wine may excite, has the character of exquisite delicacy. The same remark may be made respecting their custom, when any number of them may be collected in a family-mansion in the country, of retiring by themselves in the evening with the mistress of the house, leaving their husbands to converse a little longer in the drawing-room before they rejoin them: their modesty would be offended at being seen to enter their apartment with one of the other sex, who was not to leave them till next morning.

A smile is always on their lips, but it stops at kindness, and rarely proceeds to archness. There are a thousand things they would blush to hear; and if they ever do seek to guess their meaning, they conceal their efforts so well, that it is impossible to discover them.

They never maintain an opinion with heat, and rarely discuss any question of politics or literature, although in general they are very well informed.

Their mental accomplishments, and the variety and extent of their knowledge, like their personal charms, belong exclusively to their husbands. Before a stranger they are silent, cold, and reserved.

Society in England is thus dull and monotonous in comparison with ours. With us the most modest woman feels herself under no obligation of preserving for her husband more than her pledged fidelity: another has often all her confidence and esteem, and enjoys

the treasures of her affections and accomplishments. The graces of her imagination, and even those of her person, are the property of the circle of her acquaintance. She keeps herself pure to the man to whom she has plighted her faith, but this engagement is confined within the narrowest limits, and she claims the liberty of disposing at pleasure of all that comes not strictly within its bounds. In this consists the charm of French manners: the greater portion of the accomplishments of the ladies belong to the community, and every one has his share, just as if he enjoyed their intimacy.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN is preparing a series of twelve prints, of the most interesting specimens of *French Gothic Cathedral Architecture*, from drawings by Mr. C. Wild. They will form four numbers, the first of which, containing the principal entrance, the nave, and the choir of the cathedral of Amiens, is nearly ready for delivery.

In a few days will be published a new edition, with various additions, an enlarged index, &c. of Senefelder's *Complete Course of Lithography*, containing clear and explicit instructions in all the different manners and branches of that art, accompanied by illustrative specimens of drawings; to which is prefixed a History of Lithography, from its origin to the present time.

The popular series entitled *The World in Miniature* is regularly

proceeding, agreeably to a late announcement of the publisher, at the rate of a volume monthly. The third volume of *Hindoostan*, with seventeen coloured engravings, illustrative of the manners, customs, &c. of the natives of that country, will be ready for delivery on the 1st of April.

The lovers of numismatic science will not be displeased to learn, that a Supplement to Van Loon's *Histoire Metallique des Pays-Bas*, published by the Royal Institute, is in preparation. It will form a thick folio volume, the first part of which, containing twenty sheets of letter-press, in French, and six plates, representing sixty-six medals, is already before the public.

A work of considerable interest and importance to the geographer has been lately completed at Vienna, by Major-General Baron de

Serriot. It is a general *Orographic and Hydrographic Map of Europe*, exhibiting, as its name implies, the grand features of the mountains and rivers with the utmost fidelity.

An Historical, Chronological, and Geographical American Atlas, containing fifty-three maps of North and South America, with all their divisions into states, kingdoms, &c. on the plan of Le Sage, is announced for publication by subscription. It is expected to be ready for delivery in June or July next.

Mr. J. Harrison Curtis has completed a small work, illustrative of the treatment he employs for the cure of *Diseases of the Ear*, both in local and constitutional affections, with practical remarks relative to the deaf and dumb.

Early next month will be published *A Treatise of the Principles of Bridges by Suspension*, with reference to the catenary, and exemplified by the cable bridge now in progress over the Strait of Menari. In this work the properties of the catenary will be fully investigated, and those of arches and piers will be derived from the motion of a projectile. It will contain practical tables, a table of the dimensions of a catenary, and tables of the principal chain, rope, stone, wood, and iron bridges, erected in different countries, with their dimensions.

Mr. Johnson, of the Apollo press, Brook-street, Holborn, has announced, under the patronage of the Roxburgh Club, a work in two volumes, with the title of *Typographia, or the Printer's Instructor*, highly embellished with nu-

merous engravings on wood, by the first artists. The first volume will contain an Historical Account of the Origin, Rise, and Progress of the Art of Printing; also, portraits and notices of the early printers, and their works; and in the second will be introduced a complete Printer's Grammar.

Vargas, a Tale of Spain, in three volumes, is in the press.

The Rev. Dr. David Brewster has nearly ready for publication a translation of Legendre's popular *Elements of Geometry, and of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry*, with additions and improvements communicated by the author.

Mr. Wheatstone, of the Opera-Colonnade, has prepared an exhibition of acoustical phenomena, which deserves the attention of the mechanician as well as the lover of music. It consists of—1. *The Enchanted Lyre*, which performs, untouched, with a richness of tone, and brilliancy of execution, far surpassing what have been hitherto obtained by the powers of mechanism:—2. *The Diaphonicon*, by means of which an intense augmentation of the sound of musical instruments in richness and power is obtained:—3. *The Invisible Girl*, the principle of which is not new, but is in this case employed in the production of some singular and beautiful musical effects.

An ingenious writer has calculated, that in France about 300 literary works are published monthly; consequently 3600 annually, and 360,000 in a century. It would be a difficult matter to find room for all these publications, of many of which from two to four thousand copies are printed, were not a re-

ready for the disease at hand. The snuff-sellers, grocers, and other shopkeepers, consume an immense quantity of printed paper: an ordinary snuff-shop uses daily about an octavo volume; an ordinary grocer a quarto; and one in a larger way, a folio volume. Estimating the number of snuff-shops in Paris at 100, of the ordinary grocers at 200, and the more eminent at 100, it will be found that in these 400 shops, 100 octavo, 200 quarto, and 100 folio volumes, are daily cut up; and when we consider the consumption of printed paper in all the rest of France, we shall have some idea of the im-

ense destruction of books in that kingdom. It is true, that written as well as printed paper is used in the shops; but, on the other hand, it is to be observed, that large quantities of printed paper are destroyed in other ways, as for example, in the manufacture of *papier maché*. It is indeed no very encouraging prospect for an author to know that his work will be used for wrapping up grocery, or pounded to pap in a mortar—but how could all the paper that is incessantly passing through the press be otherwise disposed of?—all the warehouses in the kingdom would not be large enough to hold it.

Poetry.

ON SUMMER.

And now bright summer, with his shining train

Offruits and flowers, begins his glorious reign;
And Sol, high seated on his azure throne,
Bids Nature put her gayest mantle on;
The meadows all their various tints display,
Like some fair damsel on a holiday.

The swelling buds, nourish'd by genial showers,

At his command burst into blooming flowers;
Refreshing fruits, deep blushing at his gaze,
Nurs'd by his warmth, and mellow'd by his rays,

Bestow their treasure; and proud man receives

All as his right, nor thanks the power that gives.

This is the season when returning health
Makes the cit ponder o'er his year's earn'd wealth;

We'll pleas'd if his scant coffers will provide
A country jaunt, or trip to the sea-side,
Content, for three months' pleasure, to resign
Comfort and ease throughout the other nine;
Flies from the city, and its busy care,
To Margate, Brighton, Hastings, or elsewhere;
And leaves with joy his desk or counter's side,

To watch the ebb and flowing of the tide;
Or picking shells upon the sandy shore,
He thinks of debts or creditors no more,

Unless by chance his anxious eyes have met
Some well-known debtor's name in the Gazette:

Rous'd at the sight, his pleasure's all forgot;
In haste he leaves the now detested spot,
Nor trusts to winds or tide to bear him down,
But mounts the coach, and soon arrives in town.

E'en drooping Age this genial season cheers,

And bids him reckon yet on future years;
Each heart appears to share the genial joy,
Save one alone, one melancholy boy.

But first to thee, thou glorious god of day,
Who strikes the lyre, or pours the melting lay,

I bend a humble votary at thy shrine,
And crave assistance from thy power divine.
Descend, Apollo! and my Muse inspire,
And warm my heart with thy celestial fire:
For hard the task, O Muse! to sing of woes
That wound the heart, and steal its soft repose;

Unless our own have felt the bitter pain,
Truly to love, and yet to love in vain,
Or felt the flame that in the bosom glows,
And yet not dare the passion to disclose.

So Edmund lov'd, yet long he strove to hide

The cause for which his youthful bosom sigh'd:

Full well he knew that other youths had
strove

In vain to win the object of his love;
For, from the moment that he first survey'd
His lovely Anna in the forest shade,
No peace, no rest, his aching heart had
known;

Young love had there too firmly fix'd his
throne,

And every meeting had but serv'd to bind
Her lovely image on his heart and mind.
No more for him the morning joyous rose,
No more for him night offer'd calm repose;
The birds no more delight him with their
notes,

Unheard by him the sound on ether floats,
Or dies re-echo'd by the leafy groves—
His Anna's voice the only sound he loves.
In vain for him the flowers their sweets dis-
close,

The fragrant lily, or the blushing rose;
Now to his sight their mingled colours fade
Before the image of his blooming maid.
In vain for him bright Phœbus yields his
light,

Enslav'd by love, each day now seems a
night:

The only sun that can his bosom warm
Is Anna's eye, that now alone can charm;
Its melting ray each passion can controul,
And her bright smiles the sunbeams of his
soul.

Nor was her form more beauteous than her
mind,
Where virtue, sense, and modesty were
join'd.

Her noble sire to deeds of arms was bred,
And soon his troops 'gainst distant foes he
led,

'Till in one fierce encounter, cover'd o'er
With glorious wounds, he fell to rise no more.
But his soul fled not 'till he'd join'd the cry
Of his brave troops in shouts of "Victory!"

His grateful country still records his fame,
And the pale marble tells the hero's name.
Few in the field of honour fortune find,
A glorious name was all he left behind,
Save a small pension which his sovereign
grants,

Sufficient for his frugal widow's wants,
Who far from noise chose a sequester'd spot,
Forgetful of the world, and by the world for-
got. T. H.

WHY SHOULD FRAGILE MAN BE PROUD?

Soon the bloom of youth doth fade,
Wrinkles soon the cheek invade,
Soon the glossy jet black hair
Turns to white with age and care;

The ruby lip, the brilliant eye,
Lose their lustre, fade and die:
Thus 'tis Nature speaks aloud,
Why should fragile man be proud?

The fairest form, the sweetest face,
Must quickly yield to death's embrace,
Must leave the light, must seek the gloom,
Must be the tenant of the tomb;

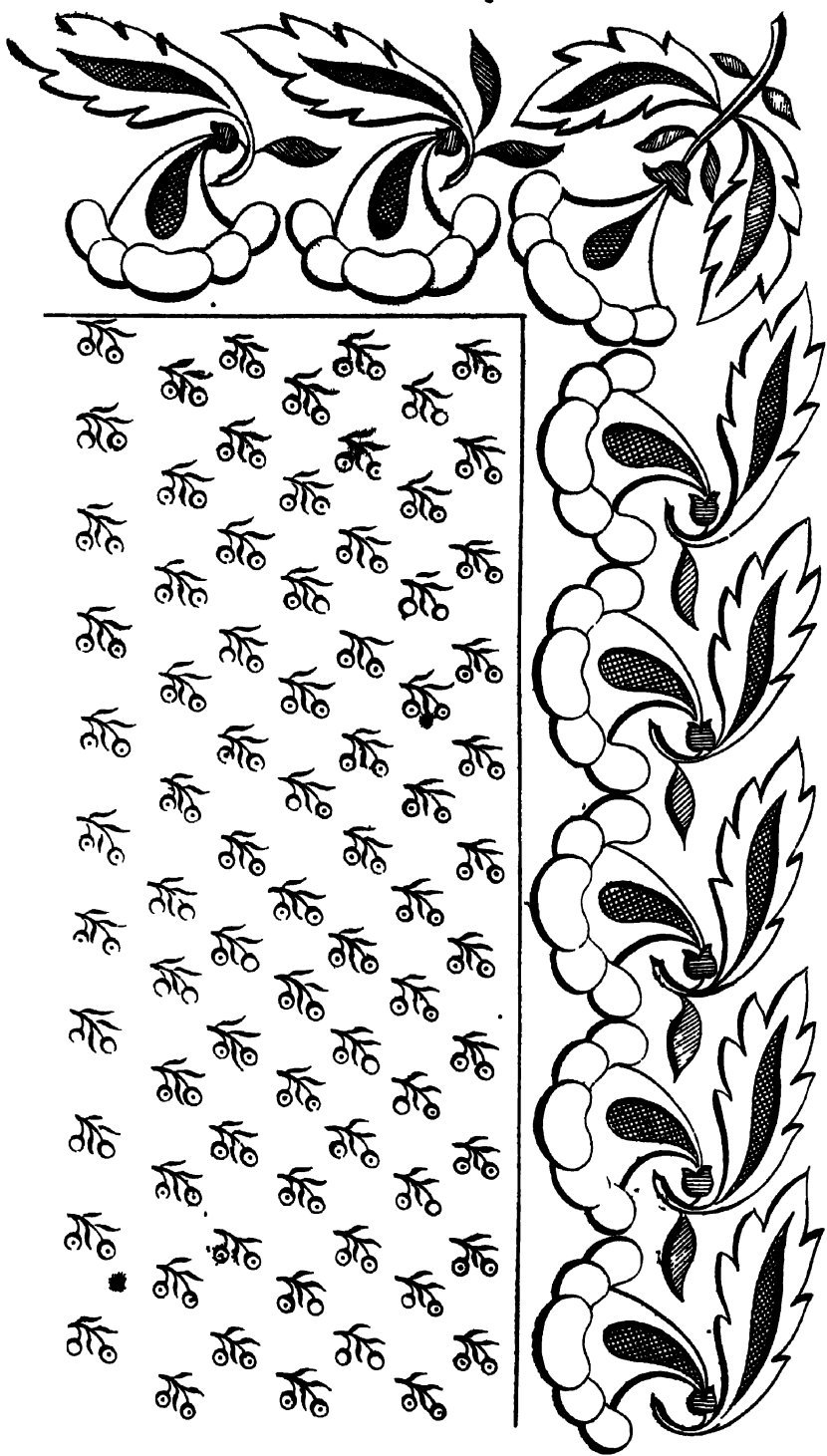
No earthly king, 'mid pomp and pride,
Can turn the dart of death aside:
Thus 'tis Nature speaks aloud,
Why should fragile man be proud?

The virgin fair, profuse in charms,
Whose beauty every bosom warms,
The cottage girl, and gaudy queen,
Alike must quit this transient scene;

Must leave each glittering bauble here,
In hopes to find a happier sphere:
Thus 'tis Nature speaks aloud,
Why should fragile man be proud?

EDWARD.

Newington-Butts.



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THE SECOND SERIES.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 15th of the month, announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

To Inquirer's question we reply, that the Series of Views in the Oberland will be completed with our next Number.

If an Old Subscriber had looked with any attention into our seventy-fourth Number, he would have saved himself the trouble, and us the postage of his long letter.

Anna has expressed herself so feelingly, that we should be gratified by a more circumstantial developement of the subject of her communication.

The unexpected length of several articles in the present Number has obliged us to defer the Female Tattler, and likewise the Selector.

S. H. is omitted for the present, owing to the same cause.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.



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THE SECOND SERIES.

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N^o. LXXVII.

SELECT VIEWS OF LONDON.

PLATE 25.—LANGHAM-PLACE AND PORTLAND-PLACE.

IT is within the memory of some persons, that Parliament-street and Whitehall once formed the finest avenue in the metropolis. Oxford-street was yet but indifferently inhabited, and Portland-place not built. Up to the accession of George III. Oxford-street ceased at Mary-le-bone-lane: at that spot Tyburn-road began, and for many years presented the sort of humble character of buildings that usually skirt the environs of a great city. During the reign of Queen Anne, improvements were projected about Cavendish-square, which were carried into effect during the reigns of George I. and II. but they ceased on the west side of Titchfield-street, and Oxford-street was not benefited materially even so far westward as Tottenham-Court-road. Lord Harcourt, Lord Bingley, and the Duke of Chandos, having given éclat to this spot,

Lord Foley, about 1760, erected his mansion, after a plan from Palladio, on ground obtained of the Duke of Portland, whose estates are very considerable in this part of the town. To prevent the erection of buildings that should obstruct the views from this house towards the north, he stipulated a covenant to that effect; and when Mr. Adam, the architect, was engaged to plan the adjoining parts of his grace's estates for building speculations, he found himself obliged to accommodate the whole to this restrictive agreement. Hence Portland-place necessarily became the width of the north frontage of Foley-House; and to this circumstance we are indebted for the spaciousness of this fine street, not originally in the contemplation of the ingenious projectors.

Mr. Adam designed each row of these buildings as a uniform whole, and which they appear to

be in the perspective, consisting of centres, intermediates, and wings; either side so resembling the other, that the eye does not detect their small variations.

This street being chiefly undertaken by speculative builders, whose reimbursements were precarious, great care was taken to design them, so that they might be erected with strict economy: thence, notwithstanding Mr. Adam's taste for ornamental display, it is sparingly introduced, and the ornamental parts are limited to very small projections. For some contrast of light and shade, the architect depended on the intersecting openings of crossing streets; but his chief dependence for effect arose from the opposition in colour he might obtain from the use of stone for pilasters, cornices, string-courses, &c. when contrasted with the *brick-work* of which the façades are composed.

The subsequent adoption of stuccoes for the covering of houses, in imitation of stone, superadded to a better knowledge of the principles of picturesque effect, has introduced a bolder character of design, by which shadow is projected in larger masses, and striking variety produced by the changes incident to irregularity of plan and elevation. On a comparison of these styles of building will be seen some of the advantages obtained in the designs for the New Street.

Until the commencement of the improvements in question, Portland-place was closed at both extremities, southward by the garden-wall of Foley-house, and at the north by an iron railing, dividing it from a pasture, called

Harley Field, which separated the end from the New Road, so that the entrances and means of egress of this fine street were inconvenient to its inhabitants, and inadequate to its consequence.

The improvements in these points have greatly benefited Portland-place, to effect which, a crescent was formed toward the north, and Foley-house and gardens, latterly the residence of Lord Rendlesham, have been razed, except indeed a few trees and shrubs, a remnant of the latter, some of which are represented in the fore-ground of the annexed engraving, and which is the site of Langham-place, so called in compliment to Sir J. Langham, who has here erected a spacious mansion; and several others are also built on the spot, after designs by Mr. Nash. Here also the execution of the New Street plans had its commencement, and Sir James's house was foremost in the improvements.

The house on the left of the engraving, through one of the gateways of which a carriage is departing, was formerly the rear of the residence of Mr. James Wyatt, the celebrated architect; the front and entrance were from Queen Ann-street east, now called Foley-place. After the accident which in him deprived the country of one of its most enlightened and tasteful architects, it was disposed of to his relative, Captain Wyatt, who gave to the formerly blank wall the appearance represented in the view, and erected the adjoining buildings to the left.

It was intended that the crescent at the north end of Portland-place should be repeated on the

opposite side of the New Road, so forming a circus, through the centre of which the New Road would pass, and ground was planted and railed in for that purpose. The projected circus, however, having been retarded in the progress of the southern moiety, after a lapse of time new builders engaged to complete the crescent, on condition that the other half should be abandoned, that the views toward

the Regent's Park and the adjacent country should not be intercepted. This is certainly a great advantage to the crescent, but Portland-place is somewhat injured by it; for the circus receives the north winds so copiously, and directs them into Portland-place with so much violence, that the inhabitants have little reason to eulogize the alteration from its originally projected form.

MISCELLANIES.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT LIMA.

(Concluded from p. 212.)

DON PEDRO had no great difficulty in obtaining from the viceroy a respectable appointment for his *protégé*. No sooner had Alonzo entered upon the duties of this post, than he was obliged to go to Callao on business, which was likely to detain him some weeks from Lima. Pedro received this intelligence with secret pleasure; for as Alonzo would not return till Maria had been united to him by a sacred and indissoluble bond, he found himself relieved at once by his absence from all apprehension. "I am sorry," said he nevertheless to Alonzo, when bidding him adieu, "that you are obliged to leave us, because I had hoped to be favoured with your company at the celebration of my approaching marriage. But necessity commands: go then, in God's name, and may you speedily and safely return to the arms of your friend!"

Alonzo lost not a moment in transacting his business, for a powerful magnet drew him back to

Lima. He succeeded beyond his expectation, and arrived at Pedro's house shortly after the wedding. The latter could no longer, nor indeed did he wish, to debar the son of his friend from a sight of his young wife, and therefore sent her word that Alonzo was returned, and would pay his respects to her. Maria's curiosity had been strongly excited by the high terms in which her husband was accustomed to speak of Alonzo. The door opened, and who should enter, conducted by Don Pedro, but the handsome stranger.

Maria and Alonzo were thunderstruck, while Don Pedro introduced them to one another with the words—"The son of my friend, Alavar. My wife, Don Alonzo."

"This!—this your wife?" exclaimed Alonzo, after a long pause, striking his forehead with his clenched fist, and rushing out of the room; while Maria, overpowered in the highest degree by this scene, fell back senseless on the

sofa, from which she had just risen at the entrance of Don Pedro and the stranger.

Don Pedro knew not what to think of all this. The first thing he did was to hasten to the assistance of his wife; and as soon as she was somewhat recovered, and he had recommended her to the care of her maids, he hastened to his young friend, to obtain from him if possible an explanation of this extraordinary affair; but he found the door of his apartment locked. Returning to Maria, he applied to her for a solution of the mystery, but a flood of tears was all her reply.

A gloomy foreboding, which was by no means calculated to restore his peace of mind, took possession of his bosom. After some hours of painful uncertainty, Alonzo sent to request a private interview. Don Pedro hastened to him.

He found Alonzo pale and perturbed. At his entrance, a crimson flush overspread the youth's face, but was soon succeeded by the former deathlike paleness. "I owe you an explanation," began Alonzo, after a short pause of manifest internal conflict, "respecting my extraordinary behaviour. Incapable of deception, I will speak frankly to you, and trust that you will be able to appreciate my sincerity. Know then that I love—love your wife, with all the ardour of a first passion."

Don Pedro now turned pale. "Be under no apprehension," proceeded Alonzo; "you have to do with a man of honour, who knows and will perform his duty." He then began to relate to the astonished Don Pedro by what acci-

dent he had become acquainted with Maria, the impression which the sight of her had made on his heart, and how her attentions, when his temporary indisposition had deprived him of sense, had fanned the glimmering spark to a consuming flame. "But," concluded the virtuous youth, "she is your wife, and you are worthy of her. I can do nothing but deplore my unhappy fate—I will never see Maria more—but to remain here so near her is impossible. I will go this very hour to the viceroy, and solicit to be sent on a mission to some distant country, if possible to another hemisphere; and I entreat you to second this petition. You will not deny the son of your friend this last request, on the fulfilment of which my peace depends—that is, if this heart is ever destined to enjoy peace again."

Don Pedro was deeply affected. In vain did he endeavour to divert Alonzo from his purpose by a variety of proposals; he adhered immovably to his resolution; and Pedro was at length obliged to accompany him to the viceroy.

"Your offer," replied the viceroy to Alonzo's application, "could not have come more opportunely. I am commissioned to send without delay an intelligent person to the Philippine Islands, to investigate the state of those colonies, and thence to proceed to Spain, to lay a faithful report of it before the government. For this task I select you, Don Alonzo, but you must be ready for the voyage in three days at farthest. The vessel which is to carry you to the place of your destination lies ready to sail in the harbour of Callao."

Grateful as for the most signal favour, Alonzo accepted this commission; and the very next morning he set out, accompanied by the best wishes of his friend, who was filled with the warmest admiration of the magnanimity of the generous youth, for the ship that was to convey him to another hemisphere, where he hoped to find oblivion and tranquillity.

Maria, on her part, was not less miserable. Alonzo's behaviour, her husband's recital of the noble conduct of the extraordinary youth—for Don Pedro was too liberal to make any secret of it with his wife—convinced her that she was beloved, beloved beyond expression by one who was endowed with the rarest qualities of mind and person. She felt how much she had lost with him, and profound melancholy took possession of her mind. In vain did her husband and her mother exert themselves to dispel her despondency—her cheerfulness was fled for ever. She could not deny Don Pedro her esteem; but as for loving—it was not in her power to love him.

Maria's mother too soon ceased to possess her unreserved confidence. She could do no other than regard her as the author of her wretchedness, and in spite of all her efforts, she could not conquer the involuntary dislike which her presence excited. Laura had too much penetration not to perceive the change in her daughter's sentiments in regard to her, and she felt but too soon that in the circles of the great world she was out of her proper sphere; she therefore returned from Don Pedro's house to her former habita-

tion, where, though amply provided for by her son-in-law, she led a dreary joyless life.

Let us now turn to Alonzo, who, after a long residence in the colonies, ably accomplished the object of his mission, and presented the required report to the court of Madrid. Fearful lest, in the neighbourhood of the adored object, he should not be able to controul the passion which consumed him, he resolved to return no more to Lima. At his solicitation he was appointed to a post in the capital, and intrusted with many difficult commissions, in the able performance of which he had occasion to render the state essential services.

In this manner several years had elapsed, when Alonzo one day received a summons from the minister, and was desired to hold himself in readiness for a secret mission. His instructions relative to the object and place of his destination were delivered to him in a sealed packet, which he was not to open till the vessel in which he was to sail was fairly out of port. Alonzo had soon made the necessary preparations for the voyage, and went on board the appointed ship, which immediately got under way, as it was believed, for St. Domingo. When she had quitted the harbour, and was some leagues out atsea, Alonzo opened the packet, and found with mingled joy and sorrow that Lima was the place of his destination. When he had somewhat recovered from his emotion, he communicated the intelligence to the captain, who also assured him that Callao was the port to which he was bound, and that the voyage to St. Domingo

was only a pretext assumed in obedience to the commands of government.

After a long and arduous passage, the ship arrived off Callao. At half-past eleven o'clock in the night of the 28th of October, 1746, that port appeared in sight; when, without the operation of any external cause, the sea began to swell and roll tremendously. This phenomenon was accompanied by a dull rumbling noise. These the experienced captain knew to be signs of an earthquake; he immediately ordered the steersman to put the ship about, and stand out to sea, and thus saved himself and his whole crew from inevitable destruction; for half an hour afterwards, the raging ocean, rushing with tremendous force over the shore, inundated the level country for many miles. Numbers of unfortunate fugitives, hurrying to Lima for safety, were ingulphed in the high-road by the waves; and out of twenty-three vessels lying in the harbour, nineteen were swallowed up by the billows, and the other four driven with incredible force to a considerable distance up the country.

Fear and horror pervaded Alonzo's vessel during the whole of this tremendous night, but none felt such cruel apprehension as Alonzo himself; for there was every reason to believe that the horrible devastations of this terrific commotion of nature extended to Lima, and there dwelt—Maria!

The ardently wished-for morning at length dawned, and with it the appeased ocean returned to its bed; but the busy Callao, with its industrious inhabitants, seven thou-

sand in number, was swept away by the waves. Alonzo was not to be detained on board any longer: descending into a boat, he sought a safe landing-place, and hastened by a circuitous route to Lima. At every step he encountered traces of devastation, and at length beheld, to his inexpressible anguish, the capital of Peru, which the preceding day numbered sixty thousand inhabitants, and proudly displayed its magnificence—but now how changed! Of all its splendid palaces, lofty steeples, beautiful churches and convents, not one had escaped the destroying power; and only twenty-five houses had by a miracle been left uninjured.

With difficulty did Alonzo pursue his way over heaps of ruins and rubbish, seeking in vain traces to guide him to the mansion of his friend. Having reached a spacious square, he perceived a number of men digging large pits, in which others were piling up as many corpses as they would hold, and covering them with earth. Among the multitude of dead, he saw many females: he mustered sufficient fortitude to examine the face of each, dreading every moment to recognise the features of his adored Maria. Though his good genius spared him the pangs of this fatal discovery, he had nevertheless to endure a severe trial, for he found the last corpse to be that of Laura, Maria's mother. At this sight he felt ready to swoon; for he could now scarcely doubt that Maria had shared her fate, not knowing that Laura had ceased to reside under the same roof with her daughter. Hope and love, however, revived his drooping spirits.

In spite of the universal devastation, he discovered the garden adjoining to Don Pedro's palace. Scrambling over the ruins of the wall, he proceeded along the well-known alleys towards the splendid mansion, which lay transformed into a heap of stones before him. In the court-yard he saw two of Don Pedro's servants engaged in digging valuable effects, provisions, and furniture, out of the ruins. To his eager inquiries concerning the fate of their master and mistress, they replied, that they had been sent on business the preceding day to Don Pedro's country-house a few miles off, and that on their return in the morning, they had found nothing but the ruins of the palace, and knew not what had become of the inmates.

Alonzo indulged hopes that Pedro and Maria might perhaps still be languishing for deliverance in some uninjured apartment beneath the rubbish: he therefore summoned the two servants to assist him in searching among the ruins, promising them an ample reward; but they considered the attempt as too dangerous, since the earth was not yet quiet, and fragments of walls were to be seen and heard falling here and there. Alonzo quitted them with a look of contempt, and notwithstanding their entreaties to desist from an enterprise that must involve him in certain destruction, he sought boldly among the ruins for an entrance. He soon discovered a door that led to a solid arched vault, in the basement of the building; before it lay some detached stones, which it was easy to step over. The door was open, and a few steps conducted

to the dark vault. Scarcely had he reached the floor of it, when a faint gleam of light, that entered at the door, enabled him to discover something white a few paces before him. He hastened up to it, and beheld a female figure. With a loud exclamation, he threw himself down beside it; the dull echo of the vault alone answered him—the female figure lay motionless in his arms. Horror inexpressible thrilled him at the thought that it was the corpse of Maria. Unable to endure any longer the agonies of doubt, he raised the form, with the exertion of all his strength, upon his shoulder, and carried it into the open air, where he sunk exhausted with it to the ground. When he had sufficiently recovered to rise, he fixed his eyes on a face overspread with the paleness of death, and recognised Maria! His senses forsook him, and he sunk beside her inanimate as she.

When he came to himself, his shouts attracted the two servants who had already given him up for lost. With their assistance he carried Maria into the garden, laid her on a soft mossy bank, and rubbed her temples with wine, which the men had found among the ruins. His efforts proved for some time unavailing; but what was his rapture when at length renewed pulsation indicated returning life, and in a few minutes the adored object of his attentions opened her eyes! In this blissful moment, Alonzo forgot the world and every thing around him in the transport of beholding his mistress thus miraculously preserved.

Maria, on recovering her senses, looked about her with astonish-

ment, and could not conceive how she had come thither. She perceived Alonzo, and then seemed to recollect what had happened: a roseate flush mantled on her pallid cheek, and her eye beamed with ecstasy, as in a tone of inexpressible sweetness she pronounced these words: "You, my deliverer, Alonzo?" She extended her hand, which with unspeakable rapture he pressed to his burning lips. The ardour of his kisses seemed to restore Maria to complete self-possession. Looking round her with affright—"Where is my husband?" exclaimed she: "is he saved too?" The gestures of the servants but too plainly replied in the negative. Hastily rising, she advanced to Alonzo, who, at her question, had started up, and covering his face with his hands, retreated a few paces. "Alonzo," said she, "your friend, my husband must perish, without your assistance. He must be in the same vault where you found me. Make haste and save him before it be too late."

Alonzo eyed her with a look which seemed to say, "Cruel Maria! what dost thou require of me?" but when her eye met his, a deep scarlet overspread his cheeks, and he hurried to the vault. The servants, emboldened by his example, followed him this time; Maria attempted to do the same, but finding her strength unequal to the task, she was compelled to stay behind.

A faint moaning proceeded from one corner of the vault. Guided by the sound, Alonzo hastened to the spot, and there lay Don Pedro, who had been severely wounded by a falling stone; the current

of air entering the damp vault at the open door, had a few moments before wakened him from a deep swoon. Assisted by the servants, Alonzo removed their wounded master into the garden, laid him on the turf beside Maria, and then went to seek a suitable place for the reception of the patient.

A pavilion in the garden was still standing, though the roof had been completely demolished. Besides some other furniture, there happened to be a sofa in it. Hither Alonzo caused his friend to be carried, after supplying the want of a roof by means of a piece of sail-cloth. Pedro must have been meanwhile informed by his wife of Alonzo's generous self-devotement, for when the latter came back to him, he seized his hand, and pressed it as closely to his heart as his weak state permitted. He could not speak; but the tears that filled his languid eye spoke more eloquently than any words.

Alonzo, suppressing his emotion, tore himself from his friend, to seek a surgeon. He was fortunate enough to meet with one sooner than he expected: but when he had examined Don Pedro's wound, he significantly shook his head; and though the patient, through his efforts, recovered his speech, yet, at his departure, he informed Alonzo that he had little hopes of Don Pedro's life.

The patient himself must have been aware of his situation, for he earnestly requested that a priest and a notary might be fetched to him. In the general confusion that prevailed, it was not a very easy matter to comply with his desire. Alonzo and Maria watched

all night beside Pedro's couch, from which they retired next morning at his desire, when, after a long search, a notary entered the apartment. He was soon followed by a priest; and with them the patient was left alone for several hours.

When, agreeably to his wish, Alonzo and Maria returned to the pavilion, they found him evidently exhausted; he motioned for them to come to him, and joined their hands, at the same time pointing to a sealed paper. He then heaved a deep sigh, fell back, and expired. The sorrow of both for his loss was profound and sincere.

Maria retired to her country-

house, and there mourned in solitude the fate of her husband, rarely permitting the visits of her beloved Alonzo, who remained at Lima. Thus did a year elapse, before the arrival of the day appointed by Don Pedro for the opening of his will; when it was found that he had generously bequeathed his whole property to Maria and Alonzo, on condition that they should marry. Penetrated with gratitude, the lovers blessed his memory, and the dispensation of Providence, which made the most tremendous of calamities a source to them of the highest earthly felicity.

SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

Two or three years since, an opera, with the title of *The Nightingale and Raven*, was brought out on the German stage. How severely the musical composers of that country are handled by the dramatic critics, may be inferred from the following observations on the performance of this bagatelle in one of the periodical publications of the Prussian capital. "The composer," says the writer, "has not unsuccessfully imitated the nightingale on the flute and violin, but he gives her song only two notes, namely, tiò tiò tiò, and zee zee zee. It is certainly no easy matter to imitate the whole of it, but it is thus rendered by a very acute ear:

"Tiù, tiù, tiù, tiù,

Spè tiù z'qua;

Quorror pee pee—

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Tiò, tiò, tiò, tiò, tix;

Quotiò, quotiò, quotiò, quotiò,

Zquò, zquò, zquò, zquò,

Zee, zee, zee, zee, zee, zee,

Quorror twee, z'pwà pee pee quee."

At the first sight of this literal translation of the song of the nightingale, I could not refrain from laughing, especially at the *quorror*, but I must own I should be somewhat puzzled to assign a satisfactory reason for my mirth. That the language of birds, which we term their song, has its consonants must be evident to every tolerable ear, from the song of the lark, which the French designate by the verb *tirelirer*, the croak of the raven, the crowing of the cock, the note of the cuckoo, and the twittering of the sparrow. If these consonants are less prominent in the song of Philomela, this arises undoubtedly from the emphasis which

M M

she lays on the vowels, into which the consonants are melted--in short, her language is the Italian of the feathered tribes. The above specimen encourages a hope that some

of the writer's indefatigable countrymen may soon favour us with a grammar and dictionary of the language of birds. I am, &c.

PHILO-PHILOMEL.

ON THE BENEFICIAL INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY ON THE CONDITION OF THE FEMALE SEX.

By the Abbé GREGOIRE, formerly Bishop of Blois.

CHRISTIANITY, which is a religious legislation, had from its earliest ages a salutary influence on the civil law. To physical strength it opposed its moral power, and pleaded the cause of the oppressed. Hence it could not fail speedily to improve the condition of the weaker sex.

Polygamy, tolerated by the Mosaic law, but expressly condemned by the gospel, was prohibited in all christian societies. By interdicting the plurality of wives, the author of christianity sanctioned the law of nature, according to which, the two sexes come into the world in nearly equal numbers in every country. The exaggerated calculations of Bruce, respecting the numerical excess of women, have been rectified by a multitude of other travellers, whose statements have been collected by an able French physiologist, M. Virey. The same writer proves in another place, that this surplus, which is not considerable, is perpetuated by polygamy itself, which grants to the wife only a divided affection, and frequently deprives her of the heart of her husband. Monogamy, on the other hand, concentrates the affections on a single object; it fixes limits to the impressions of nature; it sanctifies them; it ensures the welfare of the children who are

destined to be the support of age, and strengthens family spirit. The limitation to one wife was no doubt a powerful motive for attaching the sex to christianity, and an additional means of spreading it over the world; for the plan of Providence does not exclude the employment of secondary causes.

Christianity admits no intermediate state between celibacy and marriage: of course it condemns those vague and temporary connections which were authorized among the Greeks, Romans, and other nations, and proclaims the indissolubility of the conjugal union. Various christian societies, who have admitted exceptions to this law, have been puzzled where to stop. The frequent discussions in the British parliament on the subject of divorce, and the circular letter published a few years since by the bishops of the established church of Denmark, may be cited in proof of this. The French law which, during the revolution, afforded such facilities to divorce, was productive of endless scandal; for, in the first twenty-seven months after the enactment of this law, there were, in Paris alone, 5994 divorces, two-thirds of which were granted at the solicitation of the wife.

The Voconian law, which forbade a husband to appoint his wife

or daughter his heir, was abolished in the early ages of christianity by Theodosius. Justinian extended this right of succession, and repeated the laws which made a difference between the inheritances of the two sexes; for those who introduced this difference, says he, seem thereby to accuse nature for not conferring the male sex on all individuals.

When the barbarous nations, issuing from the regions of the north, deluged the south of Europe, and settled there, they brought with them their own manners and customs. Christianity, through the mild medium of instruction, and the ascendancy of virtue, triumphed over those victorious hordes, and by their means extended its sway to the inhospitable countries from which they sprung. It is natural to suppose that savage manners, fortified by opinion, and deeply rooted from habit, left behind them traces of barbarism long after the conversion of these people; but the knowledge of the gospel effected a material improvement, by gradually extending to every thing. It is truly curious to observe the progressive change of their character and melioration of their laws.

Pomponius Mela informs us, that among the Getæ females were obtained in marriage for money. It is immaterial whether the Goths were descended from the Getæ, as some writers assert, and derived this practice from the latter: so much is certain, that according to the code of the Goths, wives were bought and sold among them also; and Potgiesser, who had profoundly studied the historical records of the north, remarks, that this cus-

tom did not originate in the northern countries, but was introduced into them from the east.

The laws of the Franks, Burgundians, and Saxons, attest that marriageable females were with them also a commodity that was bought and sold. Among the Prussians, wives were in like manner purchased, and treated as slaves; they were not allowed to eat with their husbands, and were obliged every day to wash the feet of their serfs and visitors. They formed part of the moveable property, and devolved with it; and hence arose frequent connections within the prohibited degrees.

From a dissertation, published in 1792, by Professor Frank of Upsal, we learn that pagan Sweden was absolutely uncivilized. It was lawful to sell slaves, or to put them to death; women, reduced to a species of legal ciphers, could neither inherit property, nor make oath, nor give evidence, nor buy and sell to the amount of more than four-pence. The abolition of slavery in that country in 1295 had been preceded by important changes in that part of the code relating to women. A line had been drawn between marriage and concubinage, and between legitimate and illegitimate children. Female children were allowed to share the property left by the father; and the sex, restored to its rights, owed this benefit to the influence of religion.

Almost all crimes were punished with pecuniary penalties among people, who, knowing no other than physical pleasures, found in their wealth, and the smallness of those fines, additional means of gratifying their passions. These fi-

nancial regulations, which do not require profound meditation, differ with the country, the value of the coin, the quantity of the specie, and the quality of individuals. The fines imposed for the violation of female chastity are graduated in a very extraordinary manner. The price was less for violence offered to a female slave than to a free woman, and to a single than to a married person.

By the Burgundian laws, whoever cuts off the hair of a free woman shall pay thirty sous to the woman, and a fine of twelve sous; but only thirteen sous, and two sous to the woman, if a slave. If a female slave cuts off the hair of a free woman, she shall be put to death, unless her master choose to redeem her for ten sous, in which case he shall give her one hundred stripes. It is worthy of remark, that after the introduction of christianity, the number of stripes inflicted with a whip or stick was reduced among different nations to forty, as enjoined in the law of Moses; and to avoid transgressing this law by a mistake in counting, thirty-nine only were given.

As christianity extended its empire, the civil authority supported itself with the precepts of the gospel, in order to amend the laws. The commandments are quoted in several codes and capitularies. To the repressive penalties were added others against those who should insult or slander females. The Lombard law contained a punishment for anyone who should charge a woman with being a sorceress, or carry away her clothes while she was bathing; and it laid a fine of ninety pence on the person who

should stop a woman by the way and injure her; but if the person aggrieved were a slave, male or female, the fine is reduced to twenty pence: a proof that at this time slaves began to be considered as something.

In Great Britain, the law punished with fine any one who should throw on a woman the paring of his nails, or spit upon her.

Matthew, Duke of Lorraine, contemporary with St. Bernard, enjoined men to pay great respect to women, and decreed a severe punishment for those, who, by hasty words, should cast an imputation on their chastity.

The laws of Biaumont or Belmont, in Argonne, drawn up in 1182 by William, Cardinal-archbishop of Rheims, enact, that the woman who shall speak ill of another shall pay five sous, four to the lord, six deniers to the mayor, and six to the female slandered; and if she refuses to pay the money, "she shall carry the stone on Sunday in the procession *en peure chemise*." Any female who reflects on the morals of her neighbour shall prove the truth of her allegation, or in like manner carry the stone, &c.

In the laws of the Visigoths, we find this curious regulation. They forbid medical men to bleed a woman, unless in the presence of her husband, father, mother, son, or uncle; and if in their absence bleeding is necessary, her neighbours shall be called in as witnesses.

The treatment of pregnant women becomes at this period the subject of legislative enactments. A fine of two hundred sous is imposed for striking a woman in that

state, and occasioning the danger of miscarriage. If she actually miscarries, the culprit shall pay a sum agreed upon by the husband and the judge, or if she dies, he shall be put to death. A regulation honourable to the city of Harlem here deserves mention. When a woman is brought to bed, it is forbidden to make any noise in the neighbourhood; and a paper-posted on the door of the house, prohibits the entrance of bailiffs or other officers of justice.

Women who so long were but moveable property among barbarous nations, now began to possess immoveable property themselves. The Lombard laws authorize them to sell, give away, or exchange what they possess. Such was the happy effect of christianity, which, in fixing the duties of both sexes, consecrates their rights.

We find in the Brehon code, that St. Patrick, on the solicitation of the Irish, revised and amended their laws, and abolished that which authorized the seizure in a fair of the cow of a poor man who could not pay the fair-toll demanded for her. The offences for which capital punishment is now awarded, were as before punished by fines, but with certain modifications.—Thus, by the laws of Athelstan, whoever kills an archbishop shall pay 15,000 groats, or 250*l.* sterling; and whoever kills an earl, shall pay 10,000 groats, or 142*l.*

The impediments of consanguinity and affinity, opposed by the church to marriage, have been frequently censured with more severity than justice. Pope Gregory, in his letters to St. Augustin, Archbishop of Canterbury, impressive-

ly remarks, that these impediments contribute powerfully to extend family connections, and to prevent incestuous marriages, which were then so common in England.

The continuance of these improprieties were the subject of the remonstrances of bishops, whose letters attest their learning and their zeal. Polygamy was frequent in Ireland: a cardinal was sent thither in 1152, to repress that abuse, and his mission was crowned with success.

In this collection of codes, which contain so many absurd and barbarous regulations, the most extraordinary is that of the Welch, which was substituted to the ancient customs by Howel, King of Wales, and approved by an assembly of the *grandees* in 942 or 943. The first chapter of the second book, relative to the condition of women, contains one hundred and one articles, some of which are to be commended, such as that which assigns a like portion of the paternal inheritance to the children of both sexes. Others fix a pecuniary rate upon outrages, more or less heinous, against single women, wives, and nuns. In the preceding book, a fine is laid on him who shall presume “to strike the queen, or to snatch any thing out of her hand.”

With the progress of christianity we find more respect paid to the majesty of morals. Legislation emerges from its chaos, becomes purified, and adopts regulations favourable to the sex, considered as daughters, wives, mothers, and widows; and many legal enactments are qualified according to their physiological and pathological si-

tuation. The crude codes which have been mentioned had nevertheless introduced into the common law, and perpetuated to modern times, some notions and regulations bearing the stamp of the barbarism of the middle ages.

In the 15th and 16th centuries, divines, as Herolt the Dominican, and lawyers, as Pontanus, inquired whether it was lawful for a husband to beat his wife. The custom of Marsal, which subsisted till the time of the French revolution, releases a woman from the necessity of making reparation for an injury done to any person, if the husband juridically disavows it, or declares upon oath that he has beaten her for her misconduct, which is equivalent to a juridical disavowal.

All, or nearly all, the later codes admit the testimony of women on the same footing as that of men in civil and criminal causes. The codes of two centuries back contained many revolting exclusions. Who can read without indignation in Passerini, that their evidence is admissible in charges of heresy and high treason, and in all cases in which the testimony of *infamous persons* is received? For capital crimes, they commonly undergo the same punishments as men; but in civil matters, they are still frequently assimilated with minors.

To conclude, the rise of christianity was the dawn of a new era for the female sex. Hence the

christian nations have produced more distinguished women than any others. One of those who is eminently entitled to be placed in this class, Hannah More, acknowledges that the gospel raises women to a rank which they never held in ancient times, and which they never will obtain in idolatrous, Mahometan, and savage nations. There may be some who would choose rather to attribute the advantages which women enjoy among us to the progress of civilization; but must they not admit this very civilization to be the work of christianity? Christian Europe being the most civilized portion of the earth, it is not surprising that their condition here should be better than in countries destitute of the light of the gospel. Though some nations of antiquity manifested respect for them, yet almost all held them in legal and systematic slavery, till the moment when a religious, sublime, divine, universal, and permanent institution, springing up in Palestine, and extending itself over the world, fixed the relative rights and duties of the sexes, and raised woman from that abjection into which she had been plunged by licentious religions and stupid laws. Gratitude ought to strengthen the attachment of the sex to christianity: religion alone has reinstated it in its rights, and can assure to it the possession of them.

TAMMEAMEA, LATE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE readers of the *Repository* are acquainted with the character of Tammeamea, King of the Sandwich Islands, from the account giv-

en of him by Captain Kotzebue, the Russian circumnavigator, and inserted in No. LX. The following circumstances respecting the

death of this prince, who expired at Owwhyhee, in March 1819, are we believe not generally known in this country:

Previously to his decease, an extraordinary natural phenomenon occurred on the coast of the Sandwich Islands: in the space of three hours, the water of the ocean rose and fell six feet in a certain number of minutes, and with such stillness and regularity, that neither the vessels lying in the harbours, nor the places on the coast, sustained any injury. This phenomenon, worthy the attention of the natural philosopher, was considered by the people of Owwhyhee as an omen of the death of their beloved sovereign, who, extended on his death-bed, gave, for the last time, good advice to the chiefs of all the islands under his sceptre, who had been assembled by his command, exhorting them to hold sacred his useful institutions, "for which," said he, "we are indebted to the white men who have come hither to reside among us." He enjoined them most particularly to respect these strangers, to hold their property inviolate, and to continue to them the rights and privileges which he had conferred. He then appointed as his successor one of his sons, Reo Reo, an ardent young man of twenty, who was educated in Europe, and understands and speaks the English language fluently. All the chiefs, by his desire, swore allegiance to the new mon-

arch, whom, on account of his youth, he placed under the care of his wife, and thus constituted her unlimited regent of all his dominions. A few hours afterwards, this star of the Sandwich Islands set for ever.

According to the custom of these islanders, the heir to the throne must immediately quit the place, and even the island where his predecessor expired. The ambitious young king, on his departure from Owwhyhee, observed to his friends, "If my father has deemed me worthy to succeed him in preference to my brothers, I will not submit to any other authority; and I positively declare, that at the expiration of the time fixed for my absence, I will return as the real sovereign, or not at all."

The treasures found after Tammeamca's death, and which he accumulated by traffic with the Europeans, amounted to about half a million of Spanish piasters; and he left goods and armed merchant-vessels to a like amount. This cannot but be considered as a prodigious capital, when it is recollected, that at the time of Vancouver's visit to the Sandwich Islands, in 1795, Tammeamca was only a chief, who came to the English commander to exchange bananas and hogs for nails, and who, while assisting the seamen to fill their casks with fresh water, shewed great dexterity in knocking off and stealing their iron hoops.

MORE LAST WORDS FOR OLD MAIDS.

Addressed to CAROLINE CONTEST.

MADAM,

WHEN I commenced reading your sensible letter in the Re-

pository for March, and found that it was a lady's last word, I did not suppose it would have fallen to my

lot to say another syllable on the *tender* subject of Old Maids; though at the same moment I considered, that if it was to be your *omega*, it was also your *alpha*, and therefore I almost doubted your right to the last word: however, on reading further, I found a question asked of me, and then "thinks I to myself," how am I to answer it if this lady is to have the last word, and this same letter is to be her last word; but upon coming to the latter part of your epistle, I found a distinct power given to me—upon certain conditions to be sure—of saying something more on the subject; though I suppose it is not to be understood that I am to have *the last word of all*: indeed, I should be worse than selfish to wish it, when I can call forth such replies as those of Celibia and Caroline. I have been a little unfortunate both with Celibia and yourself; for she charged me with drawing a *general* resemblance, when I drew the *particular* portrait of Eliza only; and you say that I lay it down as a *general* rule, that a woman, when she finds herself a little neglected by the men, will stoop to any mean artifice to get a husband; and you make this deduction also from my little history of Eliza. In my answer to Celibia, I have already denied that I meant a *general* resemblance, which I now beg leave to repeat. So much for *generals*.

Now, madam, to be a little particular. Your classification of the venerable sisterhood is very fair and proper—(by the bye, that word *venerable* is a very unpleasant one, but Celibia introduced it: hers be the blame then, and not mine).

Your first class—that arising from disappointed love—is, I fear, by no means a small one. Perish the man, I say, who could for one moment smile at any peculiarities in an old maid, whose being so was occasioned by such a cause! Good God, is it not almost enough to overturn the throne of reason in a woman's mind (indeed it has done so), to be deserted by the man she truly and devotedly loved; to discover *him* to be unworthy whom she had considered as the worthiest; to find *his* breast the seat of sordid or base motives, which she had deemed the very altar of truth and love? And if so, how much more likely is it, that reason should be shaken in her seat, when death—cruel and untimely death—has snatched away a woman's dearest hope—has left her wretched and alone in the midst of millions! What are they to her? Not one of all their number can again teach her heart to love; respect and esteem may indeed find a place in her bosom, but love is gone for ever! Such a woman should be treated with peculiar tenderness, and every allowance made for her *apparent* failings; for, alas! she is not what she might have been! I should almost pity such a woman till I loved her; for I know—perhaps better than most men—how nearly pity is allied to love. Indeed such a woman ought hardly to be called an old maid; she is a virgin widow, if such an expression can be tolerated; and you truly say, "her *widowed* heart refuses to receive another inmate." She feels that her heart had been betrothed, and in her own estimation, she was as much the wife of the

man she loved, as if a thousand ceremonies had been performed over them.

Your second class—the ambitious spinsters—certainly deserve something to be said for them: doubtless you are correct in saying, that many of them have to thank their mothers for passing a life of celibacy: but I think this *has been* the case much more than it ever will be again; for beauty in a daughter has generally been the cause of a vain mother's teaching her to look high for a husband; but since the small-pox has ceased to ravage female loveliness in the frightful way it used to do, beauty has become so common (and will become more so), that *beauty alone* will never again be so likely to bring about what are called (too often falsely) good matches, as it did formerly. Who shall say indeed, that some fifty years hence, a very plain woman may not be more in request than a very handsome one? Fashion can do anything, and it may then be the fashion to toast plain women, as much as it now is to pay that noisy sort of homage to loveliness. True it is that beauty is not, nor perhaps ever was, the only thing that a mother taught a daughter to be proud of: accomplishments and blandishments of various kinds are all brought into play in aid of these ambitious spinsters; and certainly they are a good deal to be pitied, when it is forced, as it were, upon them by mothers. But do you think that “forty-nine cases out of fifty” are occasioned by the advice of mammas? Surely not so many. I remember one instance, at all

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events, to the contrary, of a very young lady who had for some years lost her mother, and yet who had all the aforesaid ambition about her in so very powerful a degree, that it made her absolutely unpleasant in company. She lived in a country-town, where she was deemed a paragon of perfection, and was, much to her honour as she thought, toasted at all convivial meetings by the gentlemen; forgetting that the same thing might be said of her, that is said of any song that the publisher wishes to puff off; viz. that it had been sung with great applause at many convivial meetings! I had heard much of this lady, and on one occasion happened to meet her in a London party: I entered the room with fear and trembling; I looked at least for an angel of light, and, behold! I saw nothing but a woman, and as mere a woman as ever I saw in my life—there was not the least approach to the angelic. Her arm had been described to me as the finest in the world; and certainly upon the same principle by which a grazier judges of an ox, it was a very fine one, for it was large and fat, and apparently strong enough to have knocked down the aforesaid animal, and was, besides, sufficiently bare to be well appreciated. Then her face—pray, madam, did you ever see the moon at full? If you have, and without doubt you must have done, you have seen its counterpart as to shape: but then the lady's face seemed not to imitate the modest moon in its colour—pale it certainly was not. But I will ask you another question: Have you not seen, on a

N N

fine spring day, a plump dairy-maid milking one of her cows in some beautiful meadow, under a May-bush perhaps, with all its blossoms showering upon her, and by the side of a timid little rill, purling away in peace to the ocean? If you have, the dairy-maid's cheeks, provided she was a healthy lass, would be like the lady I am speaking of, for there was plenty of good deep red and a little white, such a face as one likes to see, inasmuch as it is indicative of good health and eighteen years of age; but as to beauty—elegant beauty—it was no such thing. I really pitied the girl, for she seemed to think herself the only one there who deserved notice, and looked about her with the most ineffable scorn: I thought her in the high road to celibacy, though I dare say she thought otherwise. I am willing to allow, that this (if a complete instance, which it is not, as the lady was not an *old* maid,) might be the one you mention as likely to occur in fifty. "So much for"—ambition, I had almost written—"Buckingham,"—for his fall was occasioned by the same thing.

I perfectly and entirely agree with you that the next class—those who cannot meet with congenial minds—are not at all to be blamed; for certainly without mutuality and reciprocity of mind, as well as affection, matrimony is but a bitter pill; and in answer to the question you put to me, in your notice of this class, I decidedly say, that the woman who remains single, and "braves the world's dread laugh," when she cannot meet with a partner whom she esteems and loves,

is much more respectable, in my eyes, than the one who meanly truckles for the sake of this world's goods, and marries a man she detests.

Your instances of those who have remained single from principle are unanswerable: I can only say, that I believe such instances, though not very common, do yet many times happen, and when they do, they are beyond all description beautiful.

Enough has already been said about my poor Eliza, and therefore I dismiss her class without a word.

Celibia having answered for herself, I have no business to say any thing about that class to which she belongs; and it therefore only remains for me to say, that I am no infidel, as you pleasantly insinuate, but a tolerably good Christian as times go; and that I not only believe women have souls, but very pretty souls, I assure you.

And now, lest you should think I have not enough abjured my heretical opinions, upon which condition alone I was to be allowed to write this letter, accept the following bond of abjuration, drawn up by an eminent lawyer, but *no judge*—at least of these matters.

Be it known to all *women* by these presents (what *presents*? some lady may say; I have heard of none passing between you: this parenthesis is mine, and not the afore-said lawyer's), that I, James Murray Lacey, do hereby solemnly renounce all intention of ever again interfering in any manner or way whatsoever touching the subject of women in a state of celibacy, commonly called and known by the



name and description of Old Maids, upon pain of forfeiting to that venerable sisterhood one hundred lines of good and lawful prose or poetry of Great Britain upon any given subject, provided the same be called for by their usual attorney, secretary, or some other officer or person properly authorized and appointed by them, after offence committed and proved; and provided also that the aforesaid lines (if they should ever become forfeited) shall be inserted in a certain book, pamphlet, magazine, or miscellany, called the *Repository of Arts, Literature, Fashions, &c.*

Witness my hand and seal this 4th day of March, in the year of our Lord 1822,

Signed, sealed, and delivered, being first duly considered, in the presence of us,

PEN,
INK,
PAPER.

J. M. LACEY,
L. S.

I hope and trust that you will consider the above a good and sufficient recantation of any heresies I may have been guilty of in the matter in question, and a full security—(look at the witnesses)—against any further commission of them. I am, madam, your obedient,
J. M. LACEY.

PLATE 27.—VIEW OF WETZLAR, AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF
"THE SORROWS OF WERTER."

THE free imperial city of Wetzlar, of which we here present a faithful view, is known to the politician and historical inquirer as the seat, for upwards of a century, of the *Reichs-Kammer-Gericht*, or supreme tribunal of the German empire, which was removed hither on the destruction of Spire in 1689, and dissolved in 1806. To the reader of sentiment, this place is rendered infinitely more interesting as the scene of the incidents recorded in "The Sorrows of Werter," a novel which laid the foundation of the literary fame of the most eminent living writer of Germany. The following illustrative particulars are gleaned from an entertaining volume, replete with authentic information, recently published by Major James Bell, with the title of *Letters from Wetzlar*. The author, with a laudable spirit of curiosity, and an industry worthy of the imitation of other travellers, availed himself of a resi-

dence at Wetzlar to collect the facts connected with the tragic story; and in this volume, which we strongly recommend to the perusal of all who have felt interested by it, he favours us with the result of inquiries made on the spot, and of the communications of persons resident there at the time of the occurrence of the circumstances on which Göthe has constructed the plot of his celebrated novel.

Wetzlar is situated near the conflux of the rivers Lahn and Dill, a few miles out of the direct road from Frankfurt to Hesse-Cassel. It is a miserably ill-built town, containing at present not more than about 4000 inhabitants. It dates its decay from the dissolution of the Imperial Chamber, when it fell to the share of the Elector Arch-chancellor, afterwards Grand-duke of Frankfurt; but since the overthrow of Buonaparte, it has been transferred to Prussia. When the Chamber was dissolved in 1806, no

fewer than 35,000 causes were left undecided; and the documents belonging to them are still lying in the chancery of Wetzlar, as choking provender for rats and mice.

This tribunal was the means of bringing together the principal characters delineated by the novelist.

Albert, whose real and unpoetical name was John Christian Kästner, was by birth a Hanoverian, and officiated as secretary to the ambassador from the duchy of Bremen. He was a young man distinguished by evenness of temper, clearness of understanding, and undeviating rectitude of conduct. It would be doing him injustice to judge of him as he is depicted in "The Sorrows," where a deep shade is thrown over the character of Albert, in order to heighten the lustre which that of Werter is designed to display.

Charlotte, the betrothed bride of Albert, was the second, not the eldest daughter of a Mr. Buff, whose name wears less of the garb of fiction than even that of Kästner. He was one of the stewards or agents of the Teutonic Order of military knights, had the superintendence of such of their lands as were situated in the immediate vicinity of Wetzlar, and resided in a building belonging to the Order, called the German House, in the town, and not a short distance from it, as represented in Werter's sixth letter. He was a plain, honest, worthy man, enjoying the confidence and esteem of all his neighbours. Charlotte's mother too is remembered in terms of the highest praise. The parting from her children (see letter 37), who were brought to her

bed-side by Charlotte, was a scene of great agony. Albert also was in the room, and the dying mother pronounced her latest blessing on him and his bride. She left thirteen children at her death, and Charlotte, who possessed much more activity and energy of character than her eldest sister, distinguished herself by her skilful management of her father's household.

Charlotte's figure was light and graceful. She had blue eyes, light brown hair, and a fair healthy complexion. She was of a lively, cheerful, and happy disposition, and in the earliest bloom of youth. In her dress she was at all times clean, neat, and tasteful. She was too much engaged in the realities of life to be led far astray into the fields of romance, and used often to say, that she admired such books most as placed before her eyes a picture of her own circle of life. "The Vicar of Wakefield," translated into her native language, was a great favourite with her.

Charlotte and Albert were enjoying the near prospect of conjugal felicity, when Göthe, then a young man of great genius and promise, arrived at Wetzlar, to finish his studies in the higher branches of jurisprudence. The acquaintance which he soon formed with Albert ripened into intimacy. The latter, of a generous and unsuspecting nature, freely introduced to Charlotte all those for whom he felt esteem, or from whose conversation he thought she might derive either pleasure or information; and thus Göthe also soon became known to her. The lovers daily found increasing delight in the so-

ciety of a man of Göthe's talents and various acquirements, and all three soon became united in the bonds of the closest friendship. Albert spent every moment he could spare from business with his friend and Charlotte; but whether he was absent or present, Göthe was her daily visitor, and the inseparable companion of her walks and of her little parties of pleasure.

Whether love produced this unceasing attention, or whether this frequent intercourse engendered love, we pretend not to decide—so much is certain, that in one way or the other, Göthe became the passionate admirer of the lady. For months he wholly abandoned himself to the sentiment that occupied his heart, till urged by a friend, who saw that he was indulging a hopeless passion, and prompted still more by the near approach of Albert's nuptials, he quitted Wetzlar, and bade a long adieu to Charlotte. The parting scene is described in the 37th letter of "The Sorrows." The garden in which it took place is situated above the river Lahn, close to one of the gates of the town: it then belonged to Count Spauer, supreme judge of the Imperial Chamber, by whom it was liberally left open to strangers; but is now in the hands of a Mr. Debus, by whom it is not kept in the same high order that it formerly was.—The fountain, mentioned in the 3d and 5th letters, is situated by the side of a brook in a valley, at a little distance from the Wildbach gate. On the side opposite to the fountain is an extensive orchard, which was occupied by Charlotte's father: hither Charlotte frequently resorted, and Göthe had a favour-

ite seat beneath the shade of a beautiful lime-tree, which overhangs the fountain.

Another favourite retreat of Göthe's was the village of Garbenheim, called in the letters Walheim, about a mile and a half from Wetzlar. The path leading to Garbenheim, along the edge of a high cliff which overlooks the Lahn, is one of the most beautiful walks in the neighbourhood. The schoolmaster's daughter, whose children are sketched in letters 8 and 9, is still living at Garbenheim, and not a little proud of being, as she calls herself, "the woman in the book."—The ball described in letter 10 took place at Volpertshausen, a village a few miles from Wetzlar. Albert was really absent at the time on business in Hanover, and most of the incidents described actually occurred; but the acquaintance between Göthe and Charlotte did not, as we have shewn, date its commencement from that evening.

Göthe possessed, in a high degree, the faculty of fixing the attention and exciting the curiosity of children by little stories which he invented for their amusement. An allusion to this talent is made in letter 30. The attachment of Charlotte's brothers and sisters to him was extreme.

Albert has been dead some years. Charlotte was still living at Hanover at the time of Major Bell's visit in 1816 or 1817, the mother of eight sons and two daughters. Three of her brothers the major had frequent opportunities of seeing during his residence at Wetzlar. The "little fair girl," mentioned in letter 10, is now living at Weimar, where Göthe procured a situation

for her lover, and thus enabled him to marry her. Two or three years ago, Charlotte paid a visit to this sister at Weimar; and then Charlotte again met Göthe for the first time since their parting at Wetzlar.

The person designated by the name of Werter was the only son of the then living Protestant abbot Jerusalem. The latter had been tutor of the hereditary prince, and afterwards Duke of Brunswick, who received his mortal wound at the battle of Jena; and young Jerusalem received the same advantages of education as were bestowed on the prince. At the age of twenty-three, he came to Wetzlar as secretary to the ambassador from the court of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel. In person he was somewhat above the middle size, and remarkably well made, with dark hair and eyes. His manners were particularly elegant, and his mind was highly cultivated. He generally wore a blue coat, buff waistcoat, leather breeches, and boots—a dress which, adopted in imitation of the English, was then so rarely seen in the interior of Germany, that at Wetzlar it excited no small attention, and has not failed to be hinted at in the "Sorrows."

Jerusalem was of a benevolent disposition, but extremely reserved, and constitutionally much inclined to melancholy. He was passionately attached to English literature, had a strong taste for the fine arts, and devoted part of his time to sketching after nature. No particular intimacy subsisted between him and Göthe, and his intercourse with Kästner was nothing more than what naturally sprung from

their holding similar employments in the service of contiguous states. He knew, moreover, but little of Charlotte, and seldom, if ever, was in her father's house. His mind was occupied by a different object. This was Mrs. Herd, wife of the private secretary to the ambassador from the Lower Palatinate. This lady's fine form, her full dark eyes and black hair, contrasted with a mild expression of features, and an exquisitely fair complexion, awakened the admiration of almost every beholder. On her Jerusalem's affections were wholly concentrated. He was seldom seen with her in public, and indeed avoided as much as possible meeting with other visitors at her house. Torn by the conflicting emotions of love and honour, he was often seen passing through the streets with hurried step, insensible to the objects that surrounded him. The scenes with his servant—his having thrown himself on his bed without undressing—and his having once returned near midnight without hat and in a total absence of mind—are correctly described in the "Sorrows." His hat was found on the brow of a steep hill, close to the ruins of the castle of Kalsmunt.

He had often been heard to argue in favour of the right of self-murder, and it is believed that he had formed the fatal resolution of destroying himself previously to his last interview with Mrs. Herd. In that interview, he made an incoherent declaration of his passion. As soon as Mrs. Herd was sufficiently recovered from the confusion into which she was thrown by his declaration and manner, "Jeru-

salem," said she, "this is going too far—we now see each other for the last time." Then fixing one last intense look on his face, as if she meant to treasure up every feature for after-recollection, she hastily withdrew. He anxiously awaited her return—she came not—he followed to the door of her apartment, which was locked, and in a low tone, entreated permission to speak one last word with her; but receiving no answer, he pronounced an everlasting farewell.

Jerusalem immediately ordered his things to be packed up; his bills were paid, and horses bespoken for a journey. The note requesting the loan of the pistols is, in the German original, a literal copy of that which Jerusalem sent to Kästner, whose lodgings were very near his own. Kästner, having been induced by this note to supply the fatal instrument, thus became remotely connected with the last period of Werter's history; but Charlotte, who was not yet married to Kästner, had of course no more share in the delivery of the pistols, than she had in influencing in any way whatever the fate of the unfortunate Werter.

On the night of the catastrophe, Jerusalem sent his servant, who slept in a distant part of the house, early to rest, with directions to be ready to start at six the next morning. At the appointed time, when he entered the chamber of his master, he found him extended on the floor weltering in his blood, close to the projecting window of his apartment—the window standing open. Assistance was obtained, but to no purpose: the ball had entered the forehead above the right

eye, and the brain was too severely injured to admit any hope of recovery. The unfortunate man continued, however, to breathe with a frightful noise till noon, when he expired. At eleven at night, his remains were conveyed to the public burial-ground, and consigned without ceremony to the earth, by the dismal light of a few lanterns.

It is believed that the dissensions in which Jerusalem was involved with his principal, the Brunswick ambassador, contributed not less than his unhappy passion for Mrs. Herd, to drive him to this deed of desperation. His death took place early in the month of October 1772, and not at Christmas. He had not previously resigned the secretaryship.

Mr. Herd died in 1810, and Mrs. Herd four years later. Three of their daughters and one son are still living.

The room in which Jerusalem shot himself is in the first story of a bookseller's house, near the Franciscan church: the house in which Albert lodged is now occupied by the minister of the reformed church.

There is no monument over Jerusalem's grave. The sexton who buried him is dead, and the burial-ground having been latterly enlarged by the advancement of the wall, near which he was interred, the exact spot where he lies is not now easily to be determined, notwithstanding the confidence with which the ordinary conductors of strangers pretend to point it out.

In a public tea-garden at Garbenheim, a funeral mound, erected, as a mere whim of the owner, to the memory of Werter, has not unfrequently been mistaken for the

burial-place of Jerusalem. In the campaign of 1813-14, many of the Russian officers, not having time, perhaps, to gain more accurate information, hastened to the spot, obstinately impressed with the belief that it exhibited the real tomb of Werter. The Russian privates too, in their respect for the dead, knelt down and said their prayers over it with great devotion.

The country surrounding Wetzlar is not ill calculated to heighten the interest of Werter's story. None

can ascend the mountain on the opposite side of the valley to the burial-ground, without recalling to mind the following lines: "When, in the fine evenings of summer, you walk towards the mountains, think of me; recollect how often you have seen me come up from the valley. Raise your eyes to the church-yard which contains my grave, and by the light of the departing sun, see how the evening breeze waves the high grass which grows over me."

THE CORONATION PLUME.

MR. MEREDITH had the character of being the most punctual man alive; his wife used to boast, that during five and twenty years he had never kept her five minutes waiting dinner. What then was her astonishment when on the 17th of July, 1821, more than half an hour elapsed after the usual time of dinner, without Mr. Meredith making his appearance! Mrs. Meredith, and her daughter Emily, sat looking at each other in silence: the mind of the mother was divided between anger at being kept waiting, and fear that her husband had met with some accident. The latter idea solely occupied the thoughts of the affectionate Emily. At last her father's well-known knock relieved her from her anxiety: she flew to meet him; while her mother, now assured of his safety, determined to avenge upon him all the uneasiness he had made her suffer; and this determination was considerably strengthened by his entering the room with an air of hilarity, which Mrs. Meredith con-

sidered as a further insult to her sovereign authority.

The volley of reproaches with which she instantly assailed him, was interrupted by his asking her abruptly, whether she wished to go to the coronation.

"Wish!" cried she, "to be sure I do; but what is the use of wishing, I may wish long enough to no purpose."

"Perhaps not, wife: if you will smooth your brow at present, and promise not to be in a passion for this month to come, I don't know but I may be tempted to take you."

"What nonsense, Mr. Meredith! I dare say you are only speaking to try me, and that if I was to promise not to be angry for these three months, I should not be nearer having my wish."

"Three months, did you say, my dear?—but," shrugging his shoulders, "we won't talk of impossibilities. Here," pulling out three tickets, "look at these: I assure you it was trying to procure them that kept me so long."

The sight of the tickets, which were for the Abbey, made peace in a trice. Dinner was served immediately, and fortunately Mrs. Meredith was too much engaged in settling what Emily and she were to wear on the grand occasion, to trouble herself about its being overdone. Every thing was soon arranged, except a head-dress for Emily.

"What need has she of any thing but her own brown locks?" said Meredith, with a glance of paternal pride at the bright chestnut tresses of his pretty daughter.

His wife replied, in a tone which shewed that she was disposed to infringe their late treaty, "I wish, Mr. Meredith, you would talk of what you understand. I find the ladies will all go in feathers; I have some it is true, but only enough for myself, and then what is Emily to do?"

This was a question easier asked than answered: the income of the Merediths was very narrow, and Mr. Meredith wisely discouraged every thing that looked like extravagance. Emily did not venture to say any thing, but she fixed her eyes upon her father with an expression of entreaty, which he hardly knew how to resist, and at last he asked his wife, "Pray what would be the expense of feathers?"

"Why, three guineas at least."

"Three guineas! it is a great deal of money, and after all I don't find that there is any positive order for the ladies to wear feathers: I dare say there will be some without."

"I don't know that there will," cried Mrs. Meredith, "and in my

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opinion nobody ought that wished to pay proper respect to the king."

This settled the matter at once, for Meredith was loyal to his heart's core. "God bless his Majesty!" cried he, "I am sure I would be the last to fail in respect to him. So here, my dear," giving his wife a bank-note, "get what you want for yourself, and let Emily have the feathers.—But hold, I forgot, I have more news for you. I met Mrs. Clayton, and she has just heard that her son George, whom she did not expect these three months, will return on the 19th, and she intends giving a supper and ball to as many friends as she can get together at so short a notice. You will have a card presently, and you will go of course."

His wife replied, "Certainly." Emily did not speak, but her eyes shewed the pleasure which this intelligence gave her. She had been acquainted with George Clayton from her infancy; though five years older than herself, he was the companion of her childish sports, and as she grew up he was both her friend and her tutor: it was from him that her first lessons of drawing were taken; he corrected her French exercises, and she never found her lesson of geography too long when he heard her repeat it. When she was about fourteen, Clayton went to finish his education abroad, but Emily had not forgotten him; the intelligence of his return conjured up those scenes in which he had shared in all her pleasures, and all her thoughts were soon absorbed in one idea—whether his delight at their meeting would equal hers.

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Mrs. Meredith, who was very fond of a bargain, happened to recollect a cheap *plumassier*, but as he lived at a considerable distance, she told Emily that she should go thither alone the next morning to buy her plume, while Mrs. Meredith was employed in finishing some alteration which she now began to make in their dresses. Emily assisted her, but the flutter of her spirits made her guilty of some trifling mistake, and it must be confessed, that she was naturally a little giddy and careless; but these were her only faults, and perhaps they are not altogether inexcusable at seventeen. In the eyes of her mother, however, they were offences of a heinous dye; and the poor girl was condemned during the rest of that evening to hear a tedious detail of all the faults of that sort she had ever committed, intermingled with sundry denunciations of penalties, to be inflicted in case she ever transgressed in that way again.

At last bed-time came, to the great joy of the harassed girl, who, in the solitude of her own chamber, could meditate without interruption on the expected joys of the 10th, that happy day which was to present her with all the pleasures she most wished to enjoy. She pictured to herself the ceremony of the coronation, with all its splendid and imposing circumstances; the mixture of the most sacred ceremonies of religion with the usages of chivalry; the throned monarch, distinguished as much by his majestic port, as by the regal magnificence of his robes, surrounded by the flower of his nobility, and hailed on every side by

the acclamations of his loyal subjects. Fancy brought the whole of the scene brightly before her, and she involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh, it will indeed be a sight to talk of in aftertimes! How much I wish George could be there to witness it!" Her thoughts then fled to the ball, and she remained lost in delightful reverie, till her candle waning in the socket, obliged her to hurry to bed.

The next morning, as she was trying on her hat to go to the *plumassier's*, her father said to her, "The feathers will be of some use to you, Emily, if it is only to make you look a little taller." She recollected at that moment that she had not grown a great deal since George quitted England, and she determined to wear her feathers for the ball.

As she was tripping along with light steps, and a lighter heart, to make her purchase, she met a young woman, whose mother had washed for Mrs. Meredith during many years. She was an honest, industrious woman, but she had had the misfortune to lose a quantity of linen, which was stolen from her. Misfortunes were always crimes in Mrs. Meredith's eye: she discharged the laundress, taking care first to be paid the amount of the loss; and from that time Emily had never seen either the woman or her daughter. She stopped to speak to the girl, whose altered and emaciated appearance shocked her. She found, on inquiry, that the poor creature was in the greatest distress; her mother was lying ill; they had sold what little furniture they possessed, to purchase food and medicine, and, as the climax of their

misfortune, their landlord, enraged to find that they had parted with their furniture, which he had intended to seize for his rent, protested that if they did not directly pay him, he would turn them out.

"But have you no friends," cried Emily, "who would raise this little sum for you? Is there nobody that would come forward to your assistance?"

"Ah, no, madam!" cried Nancy: "there is indeed one lady who has been very kind to us, but she does not know any thing of us, and it would be impossible to ask her for so much money. I would not mind being turned out myself, but I am sure if my mother is removed to a workhouse, it will be her death; so I am now going to try if I can prevail on the landlord to let us stay even a day or two longer: but indeed," continued she, bursting into tears, "I have no hope."

"Don't say so," cried the kind-hearted Emily, whose eyes filled at the sight of her distress, "he never can be so inhuman as to refuse you. If he lives near, I will go with you."

Nancy replied, that his house was just by, and in a few minutes they reached it. Emily, who was somewhat of a physiognomist, shrunk back when she beheld his harsh and surly countenance. She ventured, however, to join her entreaties to those of Nancy, but in vain. "If I turn her out now," said he, in a brutal tone, "I shall lose more than two pounds, but I had better put up with that than let her stay till she owes me twice the sum: so out she shall pack, and that this very night, I promise you."

Poor Nancy did not venture to reply, but Emily was unable to re-

sist the despair painted in her countenance. She put her hand in her pocket, but she drew it back again when she recollected the storm of rage she should have to encounter from her mother. Another glance at Nancy decided her wavering resolution; the debt was paid, and the remainder of the money given to the poor girl, whose lively transports of gratitude drew tears from her young benefactress.

Emily did not dare to appoint another meeting with Nancy; she bade her farewell, and directed her steps homewards, but very slowly; meditating what she should say to appease the expected anger of her mother, who met her with reproaches for her long absence, and inquiries why she had not sent home the plume.

Emily, who, besides her excessive dread of her mother, was naturally very timid, began to stammer out an apology. "I am very sorry indeed, mamma, but I could not buy the plume, because, because"—She could not finish the sentence, but her mother finished it for her. "I see how it is," cried she in a voice of thunder: "I will lay my life you have lost the money." Emily, who trembled in every limb, tried to reply, but she could not articulate, and her mother taking her silence as an acknowledgment of her fault, ordered her to go instantly to her own room—a command which she gladly obeyed.

Emily was incapable of telling a falsehood, and she determined, if her mother questioned her, that she would acknowledge the truth; but she felt that she should not have courage to begin the subject herself. However, when she found

from the servant that her parents were determined to go to the coronation and leave her at home, she was half inclined to throw herself upon the mercy of her father; but a little reflection prevented her taking this step. She thought it probable that her father, who was extremely generous and humane, would readily forgive her; but as her mother was of an opposite temper, it was very likely that she would be even more exasperated with her for giving the money away than for losing it. She thought it better therefore, at least for the present, to defer an explanation which might cause dissension between her parents; for her father would probably insist upon her going without the feathers, a step which her mother she was sure would decidedly oppose. So she determined to call to her assistance all the philosophy she possessed, and remain contentedly at home.

But the philosophy of seventeen is very seldom that of the Stoics, and we must own our poor Emily fidgetted sadly during the whole of the day. The perfect stillness of every thing, for her father's house was far removed from the joyful scene, added to her melancholy. Any other disappointment she thought she could bear, but this beautiful, this solemn spectacle, which every one, from the highest to the lowest, was anxious to behold, to be deprived of seeing it, and for no fault too, can we wonder if she frequently repeated to herself, "It is very hard!"

But as the evening drew on, the recollection that the sacrifice she had made was perhaps the means of preserving a fellow-creature from

perishing, made her ashamed of her sorrow. Her parents returned, and, contrary to the wish of her mother, Mr. Meredith sent word to Emily that she might prepare for the ball; but a sleepless night, the dread of encountering her mother's reproaches, and the fear of being questioned on the way to Mrs. Clayton's about the supposed loss of the money, robbed her countenance of the bloom and animation which were her principal charms; and she felt conscious that her father spoke the truth when he said, he had never seen her look so ill.

During their drive to Mrs. Clayton's, Mrs. Meredith did all she could to sink Emily's spirits still lower; and so bitter were her taunts, that the poor girl could scarcely refrain from tears. It was rather late when they arrived, and the company had already begun dancing. In a few minutes, Emily saw George Clayton approach, and her heart throbbed so violently, that she could scarcely reply to his warm expressions of pleasure at their meeting. He asked her hand; unfortunately the company were dancing quadrilles, and Emily was not perfectly mistress of the figure. Had she been free from agitation, she could soon have got into it, but as it was, after making two or three blunders, she was obliged to complain of a head-ache, and sit down. Clayton remained with her for some time, but the pleasure which she might have found in conversing with him, was completely counteracted by her being seated close to her mother, whose disdainful and angry looks acted as a spell upon her tongue; and to complete her mortification, she fancied, when she

did now and then venture to raise her eyes, that she caught those of George fixed upon her with an expression of surprise and disappointment. At last, at her own desire, he quitted her in search of a partner. All her fair visions of pleasure were now completely demolished; she did not venture to dance any more, but sat counting the hours while the ball lasted, with even more impatience than she had those of the sleepless night which preceded it.

At last it ended, and she returned home more unhappy than she would willingly own to herself. Clayton's looks of disappointment and surprise lay like ice at her heart; but as she glanced in the mirror at her pale cheek and heavy eyes, she could not help murmuring, "It is no wonder that he finds me changed for the worse!"

In fact, Clayton's disappointment lay deeper than Emily imagined. The change in her looks might have been accounted for by indisposition, but to what cause could he assign the change in her manners? He left her the most frank, artless, and lively of beings; he found her silent, reserved, he almost fancied sullen: could that also be the effect of indisposition? His mother warmly contended that it was. He himself was inclined to think differently, but he resolved to suspend his opinion, at least till he had seen her once or twice more.

He called the following morning to inquire after her health: it was evident that neither that nor her spirits were improved. He tried to force a conversation, but her replies were short and cold; in fact, without his being conscious of it,

there was a degree of constraint and embarrassment in his manner, which tended still farther to depress Emily, and they parted with the impression that each was materially changed.

Clayton's heart, however, sought excuses for his old playfellow. "She is evidently unwell," said he to himself; "I must give her a few days to recover both her health and spirits, before I form my opinion." Circumstances occurred which occupied him very much, and it was near a week before he again called at Mr. Meredith's. He found Emily sitting with her mother; her looks were much improved, but her manners remained the same; he even thought that she was more silent and gloomy than she had been before, and he took his leave, fully convinced, that, in spite of the fair promises of her infancy and childhood, she was in reality unamiable.

Clayton little thought that for some time before his entrance, Mrs. Meredith, who had not yet forgotten or forgiven the supposed loss of the three guineas, was venting her spleen in a variety of sarcasms, which cut poor Emily to the heart; but as, at the moment that Clayton made his appearance, Mrs. Meredith's reproaches and angry looks were exchanged for smiles and good-humour, he could have no clue to the cause of Emily's gloomy and constrained manner.

Mrs. Clayton had secretly cherished the hope, that a mutual attachment between Emily and her son would give her a daughter whom she already loved with maternal affection: she was therefore not a little disappointed at finding things turn out so contrary to her

expectations, and she combated warmly but unsuccessfully George's opinion of Emily.

It chanced that a few days afterwards, while Clayton was sitting with his mother, Emily called upon her, and in a few minutes after she entered, Mrs. Clayton was told that the young woman whom she had ordered to call, was waiting. She desired that the girl might be admitted, and Nancy Somers entered the room. The poor girl was overjoyed at the sight of her benefactress, and in spite of Emily's entreaties to her to remain silent, the charitable action which had preserved her mother from a work-house, was told with all the emphasis of gratitude; but when she mentioned the amount of the sum bestowed, Mrs. Clayton, who had heard from Mrs. Meredith of the loss of the three guineas, exclaimed, "So then, my dear Emily, it was to assist these poor souls that you deprived yourself of the feathers: but how did it happen that your mother thought the money

was lost?" Emily explained the manner in which the mistake took place, but without glancing at the reasons which induced her to suffer it to continue.

Clayton witnessed this scene in silence, but with feelings of deep interest. Emily's anxiety to conceal what she had done, and her unaffected confusion when it was discovered, touched him sensibly; and the glow of joy which lighted up her countenance when Mrs. Clayton assured her that she would be a friend to Nancy and her mother, made her, at least in George's eyes, look very beautiful. Adieu to restraint and coldness! The tenderness of his manner restored all her native gaiety and animation. Mrs. Clayton obtained permission from her mother for her to remain during the day: it was spent delightfully by all parties, and before the end of it, the good mother had the satisfaction to see things in the train she wished; and in fact in less than a month she had the pleasure to embrace Emily as her daughter.

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER WRITTEN AFTER A SEVERE ILLNESS.

***** and the last sun of last summer shone on my couch at the commencement of my illness;—a dreary autumn and winter followed, at least to me. Attack succeeded attack of a dreadful disorder—apothecary, physician, and surgeon, followed each other in dismal rotation—they all gave me over; but that omniscient and inscrutable Power, which watcheth even over a sparrow in its fall, ordained otherwise. *Man* gave me over, but the Almighty did not;

and spring's first beam dawned on my hour of convalescence; slow it has been indeed, but I hope sure.

You, my friend, are a bachelor, and in the midst of your *fancied* liberty, often wonder, I dare say, what can compensate a man for its loss, when he takes unto himself a wife. Oh, my friend! you know not, you cannot know, in your single, solitary state, what unnumbered blessings wait upon pure, wedded love; sincere in its attentions, because unthought. Look at

any man—look at me in my long and severe illness—who could have smoothed the pillow beneath my aching head as did my beloved wife? Who could—who *would* have attended to the thousand—and, alas! too frequently nauseating—wants of a sick-room, as she did?—No one!—Not all the produce of Peru and Potosi could have purchased such constant, unwearied, undeviating attention.—I verily believe that but for *that attention* I should (long ere this) have gone to the home of my fathers.—Hail, wedded love! first and dearest blessing of heaven, when two hearts are united whose throbs are ever for mutual good!—May you, my friend, *when your time comes*, meet with a partner whose thoughts, wishes, interests, hopes and fears, will be ever correspondent (as they always *ought* to be) with her husband's!

You ask me if I have been poetical lately: you must be well aware, that during the period of my illness, it was not likely, scarcely possible, that I should sacrifice to the Muses; but during the first days of my being able to sit up, I did address the following stanzas to a prisoner like myself—a black-bird, who was suspended in his wicker cage at the window of an opposite house:

Sweet bird, thy native notes remind
Of "wood-walks wild" when health I knew;
When blooming spring my footpath lin'd
With cowslip sweet, or harebell blue:

When o'er my head, 'midst May-blooms hung,
A sable songster, like to thee,
His lay of loveliness has sung,
Himself as mountain breezes free.

Now thou and I are pris'ners here,
In the close street, 'mongst city walls,
Far from the morning's dewy tear,
That gems the rose-bud ere it falls.

Perchance, thou never knew'st the charm
That liberty can give to life,
When spring arrives the world to warm,
And check the storms of wintry strife:

If so, thy song of sweetness flows
As pure as that in woody glen;
Thy spirit no distresses knows,
The world, to thee, thy wiry den.

Not so my lot, for I have known,
At breezy morn, or eve's soft hour,
The babbling brook, the covert lone,
The hedge where bloom'd the woodbine's
flow'r;

The hill's wide view, the valley's peace,
The ocean's vast and wondrous spread:
All gave the mind's best pow'rs increase;
But now they all to me are dead.

Recall'd indeed by thy sweet note,
Or when some wild flow'r meets my view,
By childhood brought from field remote,
Remembrance still to nature true.

Soon may the God of love restore
My form to health and all its joy!
Then shall I seek those scenes once more,
That now to mem'ry give employ.

Yet when far off I seek the plain,
I'll not forget thy songs, sweet bird,
Songs that have sooth'd my hour of pain,
In solitude so softly heard. J. M. L.

THE JEALOUS MARQUIS.

THE French Marquis de P——, who was pretty far advanced in years, and had a young and beautiful wife, conceived a notion that, as she did not want for admirers, she was not inexorable to them all. His suspicion was particularly ex-

cited by the Chevalier de D——, a handsome young man, who was exceedingly attentive to the marquise. Often did he on this account load his wife with reproaches, couched in not the most delicate terms; to which she, conscious of her inno-

cence, made no other reply than by a smile of pity and a shrug of the shoulders. "Don't laugh!" he would then cry; "depend upon it, if my suspicions are confirmed, blood shall flow!"

One night, after a connubial scene of this kind, the marquis returned home at a late hour. His wife, as he was informed by his valet, had long since retired to rest. He went to his apartment, but presently heard a slight noise in the contiguous drawing-room. He opened the door, and saw a man about to enter by the glass door, which stood open, from the balcony in front of the house. Who else could it be but the dreaded chevalier? It was exactly his figure.

The marquis, however, was cool enough to consider, that it would be advisable, for the sake of his honour, not to make an alarm. He therefore stepped back softly into his own room, seized a pistol, and just as the nocturnal visitor was entering at the glass door, he stepped up to him, and clapped the weapon to his breast. "Monsieur le Chevalier," said he, in a firm tone, "I could shoot you dead on the spot: I ought perhaps to do so; but I will take a nobler revenge for the stain you are attaching to my honour. Go your ways!"

The supposed chevalier, availing himself of this permission, was going back again to the balcony, to descend the same way that he had climbed up. "No," cried the marquis; "you might break your neck. I will let you out at the door. Go—but to-morrow morning at nine o'clock I expect to meet you without fail, with a pair of loaded pistols, in the Bois de Bou-

logne. There we will settle our business as it becomes men of our rank." The astonished intruder retired without uttering a single word in reply, and the marquis escorted him through several other apartments, where he groped about in the dark, that he might not hurt himself or make any noise.

Next morning, the marquis, without mentioning a syllable to his wife concerning the last night's adventure, repaired at the appointed time to the field of battle. He had a right, as the injured party, to the first fire, and being an excellent shot, he had no doubt that he should, if not kill his antagonist outright, at least wound him so severely as to put a second fire out of the question. Having thus satisfied his just revenge, he would then return to his wife, inform her how he had washed away his dishonour with blood, and insist on her separating from him without *éclat*.

Full of these thoughts, he arrived at the Bois de Boulogne, but found nobody there, and after waiting some hours with the greatest impatience for his adversary, he returned home, incensed in the highest degree at the cowardice and double baseness of the chevalier.

At his entrance he was met by the marquise, who complained that they had been robbed of some watches, silver candlesticks, and other valuable articles. The marquis had no ears for her tale, pushed her angrily aside, and asked if any note had been brought for him from the Chevalier de D—. This question being answered in the negative, he rushed out of the

house like a madman, and hurried to the chevalier's. To his extreme astonishment, he was there informed, that the chevalier had left town three days before with his mother, to take possession of some property which had just been left him. He would nevertheless have doubted the truth of this account, and have regarded it as a story trumped up to screen the chevalier, had not the coachman to that gentleman's mother accidentally driven up to the door with the empty carriage at the very moment when he was quitting the house. He inquired whence he came; and the man frankly told him that he had three days ago taken his mistress and her son, the chevalier, to Senlis, and had just returned, because they had proceeded with the lady's sister to Compiègne, to take possession of an estate.

Not till then did it occur to him that he must have been mistaken in the person; but the next question to be solved was, who the unknown violator of his honour could be. He went back to his wife, and overwhelmed her with the keenest reproaches. The vehemence of his rage prevented him from entering into a coherent explanation of the matter, so that the mysterious exclamations which burst from him led the marquise to imagine that jealousy had turned his brain.

At length, by dint of repeated questions and gentle persuasion, she contrived to obtain from him a connected account of the affair, and soon guessed in what manner the missing watches and candlesticks had disappeared. The marquis now began to draw in his horns, and his wife, to demonstrate her innocence, insisted not only that the police should be made acquainted with the robbery, but that a considerable reward should be promised by public advertisement to any person by whose means any of the property should be recovered. This expedient had so good an effect, that a man offering one of the watches for sale was detained and apprehended.

On his examination it appeared that he was a professed thief. He had observed the door of the balcony open at night—this circumstance had induced him to make an attempt to climb up, and he had with great presence of mind profited by the marquis's mistake to get off undiscovered. To indemnify himself in some measure for the trouble and risk of clambering up, he had availed himself of the opportunity, while the marquis was leading him in the dark through the apartments, to grope about, and carry away whatever he could lay his hands on.

ACCOUNT OF PETRUS PICTORIUS.

DURING the reign of the martial Bishop of Münster, Christopher Bernard von Galen, his chief engineer, was one evening inspecting the fortifications of his capital.

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When he came to the Buddenthurm (a prison close to the promenade), he was struck with a sketch of a fortress on an opposite fence. He inquired in the neighbourhood

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who had made the drawing on those boards, and was informed by a person living on the spot, that a soldier, who had mounted guard there from one till three o'clock, had begged a bit of chalk of him, and been scrawling there with it.

The engineer immediately rode to the guard-house, asked for the soldier who had mounted guard at the hour and place above-mentioned, and desired him to call upon him next morning after parade.

The soldier came, and the following dialogue ensued :

"What is your name?" asked the engineer.

"Petrus Pictorius," was the reply.

"From what country?"

"Denmark."

"How came you to be in the prince-bishop's service?"

"I was forced by one of his recruiting parties."

"Did you mount guard yesterday from one to three at the Budden-thurm?"

"Yes."

"And make a drawing of a fortress on the fence?"

"Yes."

"The drawing represents, I presume, the fort of Coesfeld, the prince's residence?"

"Yes; not indeed as it is, but as in my opinion it ought to be."

"Do you know any thing then of the science of fortification?"

"It was always my favourite study."

"And you are a musqueteer?"

"They have made me so."

"That was only because they were not acquainted with your talents: have you made any complaint on the subject?"

"No: now I am in for it, I will serve my three years out."

"Strange man! Why you might already be an officer?"

"With the loss of my liberty after the term of my service? No; I am much obliged to you."

"Would you do me the favour to make for me a finished drawing of the works you sketched yesterday?"

"I would do it with pleasure, but have neither room nor time for such things."

"I will give you an apartment in my house, and obtain you an exemption from service."

Petrus Pictorius removed to the engineer's, and drew up an essay on the faults of the fortress of Coesfeld, and the way to correct them—the whole accompanied with beautiful drawings.

The engineer was not at all surprised at this performance, for he had frequently visited Pictorius while engaged upon it, conversed a great deal with him on every branch of the military art, and found him to be an accomplished tactician. When the work was finished, the engineer carried it to the prince. Pictorius was immediately made an officer, and the fortress of Coesfeld was altered under his direction agreeably to his plan. He was soon promoted to a company, but insisted on being at liberty after the years of capitulation, and then always renewed his engagement. At length he was himself appointed engineer, became a favourite with the prince, and died in his service.

We learn from oral tradition the following particulars concerning Pictorius. He was the son of a

clergyman in one of the Danish islands. His father destined him for the civil service, but he preferred the military: yielding, however, to his father's wishes, he divided his time between inclination and filial obedience. He obtained promotion, and to his great joy was appointed secretary of legation to the Danish embassy at Naples.— During this period his father died. The business of the embassy was brought to a termination: he remained, nevertheless, at Naples, and entered into the king's guard. Religious scruples presently arose in his mind; he went to Rome, and was there received into the bosom of the Catholic church. Not long afterwards he was seized with an irresistible desire to revisit, not Denmark in particular, where he could not expect the most friendly reception from his family, but the North. He quitted the Neapolitan service as a lieutenant in the guards, traversed Italy, Switzerland, France, and the Netherlands, and visited in his peregrinations the territory of Münster, where a recruiting party of the military prelate's seized and carried him off by force.

He had already acquired considerable influence with the prince, when, riding one day with him through the town of Coesfeld, he was struck with the appearance of a young girl who was looking out of a window. Leaving the prince to ride forward, he alighted, went into the house, and asked the parents if they would give him the girl for a wife. The parents, refugees from Marburg, whence they had been driven by the calamities of the Thirty Years' war, were re-

joiced at the proposal of a man whose credit with the prince was well known: but the girl was still extremely young, and the bishop was just then preparing for a new campaign. Pictorius desired, that, till the conclusion of peace, the girl might be placed at his expense in a convent at Coesfeld, for the purpose of finishing her education; and her parents complied. On his return from this campaign, he married the girl, and had by her three sons and one daughter. In his family he was a rigid husband and father, and there was upon the whole a great deal of harshness and obstinacy in his disposition. When he was appointed to the post of engineer, he reminded the prince that the vacancy in his company was not yet filled up. The prince condescendingly replied, that both appointments together were not adequate to his merits. "No," rejoined Pictorius, "I can eat but one man's bread, and will not deprive a second deserving person of his." The prince gave away the company, but ordered a sum equal to the emoluments of a captaincy to be privately paid to the wife of Pictorius, who, as the prince well knew, could not defray the expenses of housekeeping and educating her children with the allowance made her by her husband.

Pictorius left a memorandum-book in his own hand-writing, which has since been lost. In this book mathematical problems, observations in domestic economy, medicinal recipes, poetical pieces in Latin and Danish, recollections of his early youth and travels, &c. were mingled together in the utmost confusion.

PICTURESQUE TOUR IN THE OBERLAND.

PLATE 26—VIEW OF THE LAKE OF THUN.

INEXHAUSTIBLE in variety and beauty, observes a Swiss writer, is the scenery of Switzerland, especially about the lakes. The lake of Thun in particular combines all the beauties of the north of Switzerland. Its banks are full of grace and magnificence; numerous valleys there meet, and allow the eye to penetrate into the recesses of the Alps; and this superb amphitheatre is tinged morning and evening with the crimson or silver hue of the snow-clad mountains. The upper part, as far as Merligen, is still in the style of an Alpine lake: on the right is the gray, fractured, rocky cliff, partly naked, and partly clothed with dark firs: on the left, a steep mountain descends into the lake; from its top avalanches thunder down every quarter of an hour in spring, in the form of falling clouds. Between these mountains opens the spacious valley of Interlachen, which appears as if lighted from the vale of Brienz in the rear: there, between ice and rocks, nature flourishes in the greatest luxuriance. Towards the lower end of the lake, the sublime features of the Alps are softened down more and more at every step. The vines on either side bespeak a more genial climate; the shores wind picturesquely in undulating lines, or embay themselves, as at Spiez, in rich uplands. All the banks and hills are covered with trees and shrubs and blossoms; they sweep along in every variety of graceful curve, or are crowned with villages, and neat habitations and gardens, or sometimes sweetly

shaded by groves or diversified by vineyards, till near Schadau, where the azure lake, flowing with gentle current, seems to embrace the shore in the form of beautiful islands. The imposing pyramid of the Niesen, situated at the entrance of three elevated Alpine valleys, which lose themselves in the clouds beside the glistening glaciers, majestically overlooks the whole of this magnificent picture.

The fertility of the shores of the lake of Thun seems to be chiefly owing to the shelter they enjoy from the north winds, and the directions of the declivities, which, on the one hand, slope to the meridian sun, and on the other, catch its reflection from the vast watery mirror. Less liable to frosts than the environs of Berne, the lower parts of the shore, even near Leisigen, where the sun is intercepted for many weeks from the sight of the inhabitants by the hills, produce abundance of fruit and plants of every kind. Whole ship-loads of the gifts of Pomona are hence conveyed in autumn to Thun, and up the Aar to the capital of the canton. The Spanish chesnut is cultivated, but not to the extent it might be; and the vine and walnut-tree thrive to admiration. The land is chiefly pasture and meadow: the decrease in the cultivation of corn is here manifest from the shingled roofs of the houses; for there is plenty of wood, though straw is scarce. To save nails, and as a protection from violent gusts of wind, the thick shingles are covered with boards, and the latter held



down by heavy stones, in the manner already described in another place. A stranger would almost imagine that a shower of these stones had fallen and bestrewed the whole country, as well as the roofs of the houses, so numerous are the fragments of rock detached from the mountains, with which the land is every where studded.

A singularity presented by the lake of Thun is the variety of appearance exhibited by its surface, which in some places is polished and brilliant; in others, immediately contiguous, dull, faint, or as a

jeweller would term it, *matte*. It is only by continued observation, that we can expect to discover the cause of this phenomenon, which has not yet been satisfactorily accounted for.

The reader will recollect, that in the outset of this tour (see *Repository*, Nos. LXIII. IV. and V.) we have had occasion to notice this beautiful lake and its attractive environs: we have therefore only to add, that the annexed view is taken from the upper island near Thun.

ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

No. IX.

SINGULAR THEOLOGICAL EXAMINATION.

GRABOWSKI, Prince-bishop of Ermland, had many eccentricities, of which the following anecdote may serve as an instance: A good living having become vacant in Ermland, three candidates applied for it: they had all for an equal length of time served equally miserable curacies, and produced equally creditable testimonials and recommendations. "Your claims," said the bishop, "are equal, and I cannot give the preference to any without injustice to the others: I will therefore examine you myself in a few weeks, and whoever acquits himself best, shall have the vacant parsonage. The three clergymen assiduously devoted the interval allowed them to preparation, and did not fail to present themselves at the appointed time. "You have probably," said the bishop, addressing them in Latin, "repeated your course of divinity, and

duly prepared yourselves for this occasion." They replied in the affirmative. "Well then," continued the prelate, "my aim is attained, and I will therefore, after the example of our Lord and Saviour, merely speak to you in a parable. Supposing," said he, turning to the first, "you had to drive a heavily laden ass, whose load was to be delivered at a particular time and at a certain place, and the ass were, from fatigue, to become incapable of proceeding when you had nearly arrived at the end of your journey, what would you do?"—"I would beat him as hard as I could," replied the candidate, "to make him go the remaining short distance."—"If you were a general," said the bishop, "I should approve your answer. And you," continued he, turning to the second, "how would you act?"—"I would hire another beast or a cart," was the reply, "load it with the burthen, and hasten with it to the

place of my destination.”—“ And what would then become of the ass?” rejoined the bishop.—“ I would hire a man,” replied the candidate, “ to drive him after me when he had rested himself.”—“ If you were a merchant,” said the bishop, “ and had always a full purse at your command, your answer would not be amiss. But,” he again asked, turning to the third, “ how would you manage?”—“ For my part,” answered he, “ I would take as much of the load as I could carry on my own shoulders to relieve the animal, and thus continue my journey.”—“ You,” cried the bishop, “ who, regardless of your own convenience, are ready to take upon your shoulders part of the burthen of him who is weary and heavy laden—you shall have the living!”

THE MASQUERADER UNMASKED.

M. Pfiffer was an officer of the Swiss guards in the French service. It fell to his lot to be on duty at Versailles one day when there was to be a masquerade at the opera-house at Paris. He was exceedingly desirous to attend this masquerade, and told his comrades, as it were in confidence, how much he should like to steal away to Paris, and to be back at his post by daybreak. In vain did they represent to him the danger of such indiscretion; he persisted in his intention, assuring them that he would disguise himself so completely as not to be known. Accordingly, in the evening he hired a chaise, and drove to Paris, borrowed a dress, and repaired to the masquerade. Some of his comrades had followed him unobserved,

and as he entered the opera-house, they fastened a paper to his back, with these words: *What are you doing here, Mr. Pfiffer? You ought to have staid at Versailles.* Every body read this label aloud, and which way soever the bearer of it turned, he was greeted with the question, *What are you doing here, Mr. Pfiffer?* Away he hurried to another part of the house, but there too the unreasonable question was upon every tongue. Mortified and surprised that every body should know him, and that it should be known too in what manner he had quitted his post, he hastened out of the house and drove back to Versailles. It was not till a considerable time afterwards that his brother officers made him acquainted with the trick they had played him.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS ASSASSIN.

When M. Cousinery, a merchant of Marseilles, celebrated throughout Europe for his collection of coins, resided at Smyrna, one day, when he was quite alone, a Slavonian entered his apartment. As the Slavonians were at that time frequently hired as assassins in Turkey, Cousinery was somewhat alarmed at his appearance. The stranger did not leave him long in suspense. “ Sir,” said he, “ I have received one hundred sequins to murder you; but if you will give me two hundred, I’ll murder the man who hired me to do it.” Cousinery went to his desk and told out the two hundred sequins.—“ Here is the money you demand,” said he to the Slavonian; “ but you must promise me not to murder any one.”—“ What! two hundred sequins, and not murder any one!

No, sir, that wont do. I will honestly earn the money!"—"Before you stir from this spot, you must swear to me that you will not murder any body." After hesitating some time out of delicacy, the Slavonian at length gave Cousinery the promise he required, and withdrew, declaring that the whole corps of the Slavonians would thenceforth take Cousinery under their protection, and defend him in future from all danger of assassination.

WEST INDIA COFFEE.

M. de Jussieu, director of the royal botanic garden at Paris, in the beginning of the last century committed a few coffee-plants which he had raised from seed sent to him

by M. Witsen, one of the burgo-masters of Amsterdam, out of his private garden, to the care of M. Declieux, who was charged by the French government to convey them to Martinique. During the unpropitious voyage of the vessel in which these plants were shipped, the water began to fail, and the crew were put on short allowance. Declieux chose rather to endure the torments of thirst than to see his plants perish, and with a kind of paternal solicitude shared with them the small portion allotted to him. But for this self-denial, Europe might perhaps have been obliged to make shift for some years longer without West India coffee, which spread from Martinique to the other islands.

THE FOUR-FOOTED NURSE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IN return for the curious anecdotes of the sagacity of the fox, with which one of your correspondents favoured us in your last Number, permit me to present him, through the medium of your pages, with an interesting fact respecting that useful animal, the cow, which may possibly be new to many of your readers.

A child of Lepaute's, the celebrated watchmaker of Paris, was put out to nurse in the environs of l'Isle-Adam. In three or four months the mother went to see the child. To her surprise and indignation, she beheld in the dwelling of the nurse, who happened at the moment to be absent, a second cradle, containing an infant six weeks old. "Ah, the unprincipled

creature!" exclaimed the mother, "to take another nurse-child, though I pay her so liberally for mine!"

Away she posted to the *curé* of the place, from whom she was accustomed to receive intelligence concerning her child. "Madam," said the worthy parson, "if your child had not been perfectly well, I should long since have apprised you of the circumstance. I perceive that you are not acquainted with the rights of the case. Come back with me to the infant, and I'll answer for it you will be perfectly satisfied."

On reaching the nurse's house, the mother, in the first effusion of her anger, loaded her with reproaches for her behaviour. "Compose yourself, madam," replied

the woman, "I am not so blameable as you may imagine. Permit me to state to you, that soon after I had engaged to suckle your dear baby, I found that I was pregnant. On mature consideration, I determined not to let slip the opportunity of nursing your child. I therefore concealed my situation from you, and on my return procured for your Florian a deputy, who perhaps manages a great deal better than I could—but you shall judge for yourself." She then called, "Noirotte! Noirotte!" and a fine cow entered the room. The woman laid a pillow on the floor, placed the child on it, and Noirotte advanced towards him. The mother, trembling with fear, would have snatched up her boy. "Don't touch him!" cried the nurse, "Noirotte can't bear it. She is too jealous of her suckling to allow any who are strangers to her to take him in their arms." The cow licked the child's face once or twice, and then stooped in such a manner that he could conveniently lay hold of the teat.

The mother stood motionless with astonishment. The candour of the nurse, and the confidence inspired by the physiognomy of the clergyman, had appeased her anger. "Madam," said the pastor, "this good woman, when she brought your infant hither, conscientiously communicated to me her plan for the benefit of the child: she implored me on her knees not to acquaint you with it, unless he should ail any thing; but you must admit, that a more hearty,

healthy-looking child was never seen than your Florian."

The mother cheerfully consented to leave him where he was, and Noirotte continued to suckle him for a year and a half, till he was sent for home. At this time (says M. Antoine, from whose work, entitled *Les Animaux Célèbres*, published about the year 1813, this narrative is extracted,) Florian is a handsome youth, nearly six feet high, well shaped, and about fifteen years old. He has never been ill, and is equally distinguished by gracefulness and strength. But the most extraordinary part of this story is, that his nurse, the kind Noirotte, when her suckling was taken from her, would neither eat, drink, nor sleep, moaned incessantly, pined away, and seemed pleased only at such times when she heard Florian's voice. Consumed with grief, the poor beast at length died. Would many nurses of the human species have manifested such affection?

The knowledge of such facts cannot in my opinion be too extensively diffused, as I think nothing can have a stronger tendency than such examples, to correct the want of feeling manifested by too many of our own species in their treatment of the brute creation. Others of your readers may possibly be in possession of facts, the communication of which would conduce to this desirable end, and gratify yours, &c.

A LOVER OF BRUTES.

SURREY, April 2, 1822.

DEGRADATION OF THE FEMALE SEX.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I WAS much interested, no doubt in common with all your other female readers, with the excellent observations of the Abbé Gregoire on the treatment of our sex by Pagan, Mahometan, and Uncivilized Nations, introduced into your last Number. A circumstance, however, of which that writer seems not to be aware is, that in some Christian countries, nay, in parts of his own country too, women are valued at a very cheap rate in comparison with you lords of the creation.

The more laborious and active occupations in which women are engaged in France, preferably to what is universally allowed to be the stronger sex, seem to verify the truth of the French adage: *Du côté de la barbe est la toute-puissance*: but perhaps in no part of the kingdom is it more strikingly illustrated than in the district called La Perche. There the farmer's wife calls her husband her *master*, and let her be ever so tired, she never sits down to table

with the males of the family. She cooks for them, and waits on them; but both she and her daughters, and all the females in the house without exception, stand at their meals. When the mistress is brought to bed, every one asks, "Is it a boy?" If not, the reply is, "*Qu'en; ce n'est qu'une créature*"—"No, only a *creature*," that is, a girl. In fact, a man seems to be valued in this part of the country at four or five times as much as a woman. The wages of a female servant, let her be ever so strong and useful, do not exceed 36 francs (30 shillings) per annum, while a man-servant receives 150 to 200 francs: out of which both have to provide their own clothes.

Recommending the state of his own countrywomen to the attention of M. Gregoire, whose works have long exhibited him to the world in the honourable character of the champion of the oppressed, I am your and his humble servant,

CONSTANTIA.

BRISTOL, March 6, 1822.

CORNELIA:

A Tale, from the Spanish of CERVANTES.

(Continued from p. 142.)

I SEE plainly," said Cornelia, "that you use all your endeavours to console me, and I thank you for your kindness, but you cannot banish my anxiety. Go, however, and may Heaven speed you!" Don Antonio approved of the resolution

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Don Juan had taken, and desired to accompany him: this, however, the latter refused, alleging the impropriety of leaving Cornelia alone, and the possibility that Lorenzo Bentivoglio might imagine they mistrusted him. Don Anto-

Q a

nio, however, continued resolute, and at length they agreed that he should follow them as a stranger at due distance, and that Cornelia should remain under the care of their hostess.

Early the next morning Bentivoglio and Don Juan, well mounted and unattended, left Bologna; Don Juan wore the hat he had received from the duke, covering the ornaments with a black ribbon, and a plume of yellow and black feathers: they took the most unfrequented roads, to elude observation, and soon lost sight of the city. Don Antonio, equally well mounted, followed them, but observing that, in order to prevent him from joining company, they repeatedly altered their route, he took the main road to Ferrara, being well assured that he should meet with them again in that city.

Scarcely had Bentivoglio and the two Spaniards quitted Bologna, when Cornelia disclosed all her adventures to the woman to whose care she had been confided. She concluded by informing her, that her protectors had left her in company with her brother, to bear a defiance to the Duke of Ferrara. At this intelligence, the woman interrupted her with a look of terror. "Dear madam," exclaimed she, "can you, knowing all these circumstances, resolve upon staying here? Are you so credulous as to believe that your brother really intends going to Ferrara? No, no; it is all a feint, a stratagem: your brother, who has become acquainted with the place of your concealment, has allured my masters away in order to return presently and take vengeance upon you. Only

reflect a little. What probability is there, that with so many friends as your brother has, he should have recourse to strangers to assist him in obtaining satisfaction for the injury he has received from the Duke of Ferrara? Are Italians used to trust Spaniards? Believe otherwise, if you will; but allow me, madam, to fly from this house, for I do not choose to become your fellow-victim, or to witness the calamities that impend over you. Decide quickly; or rather, I implore you, follow my advice: I can, I hope, save you." The feelings of Cornelia during this conversation may be easily imagined: overcome with terror, she could only exclaim, "What shall I do? I conjure you, advise me, for I fear your alarm is but too well founded."—"My advice is," resumed her hostess, "that we both leave this house immediately, without saying a word to any of the servants: this is the first step we must take to avoid the dangers to which you will be exposed here. I know an asylum where you will be in safety, and where your brother could never discover you without having recourse to the black art. I was formerly in the service of a priest, who holds a rich benefice about two leagues distant from Ferrara; he is not only an aged but a worthy man, at least he passes for such in the opinion of all who know him. Let us put ourselves under his protection; he will receive us I am certain, and he will also probably give us advice, which may be of benefit. We shall soon be able to find a carriage, and the nurse is a dependent of mine, and will follow us any where. Supposing even, madam, by any

accident you were to be discovered, surely it would be more honourable to be found at the house of an aged and holy ecclesiastic, than at the lodgings of two young Spaniards, who are gay and handsome. I could tell you some strange stories of my masters. Now that you are ill, they treat you with respect, but let us see how they would behave if you were not. Had I not been one of the most prudent women in the world, I had myself fallen a victim to their insidious arts. All is not gold that glitters; and I know, were I as young and handsome as you are, I would not be in their power for the world. I acknowledge that they are brave and liberal; but you are lovely, and I think cannot hesitate what line of conduct you ought to adopt." What could Cornelia do after such insinuations? She resolved to follow the advice thus given; and her resolution was no sooner taken, than carried into execution. In a few hours they were on their way to the village where the priest resided, having successfully eluded the observation of the servants; the woman possessed sufficient money to defray the expense of the journey, thus rendering it unnecessary for Cornelia to part with any of her valuable jewels. But it is time to follow our young Spaniard and his newly acquired friend. They had nearly reached Ferrara, when they perceived a company of horsemen who were following them on the same route. "There is probably the duke," said Don Juan; "he has left Bologna later than ourselves: let us separate, for if my

conjecture be right, I must speak with him alone." Bentivoglio then put spurs to his horse, and Don Juan took off the ribbon with which he had hidden his rich chain of jewels. The horsemen now approached; they were numerous and well appointed, and in the middle of them was a woman riding a piebald steed. Don Juan having halted in the middle of the road, attracted the attention of the duke, who immediately recognised him by the jewels in his hat, and rode up to him. "Either I am much deceived, sir," said he, "or I speak to Don Juan de Gamboa."—"I am Don Juan," replied the latter. "I will not conceal my name; but, noble sir, may I in return request to know yours, that I may restore you what I owe you?"—"You owe me nothing," replied the duke, "but I owe you every thing: the Duke of Ferrara is indebted to you for his life." The duke had no sooner said these words than Don Juan sprang from his horse, and embraced the duke, who had also alighted. Bentivoglio, who observed all that passed from a distance, and could not imagine any reason for such greeting, thought that the duke and Don Juan had come to blows, and spurred his horse towards them; but on perceiving that they embraced each other, he stopped short in astonishment, and so near, that the duke recognised him, and inquired if he were not Lorenzo Bentivoglio. "He is," replied Don Juan: "we have an affair of consequence on hand, with which I wish to acquaint you, but it must be without witnesses." They accordingly left

the company, and as soon as they were out of hearing, Don Juan spoke as follows:

"My friend Bentivoglio has received great injury from you. He affirms, that you have carried off his sister Cornelia from the house of one of her relations, dishonoured and deceived her, and he requires satisfaction at your hands. He begged me to accompany him to Ferrara, and to bear such a message to you; which I have done the more willingly, as, from all the circumstances which he has related to me, I had no doubt you were the owner of this valuable present, and that you would listen to me patiently. I have not deceived myself, you do hear me, and I doubt not will avow whether the statement of Bentivoglio is well founded or not."—"It is so in part," replied the duke, "though I have not carried off his sister; and I consider myself deeply injured," continued he, with great agitation, "that Bentivoglio should affirm that I have deceived Cornelia. No, Don Juan, I have not deceived her; I love and esteem her; in short, I am united to her by ties which cannot be broken—the adorable Cornelia is my wife. I confess we have not been publicly married, but she knows the reasons. My mother, who is very aged, has set her heart upon my wedding the daughter of the Duke of Mantua, and while she lives I cannot openly declare my marriage. I acknowledge, however, that Bentivoglio has just cause of complaint: on the night in which you saved my life, I did intend to carry off Cornelia, and bring her to Ferrara, knowing that her situ-

ation could not long be concealed from her brother, who was expected the ensuing day to fetch her from the house of her relation. I repaired thither, but Cornelia was gone. Her attendant, whom you see yonder on that piebald courser, told me, that she herself had given the child in charge of one of my servants, named Fabio. I sought for Cornelia all that night, but in vain, and I have since been unable to learn any tidings of her or of her child, and have the misery of seeing myself deprived of every thing I held most dear—"—"That is to say," interrupted Don Juan, "that if they were to be restored to you, you would be happy."—"I swear to you, Don Juan," replied the duke, "that could I regain her, I would no longer delay to acknowledge her as my wife, and I am ready to declare as much to Bentivoglio." Don Juan, transported with joy, beckoned to Bentivoglio to approach; and the duke, hastening to meet him, tenderly embraced him, calling him his dear brother, and adding the most flattering speeches. Bentivoglio, astonished and overjoyed at a reception so different from what he had anticipated, was unable to reply, when Don Juan explained the duke's sentiments, and their mutual error.

Whilst these things were passing, Don Juan perceived Don Antonio Isunca at a distance, and intimating to the duke and Bentivoglio who he was, made signs for him to join them. As soon as their mutual salutations were ended, they related the happy issue of their adventure. "I congratulate you sincerely," said Don Antonio; "but

I am surprised that Don Juan has not yet acquainted you with the news we have to relate as to the object of your anxiety. Cornelia and her child are well, and under

our protection." This intelligence completed the happiness of the duke and Bentivoglio.

(*To be continued.*)

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Spanish Melodies, with characteristic Poetry written by R. Planché, Esq.; the Symphonies and Accompaniments by C. M. Sola. Pr. 10s. 6d. —(Chappell and Co.)

It is only since the late struggle in the Spanish Peninsula, that the national melodies of that brave, sensible, and deeply feeling people, have become more generally known in England, and have justly excited a high degree of interest in our musical amateurs. We have heard a considerable number of Spanish national melodies, and they have impressed us with a high opinion of the musical taste of the people. Most of the airs we have met with were either graceful in the extreme, or eminently pathetic; a vein of peculiar originality distinguished the greater part, and in no one did we discover even the shadow of vulgarity. Would to Heaven we could say as much of some of our own national melodies!

Mr. Sola's collection before us contains twelve songs, with an accompaniment for the piano-forte. The greater part of these are of a description to confirm, to the fullest extent, the opinion we have above expressed; indeed not one of the whole selection borders on mediocrity. To us, their rehearsal, again and again repeated, has proved a source of real delight; and should our partiality to them

induce any of our readers to procure the book, we confidently expect their unqualified concurrence in our opinion. The chaste simplicity of these melodies, while it cannot but captivate the more refined ear of the connoisseur, adapts them equally and in an eminent degree to the practice of the juvenile vocalist; and this purpose is assisted by the nature of the accompaniments, which evince both the taste and judgment of Mr. Sola. Not a note is wanting that could add to the proper effect and expression of the melody; while, on the other hand, not a quaver could be spared without obvious detriment. The ritornels, too, with all their brevity, claim our notice. They are simple, free from any affectation of science, uncommonly neat and graceful, and quite analagous to the airs.

Although an opinion on the poetical merit of these songs does not come within the immediate sphere of our province, we deem it right to add, that in this respect, too, the publication is favourably distinguished from many similar works. We are quite alive to the great and procrustean difficulty of devising a good poetical text, of a prescribed import, to a pre-existing melody; and hence we prize the more the successful result of Mr. Planché's labour. Some of his stanzas

in this book are very beautiful, and few, if any, appear to be affected by the above restraints.

La Tenerezza, a Rondoletto for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Kalkbrenner, by J. Moscheles. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)

Mr. Moscheles, a German, pupil of Beethoven, made his first appearance in England at the Philharmonic Concerts of last season. When we add, that his performance on the piano-forte astonished and enraptured such men as Messrs. Kalkbrenner, Ries, Cramer, and Clementi, the question as to his rank in the executive branch needs no further comment. As a composer for his instrument, Mr. M. may equally be classed among the first of writers now living, inferior to none but Beethoven.

The present rondoletto, which we believe to be the first publication, bearing his name, that has been noticed in our monthly critiques, is not of that class of compositions in which an author could display the whole extent of his genius and science; but—*ex ungue leonem*—it nevertheless shews the great adept in his art. Its title, *la Tenerezza*, is very apposite, for it is difficult to conceive a more soft and gracefully delicate theme than the allegretto which forms the basis of the rondolet. How much more creditable is it not for a composer to invent his own subject, than to ground his labours upon some "favourite" air—often a most ill-favoured street ditty! In the former case, we are at least sure to have something original: whereas, in the latter, the subject is professedly borrowed, and the rest not

unfrequently clubbed together from reminiscences and hackneyed phrases of every possible kind. Here the charming theme affords new delight at every recurrence, and the digressions only serve to set it off to greater advantage. Mr. M. modulates into flats and sharps with a boldness, which, in Abel's and Bach's time, would have made men's blood freeze in their veins: nevertheless, his modulations cannot be termed extravagant. His passages are rich in melodic diction and novel, and they are more strongly supported by accompaniments than is generally the case in the works of other composers.

This piece of course requires a good player; but it presents no appalling intricacies, and may, we are sure, be *learned* by performers not arrived at absolute perfection. One half of the book, such as the subject, &c. may be played by very moderate practitioners, and that half will amply repay them for the expense of procuring it, and stimulate their efforts to study the whole.

Eight Ballads, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed, and inscribed to the Right Hon. the Countess of Antrim, by Wesley Doyle, Esq.—(Chappell and Co.)

These ballads are superior in interest to the generality of ballad compositions: Mr. Doyle's style is one of great simplicity; he does not overload either the voice or the instrument with notes; and his movements generally proceed in slowly measured steps: his ideas are sentimental, chaste, and affecting; without a great degree of originality, he is free from common-

place figures, and the melody and accompaniments, in all their simplicity, are effective, and well suited to the import of his texts. The latter observation conspicuously applies to the last ballad in the book, which, in other respects too, is a composition of great merit, the best of the set, as far as our opinion goes. The third ballad, likewise, ("Wouldst thou, my love, quit all for me?") is written with much taste and feeling. In the symphony, the third bar would have been smoother, had the bass continued in the tonic; and the word "sacrifice" in the second line has an awkward accent upon its last syllable. No. IV. ("Young Donald dearly loved fair Anna") also distinguishes itself favourably by a peculiar neatness in the melody throughout, but especially towards the conclusion, which is highly select. The numerous pauses which Mr. D. introduces at the close of his periods are objectionable: they are sparingly employed in modern compositions, and seldom by the Italians; probably because they throw a languor into the air, and operate to the disadvantage of the rhythmical symmetry of the parts. *The admired Irish Air of "Kate Kearney," with an Introduction and nine Variations for the Piano-forte, and an Accompaniment for the Flute, composed, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Mary Davy, by W. A. Wordsworth. Pr. 4s. — (Royal Harmonic Institution.)*

These variations, in which the flute acts an indispensable part, are written with taste, a great facility of invention, and a matured knowledge of the instrument. They de-

mand a very experienced player, both in point of execution and time. In propounding the Irish theme, a greater degree of simplicity would have been desirable. The subject ought first to be stated in its plain, yet effective form, without the efflorescences introduced by Mr. W. Of the variations themselves we have already given our opinion generally; they are replete with florid and showy amplifications, and embrace nearly every kind of diversity of treatment of which the subject was susceptible. No. 2. with the flute solo, appears to us highly effective. No. 3. is tasteful, and employs crossed hands in a very interesting way. No. 6. in G minor, exhibits again the flute to the best advantage. The whole book does great credit to the author's abilities.

Military Air, by Henry R. Bishop, with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Weekes, by Ferd. Ries. Op. 96. No. III. Pr. 3s. — (Goulding and Co.)

Numerous and frequent as Mr. R.'s compositions are, they maintain the high rank which the musical public has justly assigned to their author. The well-known air, "The dashing white Sergeant," having in this instance been subjected to the grasp of his powerful pen, the variations which he has reared upon it, will be found to call for the executive proficiency of an accomplished player. Among the seven variations, the first derives its interest from its masterly contrapuntal contrivance. No. 4. in D minor, is a clever piece of writing, extremely original. No. 6.

in the same minor key, reminds us of a part of Mozart's violin quartets.

"*Drink to me only,*" an admired Air, with Variations for the Piano-forte, and an Accompaniment for the Flute (*ad lib.*), by J. Hopkinson. Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)

Of the nine variations and coda which Mr. H. has deduced from the above well-known theme, we should prefer the latter half to the four or five first, although, in these, there is nothing to which we could raise any particular objection; on the contrary, they are agreeable and diversified enough. The 6th variation is responsively and interestingly set between the flute and piano-forte. No. 7. occupies the right hand in well devised demi-semiquaver passages. No. 8. dwells amidst broken chords fancifully sprinkled over both hands. The contrapuntal arrangement of No. 9. has our entire approbation; and the active bustle of the succeeding coda, in which the flute can scarcely be considered *ad libitum*, winds up the whole with energy and brilliancy. Some of the variations will be found to demand a careful apportionment, as to time, of the notes and rests of diversified value brought into the measure.

"*Brutus,*" a Song, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte; the Words by Wm. Smyth, Esq. M. A. of St. Peter's College, Cambridge; composed, and inscribed, by permission, to Wm. Hammersley, Esq. by Wm. Beale. Pr. 2s.

The subject of the poetry, which represents the last lament of the last of the Romans, cannot but operate as a drawback on the efforts of any

composer. Few is the number of those who will feel much interest in hearing the philosophic and patriotic reflections of the dying republican set to music at this time, however such a theme in a musical garb might have had its powerful attractions on the liberals in the reigns of Augustus and Tiberius.

Mr. Beale's composition, considered with this allowance, has great claims on our attention. It sets out with a mezzo-recitativo in four flats, an arioso in F major succeeds, another short recitative follows, and the whole ends with a brief allegro movement. In all these portions Mr. B. has evinced deep pathetic feeling, good taste, and no mean degree of harmonic science. The whole is good music, so aptly expressive of the poet's meaning, that we should conceive it difficult to set Mr. Smyth's text in a more appropriate, impressive, and classic manner.

No. II. "*Serenada Espanola*" for the Piano-forte, in which is introduced a new Fandango, with an Accompaniment for one or two Flutes (*ad libitum*); composed, and dedicated, by permission, to his Excellency Don Luis de Onis, the Spanish Ambassador, by R. W. Evans. Pr. 4s.; with Accompaniments, 5s.—(Evans, Cheapside.)

Mr. E.'s *Serenada Espanola* consists of four movements, all in A major; viz. an andante, with numerous variations; an allegro, called "romantique;" a dance, and a fandango. As there is a considerable similarity of style in these pieces, and they extend to fourteen or fifteen pages, it is a pity they should all have been set in

the same key; a little variety in the tonics would have been a great advantage. The theme of the first andante is good, and the several variations, which have been successively appended to it without bearing distinct numbers, are devised in a proper and pleasing style; a flute solo, p. 3, and a bass variation, p. 5, have particularly attracted our attention. The "Romantique," as Mr. E. calls it, is a sort of musical small-talk: it dwells too much in the upper keys, a circumstance which always produces an effect of trifling. The village dance is respectable, and the fandango agreeable enough. The publication has a fair claim to the title, "*Serenada Espanola*," as there is a good deal of Spanish melody and style in the component pieces.

"*November's hail-cloud drifts away*," a favourite Ballad, sung by Miss Stevens at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, in the new Opera of "*Montrose, or the Children of the Mist*," composed and arranged by W. H. Ware. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Evans, Cheapside.)

This is a very pretty little ballad, simple in its structure, of good melody and proper rhythmical keeping. The ideas are natural and unaffected, yet perfectly select, and in good correspondence with the text. There are rather too many pauses in a song of such short compass. We are such orthodox timeists, that we could almost do without any of these arbitrary stoppages; and such is our abhorrence of their abuse, that, with some exceptions—and the present song among these exceptions—our judg-

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ment has seldom erred in anticipating "no great things," when we beheld a profusion of these signs of repose.

"*The deserted Cottage*," a Ballad; the Words by W. Bygrave, Esq.; composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by R. W. Evans. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Evans, Cheapside.)

"The deserted Cottage" is a ballad similar in melody and general treatment to many others; the air is pleasant enough, and the rhythmical arrangement of the successive portions has the recommendation of good symmetry. The accompaniment is mere *arpeggio* throughout, and occasionally not absolutely pure. Thus in the beginning of l. 4, p 2, the right hand forms octaves with the left, and next with the voice.

"*Oh! lady, touch thy lute again*," the Poetry by W. Bygrave, Esq.; composed, and sung at the Nobility's Concerts, by S. Nelson. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Evans, Cheapside.)

With the exception of the symphony, which has some very common quick passages, and is not of proper rhythmical construction, this song possesses considerable claims to the amateur's notice: it is written with taste and in good style; and the accompaniments are apt, properly varied, and throughout very efficient.

"*Love wakes and weeps*," Serenade; the Words taken from "*The Pirate*," the Music and Accompaniments for the Piano-forte composed by R. Beale. Pr. 2s.—(Paine and Hopkins, Cornhill.)

This "Serenade," like many other poetical fragments of the

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Scotch novel-writer, has employed the pens of numerous rival composers. We have not seen one of these musical efforts upon the above text that quite answered our expectations, but Mr. Beale's specimen is among the best. The song is written with taste, proceeds fairly as to rhythm, and the ideas are of a duly diversified character. Of the latter class is the beginning of the second verse, setting out with F minor, and proceeding in proper modulation to C major. There is too much *arpeggio* throughout. The harmonic support ought to be varied, to avoid monotony.

MR. WHEATSTONE'S DIAPHONICON.

Mr. W.'s *Enchanted Lyre* has been fully described and commented upon in a late Number of the *Repository*, and we mentioned on that occasion his further views with regard to the possibility of propagating and augmenting the intensity of sound.

These ideas have been since put into execution, in a manner well deserving the attention both of the musician and the natural philosopher. To his *Enchanted Lyre* he has added what he terms the *Diaphonicon*, both which, together with the apparatus of the Invisible Girl,

are now exhibiting at the north colonnade of the Opera-House.

The Diaphonicon is not an instrument itself, but rather an apparatus, by which the sound of *any* instrument, and even of the human voice, is conducted to an adjoining room with an augmentation of force and loudness not to be conceived but by those who have been witnesses to the experiment. We shall plainly state what we have seen and heard: a square piano-forte, with *one* string only to each note, thin and poor in sound, is played upon in a cabinet adjoining the exhibition-room; but the sound heard in the latter is far more powerful than that of the loudest grand piano-forte. We were struck with astonishment when we saw the insignificant instrument which produced this effect; and our surprise was heightened when we witnessed the same results with a violoncello, a flute, &c. It is extremely probable that this invention, as yet perhaps in its infancy only, may lead to very important results: at any rate, the fact that music can be better heard at a distance than in the vicinity of the performing instrument, is one of those paradoxes which the ingenuity of the present age has succeeded in demonstrating.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION IN WATER COLOURS.

THE Exhibitions have opened this year with more than usual spirit; besides those with which the public have become annually familiar, there are many by private artists, which are well calculated to sustain their own reputation, and the general character of British art. We shall commence with the Exhibition in Water Colours.

This year's Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, confirms the opinion we expressed last year, of the advantage which this society will derive from adhering to their original plan of exhibiting water colours only, and excluding productions in oil. The present collection is well calculated to sustain their proficiency in water-colour painting, and give the artists that decided reputation in their profession, which cannot fail to promote their best interests. As this collection was only opened at the moment this Number was going to press, we are precluded in the present month from giving any other than a cursory glance at the excellent works it contains. Among these, the drawings of Mr. Cristall, Mr. Prout, Mr. Robson, Mr. Fielding, Mr. Barratt, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Pugin, and Mr. Wild, retain their wonted place. There are many others which deserve, and should receive, our commendation, were it for not the reason we have already assigned.

Mr. Cristall has this year been pre-eminently successful. We hope next month to do justice to that happy combination of figure and landscape, for which his works deservedly rank with the highest, and with which he has in the present collection particularly delighted us.

Mr. Prout has several pictures, which evince the growing improvement, or rather that maturity in his department of art, in which he

has hardly a rival. We need only exemplify our opinion by referring the reader to the pictures of the *Shipwreck* and the *Market-place* in this Exhibition, which display not only his usual characteristic feeling, but a higher finish than we have been heretofore in the habit of seeing in his works: they are this year certainly superior to what we had anticipated, even from the success which had marked his preceding efforts.

Mr. Robson has also many works of merit. There is a quietness and repose in his mountain scenery, which must at all times have a powerful effect upon the imagination; and we regret our inability at the present moment to do justice to a splendid picture by this artist of *Pont Aberglaslyn*, which adorns the present Exhibition.

Mr. Barratt's performances are delightful: his evening scenes in particular are truly charming. The chaste and quiet feeling, with lovely colouring, that pervades the whole of this artist's works in the present Exhibition, must be seen to be duly appreciated.

Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Pugin, Mr. Fielding, Mr. Cox, and Mr. Wild (whose French cathedrals, from which plates are now engraving, are a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture), and other members of this society, have also furnished excellent examples of their taste and skill, which we shall not omit attending to when we resume this subject.

MR. MARTIN'S EXHIBITION.

MR. MARTIN has collected a number of his pictures and sketches, and, with some new productions of his pencil, formed an Exhibition of his own at Mr. Bullock's Egyptian Hall. This young artist has long attracted attention by the boldness of his flights, and the success (at least so far as general approbation denoted success) which attended his principal pictures at the Royal Academy and British Institution.

Mr. Martin has genius and considerable power; his compositions are generally excellent, and whatever else may be said of his style, it is impossible to deny it the merit of most striking originality. That he has studied long, and been industrious, we believe, and we hope the time has arrived when he stands a fair chance of reaping the fruits of his laborious application. He must not, however, permit popular approbation to shut his ear to the advice of the judicious: by a perseverance in his efforts, and by correcting and confirming his taste, he will promote the interest of his art, while we trust he will improve the sphere of his own fortune. It is a maxim in art, that in criticising a work, we should always bear in mind the intention of the artist, and examine the means only as he has used them for the attainment of his professed object. There is no man who is more concerned than Mr. Martin in enforcing a rigid adherence to this maxim, for his pictures have mostly an exclusive character, and admit of no fair comparison with any other works of art now pro-

duced in the English school. The bent of his mind is original, and he rather creates than combines from nature, so that a resemblance to known objects is not one of the tests by which he ought to consent to have his works tried. His means are therefore seldom supplied from nature; they bear no resemblance to her works in their ordinary shape, but are chiefly artificial, and like all efforts which must be classed as mechanical, have great precision, and unavoidably great sameness. Six out of seven of this artist's subjects are composed under an arch of clouds with one central light, and that generally of a red chemical hue. His figures being mostly ideal, whatever their situation may be, fail to inspire human sympathy; a melo-dramatic character pervades them, nothing but their forms being chaste and quiet. When we say there is no nature in Mr. Martin's style, we mean imitation of nature; we do not at the same time deny that imagination can as clearly display internal nature (if we may use the phrase), when successfully addressed, as the most laborious finished piece of Dutch fidelity can represent to the eye any object of still life. Our imaginations can operate only by sympathy; but the agency of intercommunication can alone be sustained by means familiarized to us in the experience and observation of common life; the analogy must be found in nature, or the effect will be partial, and the intended imitation unfelt. Mr. Martin depends too strongly, in the opinion of many, on the vi-

gour of his own genius, and disregards too much the means by which alone his subjects can be felt by the general observer, whatever may be their merit for grandeur of composition, and we admit it to be high.

His principal picture in this Exhibition is a representation of the awful eruption from Mount Vesuvius, which, in the reign of the Roman Titus, and at the opening of the Christian era, destroyed the towns of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The particulars of this dreadful physical convulsion are detailed in the simple and affecting epistolary correspondence between the younger Pliny and Tacitus; and Mr. Martin has in his composition faithfully adhered to the historic outline. It is a powerful address to the imagination, and upon a subject which, from its extraordinary character, enabled the artist to indulge the full latitude of his conceptions. The blue lightning has a vigorous effect, and saves the picture from the absolute tyranny of a scarlet tone. The horror of the scene is much increased by the

destruction of shipping from the receding and agitation of the sea, which destroyed the elder Pliny's fleet. The total helplessness of man at such a crisis is shewn in the various and ineffectual efforts of groups of human beings vainly endeavouring to escape from the general calamity, and to shelter and protect themselves by every expedient from the showers of ashes which overwhelmed what the volcanic torrent did not at the instant reach to consume. We have already said that Mr. Martin has adhered to the historian's record of the catastrophe, and which realized all the horrors which the most vivid fancy could paint. The subject too was peculiarly calculated for his powers; they are full of enthusiasm, and their aim is great, and we know how difficult it is to fetter genius by rule. But feeling a warm anxiety for the success of a young artist of remarkable powers, we have thrown out a few hints, which, if attended to, are, we think, calculated to promote his interest with the public.

MR. DAY'S EXHIBITION.

MR. DAY, to whom the lovers of the fine arts were so much indebted for the study of the sublime Monte Cavallo group exhibited three or four years ago in the King's Mews, has just returned from Italy with some admirable specimens of modern art, which would not suffer any diminution of effect, even if seen at the same time and under the same roof with his celebrated antique equestrian group to which we have adverted:

he is now exhibiting these works in the adjoining chamber to Mr. Martin's, at Mr. Bullock's Egyptian Hall.

The principal figure is the cast of *Moses*, by Michael Angelo, which has been already seen in this country, and admired and criticised according to the taste and caprice of the spectator. It appears to more advantage here than in the Mews Gallery; the effect is not interrupted by the intersecting lines of cross

lights; the figure is also better placed, and the appearance strikingly sublime. Next to it is placed Michael Angelo's resting statue (the cast) of *Lorenzo di Medici*, his illustrious patron, from the Medici chapel at Florence. Lorenzo is in a martial dress, his head reclining on his left arm. It is astonishing what a union of elevated qualities the artist has embodied in this work: there is no attempt to combine ideal and dissimilar expression, but it is a specimen of palpable portraiture; it is what historians describe the man to have been—a man of great dignity and philosophic mien; the quiet but commanding attitude of the figure, the contemplative cast of features—the repose, the *il silenzio*, as the Italians express it, convey at once an adequate representation of the illustrious Florentine, and of the powers of the equally illustrious man who reflected back upon him by his works the honour of his patronage. The figure on the other side of the *Moses* is entirely new in this country. It is a cast from the *Jonas*, attributed to Raphael, and is the only piece of sculpture ascribed to that great artist. Jonas rests on the jaw of the whale, and there is much of sentiment in the expression. The form too partakes of the antique, and if it be the work of Raphael, is no bad example of the perfect knowledge he had acquired of the principles by which the Greek sculptors worked, and of the means by which they developed those unrivalled powers, which have stood with augmented admiration the judgment of successive ages.

Mr. Day has treated us with the

works of Phidias, and those which shed so much glory upon the revival of art in what we are in the habit of calling “the middle ages.” He has now also connected these two epochs of art with our own times; for next to the figures we have already described, he has placed a cast from Canova's exquisite group of the *Graces*, purchased by the Duke of Bedford at Rome. It is a charming specimen of the taste and skill of the sculptor; the delicacy and playful expression of features in the figures, the flexibility and beauty of the forms, have never been surpassed. There is a character of grace and elegance in the figures which places this group in the first class of art; and though the public eye is not much accustomed in this country to the contemplation of figures so closely developing the symmetry of nature in her finest mould, and is often disposed to turn from them with too fastidious a glance, yet the delicacy of this fine poetical composition renders it free from such an objection, and makes it in effect as chaste a group to the most severe eye as Chantrey's monumental figures were, which vied with Canova's *Hebe* and *Terpsichore* in beauty of finish, in a former Royal Academy Exhibition.

Besides these studies, Mr. Day's Exhibition contains some admirable pictures by the most celebrated of the old masters—by Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Caracci, &c. which cannot be too much admired. They are also in the most perfect preservation. This Exhibition, though more particularly calculated for those who have a high relish for the fine arts, will yet we trust possess

sufficient popular attraction to remunerate the proprietor for the great expense he must have incurred in its formation, and the lauda-

ble anxiety he has evinced to cultivate a taste for the fine arts throughout the country.

MR. GLOVER'S EXHIBITION.

MR. GLOVER has re-opened the Exhibition of his Oil and Water Colour Paintings in Old Bond-street, and added considerably to the remaining pictures in his gallery since last season. This artist's industry is indefatigable, for we counted ninety pictures in the present collection, and many of them works of considerable detail, and necessarily great labour. There is hardly an interesting point of picturesque scenery in the north of England and Wales which Mr. Glover has not painted among his landscapes, and also some of the most striking views of Alpine and Italian scenery. The water colours exhibit the great proficiency of the British school in this branch of art, which we are peculiarly entitled to call our own, and have just reason to be proud of the perfection it has of late years acquired by the exertions of our artists.

We have not time to particularize the contents of this Exhibition, which opened towards the close of last month: the principal pictures are in Mr. Glover's best style, which is well known and appreciated, and some of them we have already described in detail in former Numbers. No. 36. *Patterdale*, is a beautiful picture, and may be taken as a proper criterion of the merits of the artist. The works are excellently arranged, and consequently seen to great advantage. The animal paintings have much of the air and truth of nature, and the tone of colouring in some is much improved since last year. This Exhibition contains some of the largest sized water-colour pictures which we have ever seen: they are, however, remarkable for better qualities than size, and as such we recommend them to the public attention.

INTELLIGENCE RESPECTING THE FINE ARTS.

WE cannot conclude our notices of the fine arts, without announcing an Exhibition of the Works of Mr. James Ward, R. A. at his house in Newman-street. From the distinguished place which this artist has long held among our royal academicians, we anticipate the highest gratification from his Exhibition. He has lately finished a very large sized picture of a bull, cow, and calf, with extensive landscape

scenery, which is a very extraordinary production. This Exhibition shall be duly noticed in our next.

Sir John Leycester's splendid collection of British works has been opened to a select number of visitors. Much do we regret that ill health should prevent the liberal owner from throwing open this temple of art to the public in his usual manner.

A curious Exhibition is now open at Spring Gardens, called a *Panathene*, being a combination of art, forming a temple, ingeniously contrived for the display of a few good paintings by Stothard and Howard, with some alabaster figures and clock-work.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 28.—MORNING DRESS.

A ROUND dress, composed of *battiste*: the bottom of the skirt is embroidered in a running pattern of *pensées* in yellow silk, surmounted by a wreath of the same flower disposed in a wave. High body, to fasten behind, and with a little fullness at the bottom of the back: the bust is plain, and is out moderately high on the shoulder; the waist the usual length. Long sleeve, very tight, and finished by a pointed cuff; the points turn upwards, and are edged with yellow satin. Full epaulette, cut in slashes, which are filled with satin, to correspond with the trimming. A very full ruff, composed of Uring's lace, completely envelopes the throat. The head-dress is a *demi-cornette*, made of blond *monti*, and trimmed with yellow gauze ribbon: the form, for which we refer to our print, is remarkably simple and elegant. Black kid shoes, and gloves to correspond with the trimming of the dress.

PLATE 29.—FULL DRESS.

Round dress, composed of *tulle*, over a white satin slip: the bottom of the skirt is finished by a garniture of *tulle* intermixed with pearls; this is surmounted by a trimming composed of *tulle*, *chenille*, and pearls, disposed in alternate wreaths

of corn-flowers and roses: this trimming has a striking and elegant effect. The *corsage* is cut low, and in such a manner as to give considerable width to the chest: it is tight to the shape. Three falls of *tourterelle* points go entirely round the bust. Sleeve composed of *tulle* over white satin; it is short and full, and ornamented with points to correspond. The front hair is dressed in light full ringlets, which fall very low at the sides of the face. The hind hair is arranged in bows somewhat higher than it has lately been worn. Head-dress, a very full plume of white ostrich feathers, and a pearl sprig. Necklace and ear-rings, pearl. White kid gloves, and white *gros de Naples* shoes.

We are this month indebted to Miss Pierpoint of No. 12, Edward-street, Portman-square, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, for both our dresses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The present month is one in which, generally speaking, we have to announce what is in preparation, rather than what has already appeared. Before we speak of these articles, however, we will take a slight review of out-door dress.





Silk pelisses are still in favour for the promenade; they are now no longer wadded, but they still continue to be lined with white or rose-coloured sarsnet. They are made tight to the shape; the back is sometimes finished at the side by two or three narrow folds of satin put close together, and terminated by a frog. The backs still continue narrow at the bottom of the waist: the long sleeve is always tight, but the epaulette very full: in some instances the collar is high, and standing out from the neck; but we have seen a good many partially turned over, and cut in three points. The trimming always corresponds in colour with the pelisse. As yet there is not much novelty; velvet is still partially worn, but satin mixed with the material of the pelisse is more in favour: furs have disappeared entirely.

We still see a few velvet spencers, but silk ones are much more general. Some are trimmed with a mixture of satin and braiding; the satin is cut out in leaves or points, which are edged with braiding. A good many are still trimmed with silk plush, and a few have a slight mixture of velvet in the satin of the trimming. The collars are always high, and in general they turn over; some are square, others cut in three points. Shawls are a good deal worn with white dresses, and they are still partially used with spencers.

Leghorn bonnets are now very much in favour; but they are not more general than silk ones: the latter always correspond with the pelisse or spencer, unless they are

white, or rose colour. Bonnets are now a moderate and becoming size, but we do not perceive any novelty in the shape. The edges of the brims are differently trimmed: some are without any garniture; others have gauze disposed in various ways; others a double fall of blond: the lower fall forms a kind of curtain veil; the upper row is much narrower; it is disposed in full plaits, and does not fall over the edge of the brim. Flowers are now the ornaments most in favour for silk bonnets; they are worn in great variety, both fancy flowers and those of the season: wreaths and bunches are equally fashionable. Marabouts are still in favour, but they are not so general as flowers, except for Leghorn bonnets, for which we think they are most fashionable.

Among the novelties in preparation for carriage dress, those that we are about to describe struck us as being the most elegant. The first is a spencer of white figured satin, trimmed with rose-coloured satin and blond: the back is made full; the fullness is confined by a band, which crosses in the middle, and is attached to the sides by Brandenbourgs: the front of the bust is ornamented with satin intermixed with blond, in a very novel and tasteful manner: the epaulette is a mixture of satin and blond; the latter disposed in bias draperies. The long sleeve is very tight; it terminates by three rose-coloured tucks, shaded by volans of blond. High collar, composed of rose-coloured satin laid on full, and interspersed with rows of blond disposed *à la languette*. The *chapeau*

to be worn with this spencer is composed of plain white satin: the crown is of the same shape as a man's hat, but low; it is slashed round the top with rose-coloured gauze, let in at regular distances and in a bias direction: the brim is wide across the forehead, but not deep, short at the ears, and rounded; the edge is slashed with rose-coloured gauze, the slashes deeper than those of the crown, and just under the edge is a fall of blond disposed in very deep plaits: the front of the crown is ornamented with a garland composed of roses, myrtles, and jessamine, which is arranged so as to droop a good deal to the left side: the strings are white *gros de Naples*.

Another very handsome carriage dress, which has been submitted to our inspection, is a *pelisse* of lilac *gros de Naples*, lined with white, and trimmed with a broad *bouillonné* of white satin: the *bouillonné* is formed by lilac straps, which are broad at one end and narrow at the other; they are notched at the edges like the teeth of a saw, and are disposed biaswise, and at about a quarter of a yard distance from each other. This trimming is more than half a quarter in breadth; it goes up the sides, and round the bottom of the skirt. The *epaulette* corresponds, but the *bouillonné* which forms it is much fuller; the bottom of the long sleeve is simply finished by a cord of satin round the edge: high square collar, which partially turns over, and is lined with white satin. This is a remarkably elegant *pelisse*.

We have seen several bonnets composed of rose-coloured satin covered with fluted transparent

gauze; the flutings on the brim were placed pretty close at the end attached to the crown, but with considerable space between at the edge of the brim: in some instances a *crève* of blond was placed between each fluting at the edge of the brim; in others, a rose or a little bunch of violets or primroses: a wreath or garland of flowers decorated the crown.

Round dresses are rather more in favour than robes for morning costume: cambric and jaconot muslin are in equal estimation, and are the only materials worn in *dis-habille*. Embroidery, both in white and colours, is much in favour; the latter is likely to be particularly fashionable in half-dress; as is likewise *bouillonné* interspersed with coloured ribbon. The bodies of those morning dresses that we have seen, were entirely in the *chemisette* style, with the fulness of the skirt thrown very much to the centre of the back. We have noticed a new *pelerine*; it forms in fact a *pelerine* and half-sleeve; it falls low, and is sloped to a point in the middle of the back.

Although jaconot and clear muslin are in favour for dinner dress, they have not superseded silk; it still continues to be worn; but we see no alteration in the quality. Muslin dresses are upon the whole trimmed higher than they have recently been: rows of puffs, composed either of the muslin or net, are much in favour; they are disposed lengthwise, but in a bias direction, with rows of lace or embroidery placed crosswise between. *Languettes* of muslin, eased with coloured ribbon and edged with lace, are also fashionable. An at-

tempt is now making, we do not know how far it will be successful, to revive a style of *corsage* which was very fashionable about three years ago: it is gauged crosswise, there is about an inch between each gauging; it is cut low, and simply trimmed round the bust with a lace tucker *à l'enfant*. The sleeve is short, full, and confined to the arm by a narrow band; it is gauged to correspond with the body.

Tulle, white lace, white satin, and gauze, are all in favour in full dress. The most elegant novelty of the month, both for form and trimming, is the one we have given in our print. We have seen also another, which we consider very tasteful: the skirt is white satin; the *corsage* satin and *tulle* intermixed; the *tulle* is let in round the bust, and is confined to the shape of the bosom by satin bands cut in the shape of a crescent, and edged with very narrow blond. Full short sleeve, to correspond with the bust; the trimming of the

bottom of the skirt is similar, but upon a larger scale: the effect of the whole is novel and strikingly elegant. *Toques* and turbans are a good deal in favour in full dress, but head-dresses *en cheveux* are upon the whole more general. The hind hair is now arranged much higher than it has been for some time past, but by no means unbecomingly so: it is partly braided and partly disposed in bows; the braids are twisted round, and the bows form a cluster on the crown of the head. The front hair is arranged in light full curls in such a manner as to display the beauty of the eyebrow, without exposing much of the forehead. This fashion, though general, is not arbitrary, as we see some distinguished *élégantes* wear the front hair still much parted; but, we observe, that this is the case only with *belles* who have very handsome foreheads.

Fashionable colours for the month are, rose colour, lilac, green, azure, and primrose.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, April 16.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR promenade dress at present offers a good deal of variety: it still continues, and probably will till the middle of next month, to be regulated by the modes which appeared at Longchamps during the three last days of Lent. I do not know that I ever mentioned to you the origin of a custom so unsuitable to the solemnity of the season, as this annual exhibition of female finery certainly is. Many years before the Revolution, there was a convent at some little distance from

this now fashionable walk; a good many women of distinction went thither during the last week of Lent to hear mass. Their example was followed by others, who being incited more by curiosity than devotion, appeared very elegantly dressed; by degrees it became a point among the leaders of ton, to shew their taste by introducing new fashions on that occasion. The convent was destroyed at the time of the Revolution, but the promenade still continues to be fashionable, and was this year attended even more numerously than

usual. When I speak of the promenade, I should say the drive, for no woman of any rank is seen on foot. All the carriages in Paris are on those days in requisition; those who have none of their own, borrow if they can from their friends, and happy is the *belle* who has an opportunity of exhibiting herself in an open vehicle: you may be sure every part of her dress is adjusted with the most scrupulous care. But let me have done with digression, and try to describe to you as well as I can the dresses that appeared to me most elegant.

Redingotes and spencers were nearly in equal favour, but for youthful *belles* I think the latter predominated: they were either of satin or *gros de Naples*. Rose colour, green, and lilac, were the predominant hues. The waists were quite as long as usual. There was no point in front, nor were there any jackets. The trimming of some consisted of bands placed crosswise, rounded at the extremity, and finished by a Brandenbourg, or a small knot of the material of the spencer put at a little distance from the end of the band. The collar high, to turn partially over, and those of a square form were most general. The long sleeve very tight; the epaulette full, and crossed in some instances with interlaced bands. In speaking of those on the bust, I should observe to you, that, generally speaking, they formed a stomacher, but not a pointed one.

Several *redingotes* also were trimmed with bands in the manner I have described the spencers; others were trimmed with broad bands of satin scalloped: I noticed some

which had a *bouillonné* of satin, broad at the bottom, but sloping up the fronts: this *bouillonné* is confined at regular distances by four narrow bands, which form a lozenge; the space between each of these lozenges is nearly a quarter in breadth: the epaulette is full, with the lozenge placed in the middle of the arm: the long sleeve very tight, finished with a plain satin band at the hand, and clasped at the wrist by a narrower band buckled in the centre of the arm.

Shawls were nearly in as great requisition as pelisses or spencers; they were worn over silk and muslin dresses, but, upon the whole, the latter predominated: the shawls were in general cachemire, but a few *belles*, anticipating the season, appeared in shawls and scarfs of *Barege*; this material, which bears a near resemblance to what is called in England Italian crape, but not quite so transparent, has been for some time in favour for narrow scarfs and small *fichus*: it has recently appeared in square shawls, with cachemire, or imitation of cachemire, borders, and is likely to be very fashionable during the summer. One of our *merveilleuses* appeared in an open carriage in a white silk low dress, with a palatine of white lace: the dress was beautiful, but too light for the season.

The predominant colours for *chapeaux* were, white, lilac, rose colour, and blue. The materials were satin and *gros de Naples*; there were also a good many of both these materials covered with gauze or crape, but none quite transparent. A little change has taken place in the form of bonnets since

I wrote last: the brims are rather deeper. On the whole, bonnets are of a more becoming size than they have been for several years past. The brims are variously ornamented; some with gauze disposed in puffs of a very singular form, others with gauze *crèves*, let in at some distance from each other: many have a letting-in of blond in the form of a shell, which is likewise placed at some distance, and in each is inserted a small bunch of satin leaves. Several *chapeaux* have no trimming at all at the edge of the brim, but there is generally a row of blond, quilled full, placed underneath, or a fullness of gauze confined by narrow bands. Blond now begins to be much used in the trimming of bonnets, both for those pieces which are disposed *en marmotte* on the crown, and also for the bands of silk or gauze, which form the strings.

Chapeaux noirs are no longer in favour, and consequently the fancy for cocks' feathers has subsided. Marabouts are worn, but flowers are more the mode. On some *chapeaux* we see a mixture of both, a bunch of roses or jessamine being placed at the base of the plume of marabouts. We now see a greater number of roses than of any other flower, but they are made in all colours: this fashion, which has been so often revived, has a very bad effect.

Barege, perkale, and silk are equally fashionable in dinner dress, but the *Barege* is now no longer plaided: it is always of one colour; rose, lilac, pale gray, and water of the Nile, are the hues most in favour both for *Barege* and silk:

white is equally fashionable in both materials. Bands are a great deal used for trimmings; they are interlaced, and in some instances are tied at the side of the dress in bows and ends: *bouillonné*, confined by points, which button in the middle of the trimming, is also a good deal in request. There is a considerable variety in the trimmings of muslin gowns: some have two or three rows of *bouillonné*, with *entre deux* of lace; others are trimmed with *volans*, with rows of work or lace between. There are also some that have a trimming of clear muslin disposed in a serpentine direction, with embroidery between the spaces; and I have noticed lately, trimmings composed of puffs of net, disposed in the form of crescents, and bordered with narrow lace. Long sleeves are very general for dinner dress: if it is made in muslin, they are tight to the arm, but are usually let in up the front of the arm with clear muslin, confined by bands or straps. Some have the *corsage* high, and made tight to the shape; others have it low, and finished round the bust with narrow *bouillonné*: the sleeves are also *bouillonné*, with plain spaces between.

Tulle, crape, white lace, and satin are all nearly in equal estimation in full dress. Silk is not so much worn, but we do, however, see a few *élégantes* in *gros de Naples*, trimmed with blond.

I have told you the most fashionable colours for the promenade; for dress gowns, white and rose colour are most in favour: lilac and blue are worn also, but partially. Adieu!—Oh! *à-propos*, I have something to say which will please you.

Our countrywomen bore the bell both for beauty and elegance at Longchamps; but I confess I regretted, for the sake of my poor country's interest, to see so many of them; and as we are so fond of copying the French in other things, I

I could not help wishing we would imitate them in the decided preference they always give to their own country, at least so long as they have any money to spend in it. Farewell, *ma chère amie!* Believe me always your EUDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

THE Fifth Division of *The World in Miniature*, containing *Persia*, in three volumes, with thirty coloured engravings, is in preparation to follow *Hindustan*, which will be completed in six volumes.

A new work, which can scarcely fail to prove of universal interest, is announced to appear in monthly parts, entitled *Popular Tales, illustrative of the History, Manners, Opinions, and Traditional Literature of Various Nations*. The plan embraces not only the old tales and legends of Great Britain, with which we are little familiar, but such popular stories of foreign nations as are not generally known to English readers. The ballads and popular poetic tales of all countries will also come within the object of the publication, in which some of the shorter popular romances may also find a place, as well as brief literary and bibliographical notices of the articles introduced.

A work, which promises to furnish a magnificent specimen of graphic art, is announced, with the title of *An Account of the Crowning of his Majesty King George the Fourth*. The whole of the text will be printed in letters of gold; and it will be accompanied with superb engravings of the procession, including a number of portraits, as finished drawings in colours, the

figures about five inches in length; and views of the crowning of his Majesty, and the banquet in Westminster Hall. The communication of portraits for this purpose is solicited by the publisher. Specimens of the work, not one copy of which will be printed beyond the number subscribed for, may be seen at Mr. Ackermann's.

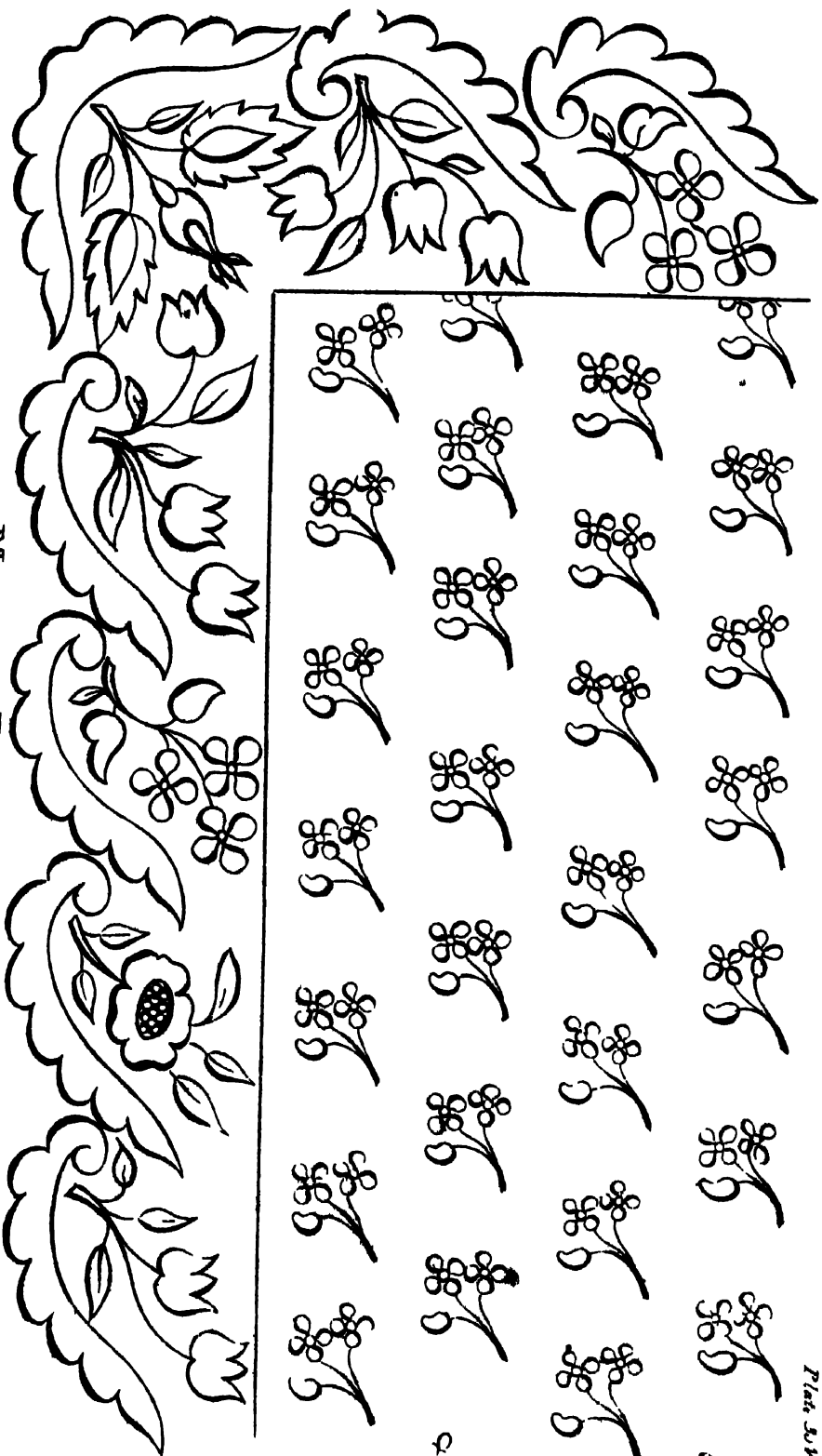
The first number of a monthly magazine, in the French language, will be published in London, on the 1st of June, under the title of *Le Musée des Variétés Littéraires*.

Mr. Dawson Turner is preparing a splendid publication, containing fac-similes of the handwriting of one thousand of the most eminent characters in England, from an early period of our history to the close of the last century; with short biographical notices, and some original portraits.

Miss Porden has in the press a poem, in sixteen books, entitled *Cœur de Lion, or the Third Crusade*.

Literary rumour states, that Sir Walter Scott is engaged in a work composed from the notes of a distinguished person of the 17th century, and which will contain many curious anecdotes of the last thirty years of that age.

The Vale of Chamouni, a poem, by the author of "Rome," is in the press.



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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XIII.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In completing the Thirteenth Volume of the Repository, the Proprietor is confident that he may appeal to it as an evidence of his unabated exertions to deserve that patronage with which his Miscellany has been honoured from its commencement. He avails himself of this opportunity to announce, that with the next volume he purposes to close the Second Series of the work, and that he shall meanwhile make preparations for opening the Third with a variety of improvements, which cannot fail to give it increased value and interest.

The inquiry of A. Z. on the subject of the New-Street Buildings, and on the Lighting and Pavements of its course, will probably be answered in our next, or so far at least, as being demonstrable by the works already executed, we may be able to ascertain.

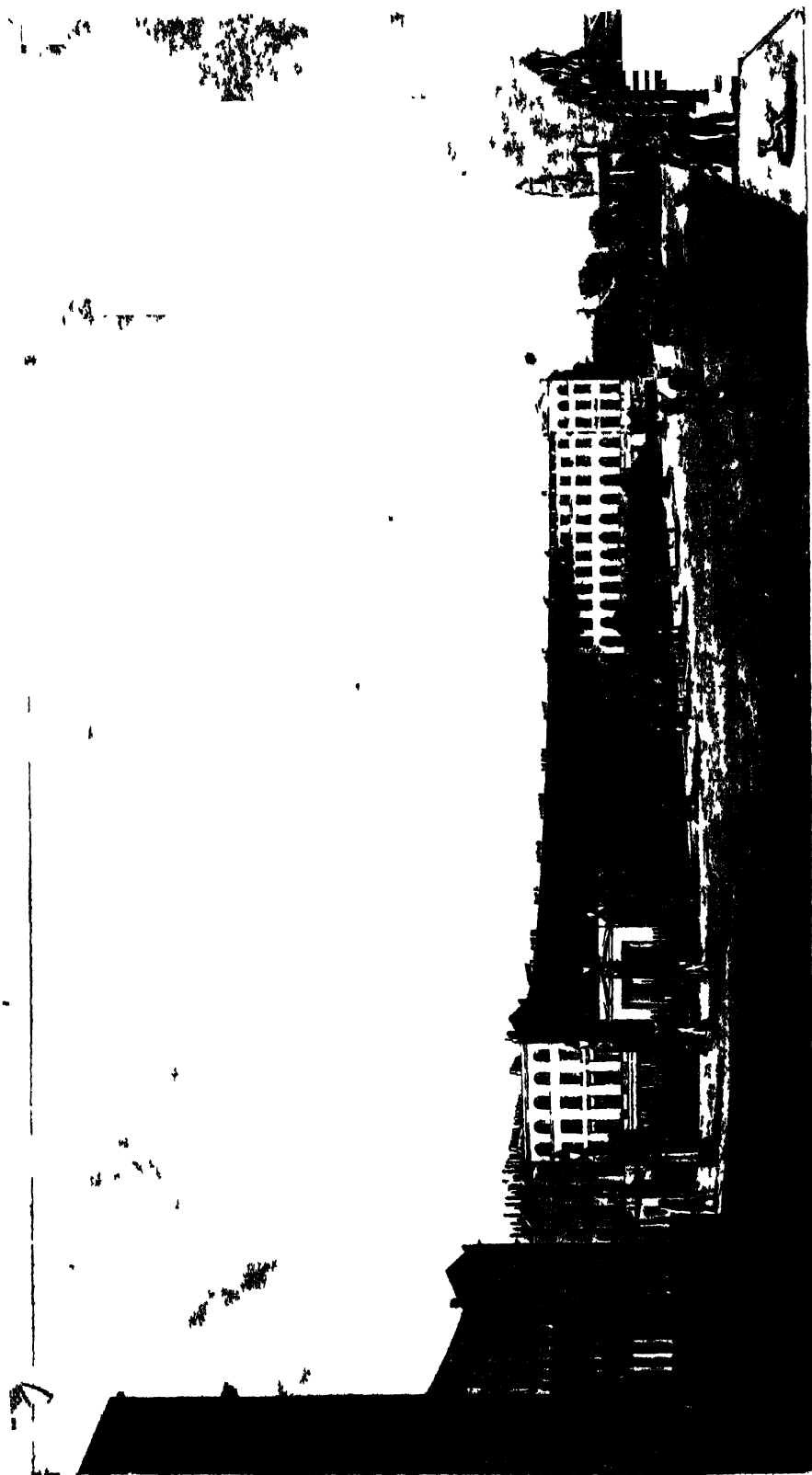
Amicus may also expect the information he desires as to the qualifications of an architect, and the distinctive difference between an architect and a builder. His letter came too late in the month for immediate attention; but had it been otherwise, his last desire could not have been complied with, as the object referred to is not fair game, and has too many deservings, to meet from us the merciless treatment recommended.

All the reply we can afford to St. Philip is—Yes—No.

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Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s per Annum, by Mr. THOMSON, of the General Post-Office, at No 91, Sherborne-Lane, to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No 99, Sherborne-lane, and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, of the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, either by Quarter, Half, or by the Year.



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SELECT VIEWS OF LONDON.

PLATE 31.—THE CRESCENT, PORTLAND-PLACE.

THIS assemblage of excellent mansions is situated at the north end of Portland-place, whence it spreads on either side until the semicircle is completed by its junction with the New-road, which forms its chord line. The Crescent consists of twenty-eight houses, suited to families of distinction; they are stuccoed, and embellished with colonnades of the Ionic order, executed in Bath stone, supporting terraces and balustrades, which project beyond the areas, and answer the double purpose of porticoes and verandahs: from these terraces, communicating with the drawing-rooms, an extensive view over the Regency Park is obtained, terminating with the rising ground of Highgate, Hampstead, and the adjacent country.

As the New-road passes along the greater part of the north side of London, and is the most agreeable communication from the city

to the western suburbs, it is much frequented, and consequently in the course of the day the Crescent is passed by many thousands of persons. It has now become a striking feature, and bespeaks the commencement of a great avenue: to create this effect, much simple beauty has been sacrificed in the rural embellishments of the New-road, formerly at this point a very cheerful and pleasant portion of its line, but by the projection of the east wing of the Crescent, and the bend which the road makes to permit its uniformity with the other side, the view of the traveller on his way towards Paddington is intercepted, and he is offensively driven out of his course by the buildings that indeed seem to cross his path. These have produced a dull effect, and the neighbourhood is becoming proportionately deteriorated: this, in a great degree, might yet be amended, and the

Crescent-road itself improved, by erecting a church or chapel opposite to the end of North-street, so as to form a corresponding feature with that of St. Mary-le-bone church, as seen in the engraving, at the other extremity of the picture. This, with some judicious planting, would remedy in a degree a circumstance which will else prove most injurious to so much of the New-road as lies between Tottenham-Court-road and the Crescent. The spot has now become very much inclosed, and the views about it quite shut out; consequently its cheerfulness can only be supplied by ornamental buildings and their accompaniments: besides, the neighbourhood is sinking into very commonplace occupancy, injurious to its respectable inhabitants, and to the landlords of the ground not appropriated or yet capable of improvement. Perhaps there exist local circumstances adverse to great private exertions to the effect desired, but there are none to those of the respective parishes of St. Mary-le-bone and St. Pancras, which join at this point; and the vestries of both are now seeking sites for several parochial chapels. The respectability, and indeed the beauty, of the whole line of the New-road is so important to the interests of these two parishes, and to their dignified and wealthy inhabitants, that no opportunity should be lost that will improve or maintain it: if for a time, and but for a short time only, the spot in question be neglected, the injury will be extensive and irreparable.

The space on which the Crescent is built was a few years ago called

Harley Field, a pleasant pasturage, and kept in good order: it took its name from the Earl of Oxford, the ground landlord of Harley-street and adjacent property, and who bequeathed it to his lady on his decease. Its western boundary was a part of the celebrated Mary-le-bone gardens, a small place of public entertainment, where music and singing formed the chief attraction. At that time, about half a century ago, it was situated at a distance from the town, and a walk to it across the fields in the evening was considered an agreeable recreation.

The eastern extremity of Harley Field was bounded by Portland-road, and the white house at the corner, formerly the residence of M. Desenfans, and afterwards that of Sir Francis Bourgeois, was ruraly situated: indeed, so lately as about thirty years ago, there was in Portland-road, between this house and Devonshire-street, a very rural little turnpike, overshadowed by acacias, laburnums, and weeping birch, beautifully contrasted with the Lombardy poplar, that was so truly picturesque, as to be considered ample materials for a work of art; and among other artists, Sir Francis Bourgeois adopted it as the scenery of a picture exhibited about that time at the Royal Academy, and containing the portrait of the then Lord Besborough, in the exercise of his well-known benevolence, relieving a distressed family: he was also eminent for his knowledge in the fine arts, love of virtue, and encouragement of architecture.

According to Mr. Nash's original plan for this part of the town, a

complete circus of houses was projected, through the centre of which the New-road was to pass; and for this purpose, semicircular areas were railed, and planted with trees and shrubs, interspersed with gravel walks, to form central gardens to them: these gardens are represented in the engraving, with lodges and gateways at each corner, as approaches to the semicircular roads; but the houses on the northern side are wholly dispensed with, so that the park is open to the view from the Crescent; and it cannot be subject in future to obstructions there, because the commissioners have guaranteed its present arrangements.

To seclude the gardens, and to arrest the dust from the roads, a hedge is planted within the rails, that is new in disposition, and promises to be effective in a great degree: it is formed by three lines of plants, at intervals of about a foot and a half from each other; the outside line is of quick, the middle of holly, and the interior of privet: these will afford a screen at all times of the year.

The improvements in the Regency Park will be embraced in future Numbers of the *Repository*: they begin to assume something of the character intended by the original plans, and the row of buildings in the park, on the west of the church, and opposite to the canal, demonstrate the confidence with which the legitimate materials of

architecture are now applied to street-dwellings; and there is little doubt but the result of this speculation will prove, that they are not applied in vain. There is an imposing stateliness in their effect, united with so much cheerful elegance, that unless the times should indeed be very adverse, they cannot fail to find a liberal patronage.

It is impossible to view the state of street-building at the present moment, and not anticipate the consequence of such examples. The dull monotony of mere perforated brick walls is abandoned in the new buildings for evidences of the operation of mind—of reflection—of taste; and when our speculative builders are compelled, by the advancement of architectural *knowledge*, to resort to the professed architectural *artist* for his designs, then we shall see united in our dwellings, the excellencies of fitness and arrangement, the perfection of order, and the beauty arising from the exercise of fine fancy and of sound judgment. The old buildings will soon excite disgust, and here the architect will have ample room for the exercise of his genius, to improve their character, or rather to produce a new one, that shall allow them to compete with their more embellished neighbours. This indeed requires the artist, but he will not fail to accomplish the end, and without encroaching on the proper boundaries of economy.

MISCELLANIES.

THE CASTLE OF LOVE.

DURING the incessant wars and broils that prevailed in the middle ages between the Emperors of Germany and the Popes, most of the Italian cities, and particularly those situated between the territories of both, made themselves independent. The revival of the arts and sciences, their physical position in the centre, as it were, of the old world, in a delicious climate, and washed on three sides by the sea, qualified the inhabitants to profit by the revolution which the Crusades had produced; and those cities became the marts of Europe, Africa, and Asia. Luxury and splendour were the natural consequences, especially under so genial a sky, where the ardent imagination aspires to material pleasures; and their public festivities bore the stamp of gaiety and magnificence.

History has handed down to us the description of one of these festivities held at Treviso; and as it furnished the spark that kindled the ensuing wars, and led to the conquests of Venice on the Continent, it possesses a manifold interest in respect to civilization, manners, and the particular history of that republic.

At the period to which we have alluded, all the cities of Italy were accustomed to hold annual festivals, to which they invited their neighbours, who joyfully thronged to the scene of amusement. In the year 1214, the Venetians announced a novel entertainment,

of a nature as extraordinary as could well be devised. It was to represent the siege of the Fortress of Love. To this end a magnificent castle was erected in the midst of an extensive place. Its walls were covered with the most costly furs, silks, velvets, and all sorts of rich tapestry. The females most remarkable for rank and personal charms, married and single, the former in the character of knights, the latter in that of esquires, had to defend this fairy castle, the internal arrangements of which were not less splendid.

On the appointed day, the young men most distinguished for birth, wealth, and external qualifications, flocked from all quarters in sumptuous attire, to participate as combatants in the festivity, headed by the most illustrious of their number, bearing the colours of their respective countries. Among them the Venetians were particularly conspicuous for the richness of their costume, and the splendour of their arms: their leader was adorned with an imperial crown, brought not long before with other booty from Constantinople, which was kept in the treasury of St. Mark, and was so profusely decorated with pearls and diamonds, that he was obliged to deposit an immense sum of money by way of pledge for its safe return. These troops took post around the fortress, which seemed to have been built by Cupid himself; and from top to bottom appeared the lovely

defenders, adorned with all the charms of the freshest youth, as well as with all the graces of beauty and the toilet. The first rank wore on their heads crowns of gold enriched with diamonds; and their garments were of gold and silver stuff, embroidered with pearls and precious stones. Those in the second rank, though less richly attired, were distinguished for the elegance and exquisite taste of their costume. This formidable battalion, determined like modern Amazons to defend the Castle of Love to the utmost extremity, bore in one hand shields of interwoven flowers, enamelled with pearls; instead of quivers and arrows, they had by their sides neat baskets full of oranges, lilies, roses, fragrant essences, and confectionary; for such were the only weapons that were to be employed on either side. Flutes and the softest instruments supplied the place of trumpets. Military music, accompanied by the shouts of the spectators, gave the signal for the attack. The assailants advanced from all sides upon the magic fortress, each anxious to ascend the walls, and share in the reduction of the towers. The besiegers and the besieged launched at one another whole clouds of arrows, which, so far from doing injury, were only calculated to heighten their mutual pleasure. The conflict, if not bloody, was at least obstinate: the incessant plaudits of the multitude attested the universal interest that it excited; they called upon the most beautiful females who were known to be in the fortress, by their names: the most delightful songs were sung; the most enchanting music

was performed—in short, nothing was omitted to compel the heroic defenders to capitulate. But none pushed on with such ardour and impetuosity to force the gates of this fairy castle as the corps of the Venetians; and they were on the point of storming it, when the lovely warriors manifested a disposition to surrender to these valiant youths, who were pre-eminent for muscular vigour, developed by gymnastic exercises. The jealousy of the Paduans now took fire, and contested the victory with them. The two rival bodies at first assailed each other with reproaches; their passions became inflamed; the Paduan youths, unmindful of the peaceful laws of the festival and of hospitality, tore in pieces the colours of the Venetians, and trampled them under foot. The latter, exasperated by this insult, seized their arms; a sanguinary scene ensued, and it was not without great difficulty that the magistracy, hurrying to the spot, separated the combatants. The festival was suspended, and all strangers were ordered to depart. They obeyed; but revenge rankled in the hearts of both parties. The people of Padua, on their return home, painted the occurrence, and the alleged affront offered them by the Venetians, in the blackest colours that a heated imagination could supply. Instead of regarding the matter in the light of a juvenile frolic, Padua unwisely made it an affair of state, took up arms to avenge itself, and prevailed on the people of Treviso to espouse its cause.

The war terminated after an engagement near the Venetian castle delle Bebbe, at the mouth of the

Adige, to which the Paduans laid siege, but where their adversaries, assisted by a violent tempest, won the victory, and took four hundred prisoners. Peace was restored through the mediation of the Patriarch of Aquileia; but the Venetians required that twenty-five of the Paduan youths, who had borne a part in the attack of the Castle of Love, should be delivered up to them to be punished; and they exacted two white capons, as

a mark of disgrace, in exchange for each of the prisoners. Though the latter were liberated unhurt after a month's confinement, still these humiliating conditions served only to augment the rancour of the one party, and the arrogance of the other. Their hostile sentiments only waited for fresh opportunities of exploding; and the consequence was, the conquest of Treviso, and in the sequel the reduction of the powerful Padua itself.

VICISSITUDES OF HALF-A-GUINEA.

(Continued from p. 42.)

WHEN Mizen was recovered, Treverne used every means to lighten his captivity; and so strongly did they become attached to each other, that even liberty, so dear to the heart of an Englishman, could hardly console the brave sailor for the separation which it occasioned between him and his friend, from whom, owing to a variety of circumstances, he never afterwards heard. He was fortunate enough on his return to find his mistress faithful: they were united, but she died shortly afterwards; and Mizen sought in his profession a cure for the grief with which her loss overwhelmed him. He was just returned from a cruise when chance threw Treverne in his way; and his honest heart overflowed with delight at the thought of having more than sufficient for the present wants of his friend: as to the future, Mizen was too much of a sailor to care about that. He procured a comfortable lodging and the best medical attendance, and set about nursing Treverne with

the same assiduous care which he had formerly received from him. The recovery of Treverne was much slower than the sanguine Mizen had anticipated; in fact, the seat of his disorder was in the mind, and as I see that you are curious to know how he became reduced to the situation in which Mizen found him, I shall briefly inform you of the cause of it.

He had quitted the navy, and settled as a surgeon in his native town, where he married: his marriage was imprudent in every point of view; it alienated him from the only relation he had living, and though his business was good, his wife's extravagance kept him always poor: he loved her too passionately to restrain her, and the idea that she was equally attached to him, was a solace in every care. He was called in to attend an Englishman who was wounded in a duel; he called himself a nobleman, but told Treverne a plausible tale of pecuniary distress, arising from his having incurred the dis-

pleasure of his father, the Earl of L—. The feeling of compassion which his situation at first excited, was soon changed by his prepossessing manners into a sentiment of friendship. Treverne took him into his house, and placed him under the care of his wife, who attended him with a solicitude which excited the warm commendations of the benevolent surgeon. Little did he think that her cares sprung from a guilty passion, but such was the case. Lord L—'s recovery advanced rapidly; he was profuse in his expressions of gratitude and attachment, even at the moment in which he was destroying his benefactor's peace. In a few weeks, the guilty pair eloped together, and Madame Treverne filled the measure of her iniquity by robbing her husband of the few valuables he possessed.

This blow nearly unsettled the reason of the wretched husband: in the first paroxysms of his rage and despair, he thought only of taking vengeance on the villain who had destroyed his happiness; nor could all the tears and entreaties of his weeping daughter prevent his hastening to England, where he hoped to find the fugitives. The relation who had renounced him was a maiden aunt; he knew that she would, in spite of her resentment to him, afford a shelter to his daughter, but not even his commands, accustomed as she was to obey them implicitly, could induce Thérèse to leave him. When they reached England, he found that Lord L— was not returned, but he was very soon expected. Treverne, who expected to find that the villain was already arrived,

began to fear that he meant to elude his vengeance by remaining abroad; but his finances were too much reduced to permit his return to the Continent in search of the fugitives, and he was compelled to await the chance of their coming to London.

At the end of a few weeks, the distraction of his mind brought on a severe illness, which soon exhausted his slender purse, and he was reduced to the last extremity when Providence sent Mizen to his assistance. One morning, when the brave tar had been out to purchase something, he returned with pleasure in his looks, and a sort of importance in his manner, of which Treverne could not help inquiring the cause. He found it proceeded from his happening to meet with a captain under whom he had served, who knew the history of his obligations to Treverne, and was desirous of an interview with him. It was easy to see by the manner of Mizen, that he had carefully concealed the distress of his benefactor, nor did he by any means urge a meeting, but Treverne, who thought it possible that this gentleman might serve him in the cherished object of his heart, his vengeance on Lord L—, readily consented to see him.

He came the following morning, and after the first compliments, Treverne led to the subject nearest his heart. The captain informed him, that he was no stranger to his story. "Accident," said he, "has revealed to me your sufferings and your injuries, but the vengeance of Heaven has anticipated yours. The wretched criminal is gone to his last account."

"And Louise," exclaimed Treverne, "lost unhappy woman, what has become of her?"

The captain evaded a direct reply; he had, in fact, a tale to tell which he did not then dare to communicate. The villain who had seduced Madame Treverne was a natural son of the Earl of L——; his profligacy had for a long time estranged his father from him, but his brother, Lord L——, though abhorring his vicious course of life, frequently relieved his necessities. When the impostor fled from France, he persuaded Madame Treverne that it was his intention to take her to Italy, but he abandoned her at the end of the first stage, taking with him nearly all her property: a purse with a few *louis*, which happened to be in her pocket, alone escaped. With this trifle she made her way to London, where she sought him for some time in vain. Want, added to a disposition naturally vicious, soon drove her to a life of infamy, but still her betrayer was the object of her thoughts. At last, when she had nearly given up the hope of discovering him, she recognised him one night at a masquerade. She accosted him instantly: for some time he pretended not to know her; at last, stung by the reproaches with which she loaded him, he replied with equal bitterness, and the wretched woman, in a transport of rage, snatched a knife from the sideboard near which they were standing, and plunged it into his side. He fell instantly, calling to her to make her escape, but the sight of his blood riveted her to the spot: overwhelmed with horror at the catastrophe which her

ungoverned passions had caused, she threw herself on the ground in a transport of despair, and vowed to die with her victim. He did not expire immediately, but the wound was mortal: sensible that he had merited his fate, he freely forgave his murderess; and sending for his brother, besought him to save her, if possible, from the punishment of her crime. Lord L—— promised; he visited her, and tried, by the most soothing arguments, to draw her from the state of sullen despair into which she was sunk. She asked, with apparent calmness, whether her seducer would recover: hearing there was no hope, her countenance changed, and she remained silent till Lord L—— departed. The next morning she was found weltering in her blood; she had cut an artery, and when she was discovered, life was extinct.

Previous to the death of the unfortunate L——, he had told his brother all the particulars of her story. The name of Treverne was familiar to Lord L——, for he was in fact the captain under whom Mizen had served: he was upon the point of writing to France, where he supposed the unfortunate man was, when he discovered, through Mizen, that he was in England. Slowly, and with the tenderest caution, did he unfold to him the melancholy tale. Treverne heard it with outward firmness, but his already wounded spirit must have sunk beneath the blow but for the humane attentions of Lord L——, who, interested alike by his character and his misfortunes, left no means untried to console and support him. I soon passed

out of his possession, but as accident afterwards revealed to me some particulars of his destiny, I shall briefly tell you, that through the active friendship of Lord L—— he was established in his profession in a style of equal comfort and respectability; and in the filial attentions of his daughter he found at length a balm for his wounded mind.

I must now inform you, that I quitted the possession of Mizen for that of Treverne, and from his hands I came into his daughter's, whose heart possessed the most spotless page I had yet read in the book of mankind. There was not a thought of this innocent creature's but what might have been proclaimed in the face of day. Sorrow for her mother's fate, and a desire to console her father, whom she loved almost to idolatry, occupied her whole soul, and influenced her every action. Angels might have looked with pleasure on the struggles which she made to conceal her own affliction, while she endeavoured by her pious cares to mitigate that of her father. I had not time to see how far she was successful, as she gave me to a bookseller within two days after I came into her possession.

My new master was a bustling enterprising man, who had great pleasure in gaining money, but, to do him justice, he made an excellent use of it. He was particularly liberal to authors, an instance of which I saw the morning after I came into his possession. A young and very lovely woman entered his shop, and advancing with a timid air, asked if he had looked

at her manuscript. "I have, madam," replied he, "and I think it has merit; but I am sorry to say, that there are so many chances in publishing things of this nature, that I can afford to give but a small sum for it. You have not I think named a price." She replied in the negative.—"What sum do you expect?"

"I scarcely know what to ask; I have told you, sir, it is a first work, and it was written——" She paused, and burst into tears, but almost immediately recovering herself, she added with dignity, "Why should I be ashamed to acknowledge the truth? It was written with the hope of procuring an immediate supply for my necessities and those of a beloved child. Ignorant as I am of business, I cannot form a just idea of the value of my work. I must therefore leave it to you, sir, to give me what you think it fairly worth."

Deuce take the woman! thought my master; if she knew how to make a bargain now, she would save me something: but what can I do with a creature like this, young, interesting—a child too? This last reflection decided him as to the sum, which in truth was far greater than the actual value of the work. The pleasure which sparkled in her eyes as she received it, and the warmth with which she thanked him, shewed that it was more than she expected, and folding the gold, of which I formed a part, in the notes, she returned home.

No sooner was the door of her lodging opened, than a lovely girl, about five years old, hastened to meet her. My mistress turned with

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the child into a parlour, and clasping her in her arms, burst into tears. Affrighted at the sight of her mother's emotion, the child clung round her neck in terror; and at that moment a vulgar-looking woman opened the door of the apartment, and entering with an air in which defiance was mingled with a sort of involuntary awe, "Well, ma'am," cried she, "if you had taken my advice, there would be no occasion for all this weeping and wailing: but it may not yet be too late; perhaps I can prevail upon Sir Harry——"

"Talk to me no more of that detestable man!" cried my mistress, interrupting her. "Heaven be praised, your power of tormenting me on his account is at an end! Bring me your bill."

Never was mortification and surprise more visible than in the countenance of the woman. She stood for a moment as if terrified. At last she stammered out, "Why, as to the bill, I am not in any hurry—I don't wish——"

"But I wish," cried my mistress, interrupting her, "to pay it directly, that I may hasten from a house where I have been so grossly insulted."

The woman darted at her a glance of mingled rage and malice, and without replying, quitted the room, shutting the door after her with great violence. My mistress first reassured her affrighted little girl by the tenderest caresses, and then hastened to prepare tea. But I should vainly endeavour to describe the delight with which she sat down with her child to partake of this frugal meal, or the gratitude with which her heart silently

expanded to Providence, in the hope that a way was now opened by which she might preserve herself and the lovely prattler at her side from the horrors of want.

The fate of this young creature was a striking instance of the vicissitudes of fortune. She was an orphan, and inherited a considerable property. A young merchant paid his addresses to her; she soon became attached to him, and though his circumstances were not equal to her own, she gave him her hand. Her husband offered to secure the whole of her fortune to herself, but she would not hear of it. "I will have nothing," said she, "reserved from you; whatever be your fortune I will share it." Clayton represented to her the risk which every merchant must run, but he spoke in vain. "If," said she, "you were ruined, I could not in conscience and honour enjoy a sum which ought to be the property of your creditors." Finding her thus resolute, he added her fortune to his capital: his success was beyond his expectations; in a short time his wealth was immense, and as his wife was equally the object of his pride and his love, he took care that her establishment should be splendid. He delighted in hearing it said, that Mrs. Clayton's jewels, equipages, &c. outshone those of the first nobility. This magnificence was not consonant to the wishes or taste of his Harriet: her pleasures were of a domestic nature; but she thought it a duty to comply with his desire, and she found in the excess of his liberality means to enjoy the only luxury she coveted, that of doing good. Four years passed rapidly, but in

the beginning of the fifth, her husband rashly, madly I should rather say, plunged into a speculation, the failure of which reduced him to absolute beggary, and, in a paroxysm of despair at the ruin he had brought on all that were most dear to him, he terminated his existence with his own hand.

Had the unfortunate widow been in a situation to take advice, or had she possessed any friend who knew how to act, the creditors of her husband would doubtless, with that humanity which characterizes British merchants, have contributed to her support; but at the time Clayton's affairs were settled, she was extended on a bed of sickness, with scarcely a prospect of recovery; and as her health returned, her sense of the cruel neglect she had met with from those who called themselves her friends, left her no other wish than to hide herself from them for ever. For some time she gained a scanty maintenance by her needle, but finding it prove insufficient, she determined to try whether the labour of the pen would not be more profitable. However, before she could succeed in disposing of her work, she was obliged to go in arrears with her landlady: the sum was small, but as the woman was destitute of principle, she availed herself of the circumstance to plead the cause of a libertine of fashion, who was struck with Mrs. Clayton's person. In vain did the unfortunate widow spurn his dishonourable proposals, he continued to insult her with his licentious offers. The thought that she now had it in her power to escape his importunities, added to the delight which the success of

her work gave her. She resolved to seek for another lodging in the morning; and after she had put her little girl to bed, she sat down to form plans for the future, with an alacrity of spirit to which she had long been a stranger, when the door opened, and Sir Harry entered. She saw at a glance that he was half-intoxicated, and though terrified at a freedom which he had never before presumed to take, she possessed presence of mind enough to conceal her alarm. She rose with apparent composure, and desired he would leave her apartment. "Pray," cried he, with a scornful laugh, "what is the penalty, my pretty inflexible, if I don't choose to comply? You are about to rid yourself of the 'detestable man,' you know, but at least you shall first hear what he has to say." Grasping her hand, he obliged her to sit down, and placing himself at her side, he began to offer her what he called better terms, intermingled with threats of vengeance if they were not accepted. Irritated by her struggles to disengage herself, the brute threw his arms round her. She screamed in terror, and the next moment an old man, very plainly dressed, entered the room. Sir Harry quitted his destined prey, and advancing with a fierce air to the stranger, told him to retire. "Not unless the lady wishes it," replied he coolly.—"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed my mistress, "for Heaven's sake, sir, do not go!" The baronet then changed his ground; he declared that the lady was his wife, but unluckily for him, the maid-servant who had admitted him in the landlady's absence, entered at that moment, and began

clamorously to reproach him with breaking his promise to her, by insulting my mistress. This unexpected attack from his accomplice totally disconcerted him, and with a dreadful execration upon her and himself, he quitted the room.

My mistress, whose terror had by this time a little subsided, warmly thanked the stranger. "You owe me no acknowledgments, madam," replied he, drily: "I found the street-door ajar; my entrance was therefore easy; but even if it had been otherwise, I could not disregard the voice of a woman in distress. If I can be of any farther use to you, command me; if not, I will take my leave;"—"After what has passed; sir," cried Mrs. Clayton, "I do not dare to remain here; could you but stay till I pay this woman and remove my things, it would be indeed a favour." He readily consented. The servant, on being summoned, declared that her mistress was absent, but finding Mrs. Clayton persisted in going immediately, she offered to fetch the landlady. When she quitted the room for that purpose, the stranger asked my mistress rather abruptly, to what family of the Claytons she belonged. Perceiving that she blushed and hesitated, he added in a softer tone, "I did not mean to distress you, madam, by an inquiry that you may not wish to answer, but mine is not an idle curiosity. Clayton the merchant, of whose mournful catastrophe you must have heard, was my nephew: I have been long absent from England, and did not return till after his death, but I find that he has left a widow and child—"—"Ah! yes," cried Mrs. Clayton, bursting

into tears, "I am that unfortunate widow." The stranger seemed affected. "Had I returned to England sooner," cried he, "I might have averted poor George's unhappy fate, as well as prevented my own ruin: but what, my poor child, is your actual situation?" She answered him without reserve. He shook his head at the sanguine hope she seemed to entertain of her success as an author. "You have heard your husband speak of me, no doubt," cried he: "I quitted England before his birth, but for many years afterwards I kept up a correspondence with my family. It was my intention to return at a much earlier period to England, but various circumstances occurred to prevent me: by degrees I ceased to hear from my relations, but I did not forget them, and it was always my intention to return at last, and share my fortune with them; but, alas! an ill-placed confidence has deprived me of that for which I have toiled so many years! I returned possessed as I thought of immense property, but the villain in whose hands I placed it has absconded, and I am literally a beggar."

"No," cried my mistress with vivacity, "Heaven forbid that the only surviving relation of my dear lost husband should be reduced to that abject state while I can earn bread! Cheer up, my dear uncle, let us think that our meeting is not the effect of chance, but the interposition of Providence for our mutual comfort: be to me as a father, and receive me as your child."

"But how, my dear generous girl, can I impose the burthen of my necessities—"

"Talk not of that: from this moment our fortunes are united. Sec," continued she, shewing him the money which the bookseller had given her, "the greatest part of this is mine: are we not then at present rich, and shall we doubt that ere this is exhausted, Providence will send us more?" The poor old man burst into tears of gratitude, but he checked his emotion at the sight of the landlady, who now entered with a most obsequious air. She declared that she was totally ignorant of the vile attempt of Sir Harry, and vowed that she would ~~never~~ again say a word in his favour: however, when she found that my mistress persisted in quitting the house, all her civility vanished, and she was as insolent as she had before been fawning. A few minutes sufficed to settle her demand, and Mrs. Clayton, making her little girl rise and dress, packed up her slender wardrobe, and quitted the house in company with her new-found uncle.

She took refuge for the night at the lodging of a poor woman who had been one of her under-servants, and who had attended her with exemplary fidelity in all her misfortunes. Mr. Clayton then quitted her with a promise of coming early the next day to go with her in search of an apartment. The morning, however, stole on without his appearing, and my mistress began to apprehend that something had happened to him, when he entered.

"Well," cried he, in a hurried tone, "you have been waiting, and I'll warrant you have often enough accused the old man of

laziness; but now, before we set out, tell me, my dear niece, where shall we go to? What do you think of the squares?"

Mrs. Clayton looked at him with mingled pity and apprehension. "I am afraid you are already fatigued," said she in a soothing voice, "let us defer our search for to-day."

"But suppose I have seen something that I think will suit, will you go with me to look at it?"

She would have evaded answering, for she now really began to think his head was disordered, but he would not be denied, and hurrying her into a hackney-coach, they stopped in a few minutes at the door of an elegant house in square.

"Sir—my dear uncle—stop, I beg of you!" cried my now seriously alarmed mistress; but without heeding her, he got out, and giving her his hand with all the gallantry and vivacity of five and twenty, he led her into a handsome apartment, when he told the servant who opened the door, that they would rest for a few moments before they looked at the house.

"I am ~~not~~ mad, my dear, my noble child," cried he, catching my mistress's hand as soon as the servant had retired, "though a change of fortune little less than miraculous might almost make me so. I told you a villain had absconded with my property: so artfully had he managed, that not a hope of tracing him remained; but the hand of Heaven arrested his flight. His carriage was overturned, and himself so severely bruised, that his recovery was pronounced impossible. Finding himself dy-

ing, he hastened to place the securities for my property which he had with him in safe hands: he has restored nearly the whole of what he robbed me of. The news reached me this morning; and now remember your own words: our fortunes are united; this is your house if you like it, and think it good enough for the heiress of half a million; if not, we will soon find another."

When a gush of grateful tears had given my mistress the power of speech, she was beginning to

thank him. "Now, lie upon you!" cried he: "thank me for what? For sharing my superfluities with you—you who would have divided with me even your hard-earned morsel of bread?" Without suffering her to reply, he rang for the servant, who conducted them over the noble mansion: my mistress expressed herself highly satisfied with it, and returned to prepare for her removal. I did not accompany her, as she gave me with some more of my brethren to her old servant.

THE HUMBLE APPEAL OF THE FAMILY OF SUPERLATIVES. TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

As you have inserted the petition of one relation of mine, and the remonstrance of another, I flatter myself that you will not refuse to give place in your work to an humble appeal from me in behalf of myself and my much-injured family. We are not people of yesterday, Mr. Editor: in ancient times we were looked upon with respect, I might say veneration; high powers and qualities were assigned to us: in short, I may say without boasting, we played a distinguished part. Now, alas! without a single fault of our own, the fortunes of our house are fallen, or rather I ought to say, destroyed, and this is owing to our being dragged by main force into all sorts of company. Instead of being, as formerly, rarely seen, and never but upon occasions of importance, we are now obliged to appear at all times and in all places, till we have unhappily experienced the truth of the old pro-

verb, "too much familiarity breeds contempt."

Formerly, if one of us was the guarantee for a man's honesty, his character was established; and in like manner a stigma affixed by a member of our family could never be effaced. Many a passably pretty woman has been elevated to the dignity of a toast through our means; and not a few ugly ones consoled for their want of attraction by acquiring the reputation of wits. We have been frequently the means of elevating men of moderate courage into heroes; and of giving to those whose revenues were not perhaps very abundant, the credit of possessing large incomes. Virtue and talent have through us been amplified and exalted, and vice rendered still blacker.

I own that, in the wantonness of power, our distinctions were not perhaps always fairly bestowed, but I think I may say with truth, that, at least in nine instances out

of ten, we have done good rather than harm. Is it not hard then, Mr. Editor, that we are to be sacrificed to modern presumption and impertinence, and that because we are compelled to be seen in improper company, we must lose our reputation? You have it in your power, sir, to afford some relief to our present distress, by shewing in your elegant work the in-

justice that is done to us, and recommending your numerous readers to make in future a more sparing use of our services. By doing this, Mr. Editor, you will entitle yourself to the everlasting gratitude of every member of the family of Superlatives, from the highest to that of your very humble servant,
THE LOWEST.

CRIES OF LONDON.

THERE is a certain pleasurable or curious feeling occasioned by some of our London cries, that is scarcely definable; at least, I have experienced such a feeling many times. On the departure of winter, after a long succession perhaps of the coldest and most uncomfortable weather, you are on a sudden surprised, some morning in February, by hearing the hoarse voice of the old water-cress woman, add to its usual and well-known cry that of "Primroses two bunches a penny." What a train of ideas does such a cry awaken in the mind of him who has been used to rural scenes! It carries him at once to all his former "wood-walks wild," and makes him wonder that he is sitting in a close snug parlour, poking a sea-coal fire, when the primrose has begun to decorate "a smiling world." And as to the poor being who cries them, compound as she probably is of rags and rudeness, and all that is most disgusting and inelegant, one is almost ready to run out, and hail her as "the glad harbinger of spring," or a wood-nymph at least. Harbinger of spring she certainly is to half the

London world, who know little of the progress of vegetation, but by the appearance of it at market in some way or other; and what is perhaps still more curious, it is a thousand to one if the persons who cry about the streets water-cresses, dandelion, chickweed and groundsel, primroses, cowslips, &c. &c. gathered those things themselves: the real fact is, that they know no more about the growth or gathering of them than their more opulent brother or sister cockney, but purchase them at the different markets; water-cresses being, I believe, often sent from thirty to fifty miles to town: so that it is a mistake to pity these itinerants for their supposed fatigues in collecting their stores of weeds and wild flowers; pity and help they may undoubtedly want, but not for that.

There is something spring-like in hearing "Mackarel" cried for the first time; and I have observed that this very generally happens on a Sunday, contrived so probably because people have more leisure to eat and be luxurious on that day, than the other six, and because those who depend upon weekly incomes may on that day be bet-

ter able to afford a little extravagance than on any other. I have observed too that many of the first venders of mackarel are Jews, who, when that fish becomes plenty, and, I presume, yields a worse profit, give place to the regular-bred—I did not say *well-bred*—fishwomen.

Even the first cry of “Sprats” has a certain fire-side, Novemberish, *Lord-Mayor’s-dayish* sort of twang with it; and the first *broil* of the little *fry* is by no means an unpleasant treat; leaving of course the Lord Mayor’s delicacies out of the question—*comparisons are odious*.

The first time “Strawberries” are cried always sounds to me like an invitation to the country, for we are then pretty well assured that summer is come, and have no occasion to consult Moore’s *infallible* almanack on the subject; and, as I am speaking of strawberries, I may ask, who is there, that has been brought up in London, but can remember the inexpressible pleasure they have felt in childhood, when they were cheap enough to be cried about by the good *snuffy* old women, “Full to the bottom, two pottles for a halfpenny?” Akin to this, I take it, must be the feeling of some ladies, who are still young enough to recollect, when they were girls, the famous fellow who cries “Buy a doll’s bedstead;” and the amazing delight they must have experienced when *papa* or *mamma* indulged them with such a thing. I have not the least doubt but many a fine lady has found more pleasure in the bare recollection of such a matter, than in the present possession of a coach and four.

The last cry I shall mention is,

“Please to buy a bill of the play, Covent-Garden, or Drury-Lane.” I never come within hearing of this, whether I am going to the play, or merely passing by the theatres, but I remember the supreme ecstasy—for I can call it by no other name—that this cry used to give me when a boy, and when I happened to be treated to the play. This cry told me that I was getting near to the playhouse, that in a few minutes I should be placed before that magical and mysterious green curtain, which, when it rose, was to unfold a scene that would fill me with wonder and delight. This is a feeling which my children may experience, but it never can be mine again!

J. M. LACEY.

There is another cry, rather a local one I believe, but which, by certain associations, is not at all a pleasurable one with me, and therefore I place it here as a sort of postscript. In the neighbourhood where I reside, a man comes constantly every evening with “Baked ‘taters all hot,” passing my door first about seven, and then about ten o’clock, in which visits he is as punctual as a patrol. Some time back I was confined to my house, and a great part of the time to my bed, by serious illness, for about ten months: this man’s cry being so regular, served my nurses as well as a clock, and “Baked ‘taters all hot” became a signal for me to take medicine, and other matters, till his visits were perfectly annoying; and “Here’s the baked potatoe-man” was as much as to say, “Come, sir, you must take your draught.”

Having in a great degree reco-

vered, I went for three months into the country to finish the re-establishment of my health, and at the end of that time returned to town; when, on the first evening of my return, like the poor Frenchman in the tale of "Monsieur Tonson,"

I was startled with the old cry of "Baked 'taters all hot," and almost looked round for my nurse and my medicine: thank God, they were not there. To this moiment I cannot say I like "Baked 'taters all hot."

ON THE ART OF GIVING AND REFUSING WITH DELICACY.

THE art of giving with delicacy is much more difficult in practice than may be imagined, and many an unfortunate person of susceptibility feels more keenly the manner in which relief is offered, and which dries the falling tear, but breaks the heart, than his misfortune itself. The talent also of refusing with delicacy such presents as duty or honour forbids us to accept, is very rare. An example of this kind was furnished by the celebrated Italian lawyer Alighieri, who understood the art of combining the most rigid integrity with the utmost delicacy.

A wealthy grandce who was engaged in a law-suit, which Alighieri was appointed to decide, sent him, with a view to secure his favour, a dozen curiously wrought silver wine-decanter. The incorruptible Alighieri ordered them to be filled with his choicest wines, and returned them, with the intimation that he had taken the liberty to transmit to the marchese some specimens of the best wines in his cellar.

A striking instance of that tender feeling for another which takes off all the pressure of a favour conferred, is exhibited in the conduct of a benevolent general, who was desirous of serving a very poor

but meritorious officer of his regiment of dragoons, and was at the same time acquainted with his extremely punctilious sense of honour. He knew that this brave man, who signalized himself beyond all his brother officers in the day of battle, was nevertheless obliged to be content with a sorry jade of a horse. He invited him one day to dinner, and when the circulation of the bottle had produced a greater degree of familiarity, he turned all at once to the officer in question—"My dear captain," said he, "you have it in your power to do me a favour. Your bay is just the horse that would suit me. At *my* age such a quiet creature is much more serviceable than my wild Arabian. Would you have any objection to exchange with me?"—In this manner, the brave officer found himself unexpectedly in possession of such a charger as he would never have ventured even to wish for only.

A delicacy equally touching was manifested by a French lady of a former age. She had for her admirer a young academician of extraordinary talents, and who, by the exercise of them, was frequently in the receipt of considerable sums of money, but not possessing the talent of economy, was often

plunged into abject want. Immediate relief on the part of the lady was as much out of the question as an immediate amendment of his profusion. She kept unnoticed a vigilant eye on his proceedings; and when she knew that he had received money, she would send for him, and in a tone of great urgency, say to him, "My dear St. Germain, I am again in the utmost

distress—can you help me out with so or so many louis-d'ors?" On these occasions she always made a point of asking for half the sum that had been paid him. When his finances were again at a low ebb, she would return him the money, frequently with an unobserved addition, and with the warmest expressions of gratitude for the obligation which he had conferred.

THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

It is now many years since the following singular facts took place in Venice. The Conte Maffei and his cousin Borghetti had lived together for many years in habits of affectionate intimacy. One night they chanced to meet at a gaming-house; Borghetti seldom played, but his cousin was known to game deeply, and during that evening he played with constant ill luck. Maffei, who merely looked on, tried several times to draw him from the table, but always in vain. Irritated at last between his ill fortune and the interruptions which he met with from his cousin, he turned upon him with fierceness: the gentleness of Borghetti's reply appeared to have no effect upon the fury of Maffei; they quitted the house together, and the following morning, the Conte Borghetti was found murdered in a bye-street leading to his own habitation. The body was discovered through the means of a dog that always followed the Conte; the faithful animal came wounded and bleeding to the house of his master, and by his mournful cries, drew the servants after him to the spot where the body of the Conte lay: it was still

warm and bleeding, but life was extinct.

The relations of the unfortunate Conte took immediate means to discover the murderer, and his cousin Maffei, whose sorrow exceeded all bounds, was one of the most active in pursuit of the assassin, when suddenly, to the astonishment of all Venice, he was himself arrested and thrown into prison, on a charge of having committed the crime. Familiar as the natives of Italy are with blood, the charge appeared incredible: the cousins had been friends from their infancy; they had never, but in that single instance, disagreed, and it appeared scarcely possible, that a revenge so deadly should have been taken for an imaginary offence.

The Conte was interrogated; he protested his innocence.—"Wretch," cried the judge, "see here one proof of your guilt," and he displayed before him a case of jewels. "How did you become possessed of these?" Maffei changed countenance.—"By no unworthy means," cried he; "I received them from my cousin."—"How, you dare to say your cousin gave

you the jewels he had destined for his intended bride?"—"I do not say that he bestowed them upon me; they were lent to me for a particular purpose, and only for a time. When I was seized, I was in treaty for the sale of my estate, in order to redeem the jewels, and restore them to the Signora Bianca, for whom I knew they were destined."

"Why did you not," cried the judge, "declare that you possessed these jewels as soon as your cousin's murder was discovered?"

"I thought not of them at the moment, and when I did, I wished to regain possession of them before I acknowledged that they were placed in my hands."

"Vile equivocator!" cried the judge indignantly, "give him the torture." It was applied, but the firmness of the unhappy Conte did not relax; he persisted in declaring his innocence, even amidst the sharpest pangs. At length, when the attending surgeon had announced that nature would bear no more, he was removed from the rack, and again exhorted to confess, under the penalty of suffering still more agonizing tortures if he did not. "I have nothing to confess," replied he calmly; "I am innocent, Heaven is my witness."

They removed him, and gave him a few days' respite, till his strength was sufficiently recruited to enable him to bear fresh tortures. He was then again brought up, and confronted with a Jew named Isaac. This man deposed, that on the night in which the murder was committed, the Conte came to his house at a late hour, bringing with him a case of jewels, which he offered to

Isaac as a security for a large sum, declaring that he would redeem them in the course of a very short time. As the jewels were worth twice the money that he demanded, the Jew readily gave it. These particulars the Conte did not deny.

The unfortunate man was then ordered to retire, and put on the habit which he had worn on that fatal night: as he was attiring himself, he perceived that one of the sleeves was slightly stained at the cuff with blood; he shuddered, and cast his eyes to Heaven, but spoke not.

When he was brought back to the hall, the judge ordered a venerable old man, who was in waiting, to look steadily at him, and to say whether he had ever seen him before. The old man regarded him for some time with a look of mingled doubt and anxiety; at last he said, "The figure, air, and dress of this cavalier are exactly those of him whom I saw stab the Conte Borghetti."

The judge desired him to relate the circumstance; and from his account it appeared, that about half an hour after the cousins had quitted the gaming-house, and a few minutes before Maffei had called upon the Jew, the old man, in passing through the bye-street in which the murder was committed, saw two persons, one of whom was the deceased Conte; the other, as far as he could judge, the prisoner. The Conte was walking on, the other followed him closely; suddenly he made a feint of passing him, and in doing so, plunged his dagger into his side. The old man, terrified at the sight, uttered an involuntary cry: the assassin hasten-

ed towards the place whence the sound proceeded; the witness gave himself over for lost, when he was suddenly relieved from his terror by a large dog, which at that moment threw himself violently on the assassin, and the old man seized the opportunity to fly.

The Conte listened to the deposition with an unchanged countenance; his look mild, yet firm, was bent upon the witness, whose features expressed more than once doubt and irresolution as he raised his eyes to those of Maffei.

When the old man had ceased, the Conte was solemnly exhorted to confess; the judge observing, that a denial of his guilt could now avail him nothing. "See," continued he, "how proofs accumulate upon proofs!" and he pointed to the blood upon the sleeve of Maffei's habit.—"The will of Heaven be done!" cried the unfortunate man; "I see that my fate is sealed, but I shall die innocent." He was again extended on the rack, and his pangs varied with ingenious cruelty, in order to extort a confession of his crime, but in vain.

Some days afterwards, and while he was yet suffering from the effects of the rack, his prison-door one night softly opened, and a lady, veiled, appeared. He raised himself from the straw on which he was reclining as she approached him. "Signor," said she, in a voice full of sweetness, "you see before you one who has risked much to have an opportunity of serving you. Appearances are fatally against you, and yet I cannot persuade myself that you are guilty."

"Now may the blessing of Hea-

ven rest upon you," cried the Conte passionately—"you, who alone do justice to an unfortunate man, persecuted by the malice of fortune! I am indeed innocent of this crime; my generous cousin's blood stains not my hands, nor did the execrable thought of shedding it ever enter my heart. On the fatal night on which the murder was committed, I had played contrary to his wish, and lost a considerable sum: irritated almost to frenzy, I wished to rid myself of an existence which I had no means of supporting with honour, for a long run of ill luck had greatly impoverished me; but not being able to bear the thought of dying by my own hand, I turned on my cousin, who had several times striven to stop me in my mad career, and endeavoured by reproaches to rouse him to a quarrel. Heaven is my witness, that I thought not of attacking his life; all I desired was, to die by any hand rather than my own. My ungoverned passion failed to provoke my generous Ferdinand; he replied mildly, and though he readily offered to accompany me out, he protested he would not lift a hand against my life. 'There is then no alternative,' exclaimed I, turning from him.—'We part not thus, Julio,' cried he, detaining me: 'I fear I can divine too well the cause of your sudden and unfounded anger. Your losses of to-night have driven you to despair. Do not deny this, Julio. Have we not hitherto lived like brothers? and is not your honour mine? Open your heart to me then, my cousin, freely, and be assured that your secret shall be as safe within my bosom as your own.'

"Overcome by this unexpected, this unmerited goodness, I acknowledged all: my losses of that night could only be paid by the immediate sale of my property, but to sell it, as I must do, to a disadvantage, would leave me a beggar.

" 'There is no need,' cried my generous cousin; 'take this case of jewels, go with them to the Jew Isaac, he will give you the sum you want; let him think they are your own, but charge him not to suffer them to be seen by any one: in a short time, I shall receive enough to enable us to redeem them.'

"At first I positively refused to receive the jewels—would to Heaven I had continued to do so! I knew they were intended as a nuptial present to his Bianca. He represented to me that the nuptials would not be solemnized for more than a month, and long before that time the jewels would be restored. Overcome by his entreaties, I took the case, and hastened with it to Isaac, who readily gave me the sum I wanted, and sealed the casket in my presence. I had promised to discharge my debt on the following morning, but wishing to avoid the least appearance of delay, I returned to the gaming-house, and paid the money, with a secret vow to renounce, from that moment, the vice for which I then thought I had paid so dear. Alas! I then little foresaw the dreadful penalty that still remained. On my return home, I was seized with a bleeding at the nose: it is from this that the stain upon my habit must have proceeded. Thus every thing combines to make

me appear guilty of a crime my soul abhors. I see that I shall fall a victim, and I acknowledge the justice of Heaven in thus punishing the impious design I had once formed of self-destruction: it is not the thought of death which afflicts me, it is the dishonour which must rest upon my name that bows my soul in misery to the earth."

"Take comfort, Conte," replied the lady, "you may still live to triumph over the malice of fortune, and to clear your name. I have procured for you the means of escape; and, at a distance from Venice, you may await in safety the clearing of this mysterious business, satisfied that Heaven in its own good time will manifest your innocence. Follow me."

Before the Conte obeyed his fair deliverer, he begged a sight of her face. "Let the life which you will preserve," said he, "be sweetened by the power of recalling to my memory the features of her to whom I owe so much, and by the hope a day may come in which I shall have the power to pay some part of that immense debt of gratitude which never can be wholly discharged."

The lady raised her veil, and discovered a countenance in which the most perfect and majestic beauty was softened by an expression of the tenderest compassion.—"Conte," said she, "I will conceal nothing from you. I am the widow of the Marchese Alfieri: the testimony of my old servant has been one of the causes of your condemnation; but impressed as he had before been with the belief of your guilt, your behaviour, after his deposition was given, staggered him. He acknowledged his doubts

to the judges, but they refused to listen to them. Deeply repenting the part he had taken against you, the poignancy of his self-accusations brought on a lingering disease. He confessed to me the secret cause of his illness, and from that moment I determined to save you if I could. See, Conte, by what unexpected means Heaven, even in the most perilous moment, sends relief, and let hope and resignation be your motto."

She staid not to receive his thanks, but conducted him to the gate of the prison, when a man who waited for them led him to a neighbouring monastery. The good fathers received him kindly, and through their tender care his strength was soon restored. When all danger of pursuit was over, he passed into Spain, and entered the army under a feigned name. He soon distinguished himself; his merit procured him friends, and could he have forgotten the past, he might have been happy, but the bitter thought of his lost honour was for ever before him, and his regrets were heightened by the passion which for a long time, unknown to himself, he cherished for his fair deliverer. It was plain that she did not forget him, for he frequently received sums of money, and though the source they came from was unknown, he could not doubt the generous hand that bestowed them. Often when in moments of despondency his soul was weighed down by the bitter thought that he must go to the grave with a dishonoured name, did he recall the lovely image of the marchesa, as she uttered the consoling words, "Let hope and

resignation be your motto;" but when four years stole over, without a trace of the murderer being discovered, the faint hope which had till then sustained the Conte nearly abandoned him. In the beginning of the fifth year, he formed a resolution of returning to Venice, where he thought, by mixing in disguise with the lower class, he might find means to discover the assassin. It is thus that love throws a veil over the eyes of his votaries; for this hope, vague and improbable as it was, would not have drawn him within the vortex of certain danger, but for the thought that he might once more behold the lovely being who had so generously shielded him from it.

He entered Venice at night and in a mean habit; the following morning an irresistible impulse led him to pass the spot where the deed had been committed. The sight of the place conjured up remembrances too horrible for his fortitude, and he groaned aloud. At that moment two officers of justice, who had for some time followed him unobserved, approached, and seized him. "Wretch," cried one of them, "well may you groan at the thought of your crime; but the vengeance of Heaven delayed is at hand, and the blood of the murdered Conte will no longer cry in vain for vengeance." As they were leading him to prison, a crowd gathered round them; a large dog made his way through the people, and after smelling at the Conte, jumped upon him with every demonstration of fondness. Julio looking attentively at the animal, saw that he was the favourite of his deceased cousin; he had been ac-

customed to caress the dog, and this proof of attachment from a brute, at a moment when he had lost all human aid, was more than his fortitude could bear. The dog quitting him, suddenly flew like lightning upon a gentleman who, attracted by the sight of the crowd, stopped to inquire the cause. In vain did the spectators do their utmost to disengage the stranger from the ferocious grasp which the animal took of him; they could not succeed till he had lacerated him so dreadfully, that the blood streamed as from a fountain, and even then the greatest force was necessary to prevent the animal, in whose eyes rage and revenge still glared, from again darting on his prey.

"The retributive justice of Heaven," said the wounded stranger in a dying voice, "has at last overtaken me; and almost on the very spot where I bereaved a fellow-creature of life, my own becomes the just forfeit of my crime. Five years ago, a few paces from this spot, the Conte Borghetti fell by my hand"—he fainted ere he could utter more. A cry of transport escaped Maffei; the multitude hailed his deliverance with a shout of enthusiasm, but the forms of justice forbade the officers to loose him till the deposition of the stranger had been regularly taken. He was removed to a convent near the spot, and medical aid administered, but in vain: he lived, however, long enough to clear by a circumstantial narrative the innocence of the Conte. The substance of his declaration was as follows: He was a native of Rome, and during a short sojourn in Venice, was cap-

tivated by the beauty of the Signora Bianca; he addressed her, but his suit was unfavourably received, and shortly afterwards she became the affianced bride of Conte Borghetti. The proud Roman secretly swore the destruction of his rival, but dastardly as he was revengeful, he determined to have recourse to assassination: he had during some time waited in vain for an opportunity to carry his infernal purpose into effect; he met the cousins as they left the gaming-house together; he followed them at a distance, and almost immediately on their separating, executed his design. The cry of the old man made him think another victim necessary to his safety, but the attack of the dog compelled him to abandon his search; it was with difficulty he extricated himself, and not till he had severely wounded the faithful animal. When the Conte was accused and condemned for the murder, no feeling of remorse entered the heart of the assassin; on the contrary, he rejoiced that the strong resemblance which really existed between him and the Conte, had induced the old man to give testimony against him, and he quitted Venice in the hope that the death of the unfortunate man would in all probability prevent his guilt from ever being discovered; nor did he again revisit that city till two days before the one on which he was seized.

No sooner was the Roman's deposition taken, than the Conte was liberated, and his property, which had been confiscated, restored. Ah! who can describe the sensations which swelled his heart, when, exulting in his recovered honour,

he threw himself at the feet of her to whom it was owing that he lived to see his name cleared from the guilt of murder! He tried to give utterance to his gratitude, but in vain; but if his tongue wanted eloquence, that want was more than supplied by his eyes, and the marchesa read in them, that his heart

responded to hers. The Conte soon gathered courage from her smiles to tell the secret of his passion: he was listened to with blushes of pleasure; they were shortly afterwards united, and Maffei faithfully kept the vow he had made to his lovely wife, of devoting the life she had preserved to her happiness.

ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

No. X.

BIANCA CAPELLO'S BATH.

THE history of the beautiful Bianca Capello, who became first the mistress, and afterwards the wife of Francis di Medici, Grand-duke of Florence, is, we presume, well known to all our readers. The handsome house where she resided previously to her marriage with that prince, is now the property of the family of Elci, by which it is let to a considerable bookseller and printer of Florence, named Manenigh. Bianca's bath is used as the press-room, and in the marble basin, which once embraced the snowy limbs of the fairest of her sex, is now deposited lamp-black for making printer's ink.

— OVID'S PEN.

Isabella, wife of John Sapolya, shewed Pèter Angelo Bargæus Ovid's silver pen, found, in 1540, under the ruins of an old wall at Belgrade, with the inscription *Ovidii Nasonis calamus*—"The pen of Ovidius Naso."

ORIGIN OF COACHES.

The invention of coaches, even to their very name, is claimed by Hungarian writers in behalf of their country. They inform us,

that the place where they were made was called *Kottse*; and Lesthius, Bishop of Wesprim, writes concerning King Matthias Corvinus, that he rode in a *Kochy* (pronounced *Kotsi*) carriage, of which he was the original inventor.

LOUIS XVI. AND THE BARON DE BRETEUIL.

During the reign of Louis XVI. the innovations introduced by Lomenie, Archbishop of Toulouse, who in the sequel became Archbishop of Sens and a cardinal, in concert with Lamoignon, the keeper of the seals, produced great discontent throughout all France. The king, who consented with very great reluctance to the severe measures proposed to him, wished to learn what impression they made upon the public. He therefore commissioned Blaizot, the bookseller, who had a shop on the great staircase in the palace of Versailles, to procure for him all the pamphlets and fugitive pieces relative to the events of the day. These publications he was to deposit in a chest in one of the king's apartments, to which chest no person had a key besides his majesty and himself. For some days this arrangement experienced

no interruption; but the secret was discovered by the minister de Breteuil. He was exceedingly mortified at the idea that the king could place confidence in any one besides himself; and under pretext that Blaizot was endeavouring to circulate prohibited books, he threw him into the Bastille. The king finding his chest empty for several successive days, and seeing nothing of the bookseller, ordered inquiry to be made what was become of him; and to his extreme astonishment, he was informed that he had been carried, agreeably to his royal mandate, to the Bastille. Incensed at this abuse of his name and authority, his majesty instantly sent for the minister, loaded him with the severest reproaches, and commanded him to liberate the innocent prisoner immediately, and to make him ample compensation for the injury he had sustained. It was only at the intercession of the queen, who earnestly solicited his pardon for the minister, that the king forbore to give him a much stronger proof of his indignation.

AMYOT, THE FRENCH TRANSLATOR OF PLUTARCH.

Amyot, the celebrated French translator of the works of Plutarch, was the son of a tanner, and born at Melun, in 1514. As his parents brought him up very strictly, he ran away from home, for fear of a beating which awaited him. He had not proceeded far, before he became completely exhausted with the fatigue of travel, to which he was unaccustomed, and sunk insensible on the road. In this state he was found by a person passing

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on horseback, who took compassion on him, placed him on his horse, conveyed him to Orleans, and left him as a sick traveller at the hospital of that city. As his indisposition proceeded from fatigue alone, he soon recovered, and was dismissed with a donation of sixteen sous, to help him forward in his journey*. This small sum enabled him to reach Paris; but soon after his arrival there he was necessitated to beg. A lady who happened to pass him in the street, and was struck with his figure, took him home, and gave him board and lodging, for which he was to accompany her children to school, and to carry their books for them. Highly rejoiced at having met with so good a situation, he profited by this opportunity of cultivating his mind as far as chance permitted, and by means of the excellent capacity with which nature had endowed him, he soon made an extraordinary progress in the sciences. He studied with such diligence and success, that his name was honourably distinguished in all the schools, and in the sequel he was appointed professor of the Greek language in the University of Bourges. His reputation, however, afterwards proved injurious to him in various ways; for at his time, when many eminent scholars were considered as adherents of the Huguenots, it tended to excite suspicions of him. As these people were then persecuted with unparalleled cruelty, Amyot, whose sentiments were supposed to be fa-

* Out of gratitude for the attention paid to him in this hospital, Amyot bequeathed to it by his will 1200 crowns.

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avourable to their cause, found it necessary to quit Paris, and to seek refuge at Berry, with a gentleman who was his friend. During his residence with the latter, it so happened that King Henry II. in one of his journeys, called at his house, and remained there several days. His host, on this occasion, requested his friend Amyot to compose some verses on his illustrious guest, and the honour conferred by him on his house. Amyot immediately wrote a Greek poem, which the children of the gentleman were to present to the king. No sooner had Henry cast his eyes on the paper, than he threw it down with contemptuous indifference, and the exclamation, "Pshaw! this is Greek!" The author was hurt beyond measure at this treatment of his performance; but Michel de l'Hopital, afterwards chancellor of France, who was accustomed to attend the king in his travels, happening to be then standing near him, took up the paper, and being a good Greek scholar, read it with great attention. After he had perused it, he turned to Amyot, who stood at the door overwhelmed with shame and mortification, and asked him where he had met with the piece. This question increased his embarrassment, and he replied very modestly, that it was his own composition. L'Hopital very justly interpreted the manifest confusion of the poor poet to his advantage, and observed to the king, that if the young man's morals corresponded with his learning and genius, his majesty could not have a better tutor for his children. Henry, who placed the utmost confidence in the penetration of L'Hopital,

made immediate inquiry of his host concerning the moral character of the young poet; and as the gentleman could bear no other than the most honourable testimony on this point, the king was induced, agreeably to L'Hopital's advice, to give him the appointment on the spot.

Such was the first post to which his Greek poem exalted him; but it was not long before it raised him to a height, to which, when quitting the hospital with only sixteen sous in his pocket, he could never have dreamt of attaining. Displaying incessantly fresh proofs of his talents, he soon won the confidence of the king to such a degree, that he selected him to transact his most important affairs. Among others, he conducted the negotiation with which he was charged on the part of France at the council of Trent, with extraordinary ability, and to the everlasting honour of his court.

One day, when Charles IX. was with some of his courtiers, and the conversation turned on the Emperor Charles V. many traits of that monarch were mentioned with commendation, and especially his gratitude to his tutor, whom he had placed by his influence in the papal chair. This remark made such a profound impression on Charles IX. that he declared with great emphasis, that he would do as much for his preceptors, if opportunity offered. Soon afterwards the office of his tutor became vacant, and he gave it to Amyot, who, however, either out of humility, or the apprehension of the unpleasant consequences which so distinguished a post might bring upon him, abso-



lutely refused it. The king, however, sent him word, that what he gave him as a friend, he commanded him as his sovereign to accept; on which he could resist no longer.

No sooner was the queen-mother informed of this appointment, than she sent for Amyot, and burning with rage, "Do you think," said she, the moment he entered, "that I shall suffer a paltry priest like you to run away with a place, which I have myself refused to the Guises and the Chatillons, to constables and chancellors, to kings of Navarre and princes of Condé? Depend upon this, if you take it you shall not live twenty-four hours."

This declaration threw him into a dilemma. On the one hand, inclination urged him to obey his sovereign, who was naturally very obstinate; and on the other, he had to fear the worst from the anger of the queen, whose words were equally irrevocable commands. To evade both, he deemed it advisable to secrete himself; but as he dined every day at the king's table, Charles soon missed him. He sent in quest of him, and ordered his attendants to continue their search till they had found him. Amyot, however, was

so well concealed, that all inquiries proved fruitless. The king hereupon gave such a loose to his passion, that he made all tremble about him. "What!" cried he, "because I have appointed him high-almoner, is he compelled to hide himself? Are those on whom I bestow my protection to be a football to the caprices and cruelty of others? It seems, indeed, as if some of you would dispute with me the prerogatives of my crown." To these words he subjoined, according to custom, some emphatic curses; and was so incensed, that the queen, who had the greatest difficulty to govern his temper, and who feared as much as she loved him, immediately sent after Amyot, with the assurance that he had nothing to apprehend from her, and commanding him to be brought forward wherever he might be.

This time the messengers were fortunate enough to find him. When he appeared at court, the queen received him most graciously, and he continued to hold the office of high-almoner without further molestation. At his death he left upwards of 200,000 crowns, besides valuable effects and other property.

PICTURESQUE TOUR IN THE OBERLAND.

PLATE 32.—VIEW OF THE ENVIRONS OF THUN

To the description already given of Thun and its beautiful environs in the outset of this Tour (see Nos. LXIII. and LXIV.) we shall subjoin a few observations, to accompany the appended plate, which closes our Series of Views in the Oberland.

The gates of Thun may be considered as the entrance to the Ober-

land. In so delicious a country, a much handsomer town would lose part of its charms. Neither large nor beautiful, and cramped in its situation, Thun is in the same predicament as many of the smaller towns of Switzerland. Confined, for the sake of security, to the narrow space between the hill on which stands the protecting castle and the

Aar, it had not space to extend itself; but many of the principal buildings, of more recent date, have been erected without the gates.

The main street, nearly a mile in length, runs parallel with the river Aar, at a little distance from its north bank. Immediately above the town, that river separates into two arms, one of which divides the place into two parts, while the other encompasses its walls. On the east side are the hill with the towering castle, the parish church, formerly dedicated to St. Maurice, and the habitations of the ecclesiastics who officiate in the church and superintend the schools. Over each arm of the Aar there are two bridges, one covered and the other open. To the two outer there are gates: a third stands to the north towards Berne; and a fourth, the Lauigate, leads to the beautiful walk on the Grösisberg. This rocky range bounds the prospect at no great distance to the east, and exhibits at the north-western corner the marks of a tremendous fall, which now forms a visible eminence, at present under cultivation, and called the Lauine, and, according to report, filled up an arm of the Aar, which, in remote antiquity, encircled the castle-hill.

Thun contains about 230 dwelling-houses, and 1300 inhabitants. Ancient privileges, considerable possessions, a corporation of its own, a favourable situation, which renders it the mart of Siebenthal, Frutigen, and the Oberland, and the proximity of numerous country-seats, chiefly belonging to citizens of Berne, are the advantages which it enjoys. Agriculture, some ma-

nufactures, and commerce, chiefly in cheese and linen, are the principal supports of the inhabitants. A town-hall, an orphan-house, and the inn called the Freye Hof, are some of its most important buildings. The latter commands the most pleasing point in the interior of the town, where all is life and bustle on market-days. The library, and the institutions for education and the support of the poor, are highly commendable.

The name of Thun appears to be ancient. *Dunum* is purely Celtic; it signifies either a hill or eminence, and is the root of our term *Downs*, applied to so many of the hills and uplands in the south of England.

Thun has experienced the lot of many other small towns: it has furnished larger cities or foreign countries with its ablest and most enterprising geniuses, while it has continued steadily advancing in the old beaten track, without being enlivened by any accession of new and spirited citizens. On the 12th of June, 1718, it had the misfortune to lose the younger hopeful branches of several of its principal families, who perished in a vessel which foundered in the lake.

The church-yard, to which there is an ascent by a long covered flight of steps, is the most favourable point for obtaining a view of the environs of Thun, and the best time for contemplating this scene is about nine or ten o'clock in the forenoon, when the surrounding lofty mountains are fully illumined by the morning sun. At your feet in the fore-ground, the town, with its houses old and new, and the Aar, azure as the Rhone at Gene-

va, with ancient towers and water-works, engage the attention scarcely for a moment. The smiling objects around allure the eye forward to the mountain ranges, and the mind is suddenly engaged with rocks and Alps and glaciers, towering far beyond the lake in majestic grandeur. Among the mountains to the west, the Stockhorn reposes on its pedestal, and resembles an Atlas. To the south-west the whole of the Niesen is visible from its base. Turning your eyes a little more to the south, you are delighted with the vast crown of the Blü-

melis-Alp, covered with its magnificently terrible glaciers; and quite on the right, over a ridge of the Grösisberg, appears the awful summit of the Jungfrau.

Of the character of the scenery in the immediate vicinity of Thun, the annexed view will afford a correct idea. The lover of nature, especially if he be fond of pedestrian excursions, will here find numberless delightful walks, the beauties of which it would require many days to explore with the attention they deserve.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF EXTRAORDINARY STRENGTH.

CONSTANTIN DE RENNEVILLE gives in his work, entitled *Histoire de la Bastille*, a curious account of a fellow-prisoner, who was universally denominated in that prison *Brisefer*.

Jean Pierre de Molain, surnamed *Brisefer* (Iron-breaker), a native of the environs of Castelnau-d'Aud, is one of the better sort of prisoners, with whom, says the above-mentioned writer, I have become acquainted in the Bastille: he is kind, honest, and has no greater pleasure than in serving his fellow-captives. His strength is such, that whenever he was put into a solitary cell, and the door locked upon him, he would pull the chains with which he was fastened out of the wall: these chains were frequently thicker than a man's arm, fourfold, and so entwined into one another, as to be at the same time stronger and more pliable. He tore them out of the wall, which was prodigiously thick, and broke

them in pieces, and that in less time than I have been writing this. You should have heard what a clatter he made with them in this subterranean dungeon, accompanying it with his voice, the bass of which was equal to that of the most numerous band in the king's chapel. When the keeper brought him nothing but bread and water at dinner-time, we could hear him say, "Rue (that was the name of the keeper), bring me instantly something better to eat, unless you would have me devour you next time." If the keeper asked him why he had broken his chains, he would reply, "Because I did not like them, and they prevented me from walking about as I pleased in my Louvre. Rue, your tyrant (meaning Bernaville, governor of the Bastille,) may confine me wherever he pleases, but he shall find me something to eat; for that is the king's intention, and for this purpose he gives him money: I

must have some soup regularly, or I shall kick up a devil of a racket." When he heard Rue carrying victuals to the other prisoners without bringing him any, he fell foul of the doors, and in less than half an hour contrived to break them open; and this was the more astonishing as he had no other implements than his hands. The doors were of oak, a foot thick, lined with iron plates, and secured with massive bolts and locks: besides which, they stood quite close together, and this increased their strength. When he had broken open the first doors, he set to work upon those which led to the staircase, and though these were stronger than the two others, it was not long before he had done for them. It would have been an easy matter for him to burst open our doors also, but he was content with knocking at the door of the court-yard, and calling out, "Rue, bring me something to eat, and come and fasten the doors I have broken open: but make haste, or I will demolish this too." Rue at length came, bringing with him, instead of victuals, much stronger chains than those which Brisefer had broken. They were dragged along with a tremendous clanking by three or four soldiers, and more than ten other attendants belonging to the Bastille accompanied the smith who was to put them on him. The major and the captain of the gate brought up another party provided with stout cudgels. When Brisefer, whom the officers of the prison styled the Prince of Grivois, saw these formidable preparations, instead of manifesting any symptoms of fear, he burst into a loud laugh.--"What,

you ragamuffins," cried he, "is that the soup ye were to bring me?"

—At these words the men raised their cudgels, on which Brisefer said to the major, "If you suffer these scoundrels to touch me, you are a dead man—I will first throttle you, and then all these butchers of yours. You know the agreement I have made with M. du Joncas (the lieutenant of the Bastille), not to strike any one till I am struck."

—"Why will you not keep quiet, but force me to chastise you?" asked the major.—"It is you who will not let me be quiet," rejoined Brisefer: "leave me in a chamber by myself, or put me among rational people, and I will not say a word; but if ye shut me up in dark dungeons, and leave me to perish with hunger, I will find some means or other to right myself."

While he was arguing in this sensible manner, he was held by eight men, and the smith riveted the chains about his neck, arms, and legs, while two others and the same number of carpenters were repairing and replacing the doors. After they had put on his iron collar, ruffles, and boots, which were almost enough to weigh down an Atlas, he commanded silence, and thus addressed the assembly: "If ye would wish me to be quiet, and not to give you any more trouble, treat me like a man, and not like the most savage of tigers. If I have injured the king or the state, put me to death; I shall be perfectly satisfied: if I am imprisoned for reasons of state, treat me like a state-prisoner. It is certainly not the king's will that ye should load me with chains which no horse can carry; therefore relieve me

from them voluntarily, and appoint me a place where I am to abide: I will not leave it, if you supply me with proper food. If ye will not do this, depend upon it I will soon extricate myself from my chains, and afterwards I will use them to demolish, like a second Sampson, the tower in which ye confine me: only I shall then be sorry for the fate of the other poor prisoners who will be buried with me in the ruins." It was about five o'clock when they had finished with him, and locked the doors. It sounds almost fabulous, but it is not the less true, that by six Brisefer had released himself from all his fetters. This time he did not break open the doors, but began regularly to barricade himself in: for this purpose he employed his chains and the staples with which they were fastened in the wall. He detached stones which three men could scarcely have lifted from the ground; the quantity which he pulled out in the space of four hours was incredible: at the same time he shook the whole tower to such a degree, that the other prisoners confined in it began to make a noise and to knock, for the purpose of alarming the keeper. I (the narrator, Constantin de Renneville) was nearest to him, and sensible of the danger which impended over us all, I called out to the sentry that we were afraid he would pull down the tower: but the man only ridiculed our foolish fears. I then besought Brisefer to suspend his operations: he good-naturedly complied, and advised us to quit the tower, and he would give us a whole day to apply to the governor for other quarters.

Next morning we were visited

by the officers of the Bastille. Our apprehensions appeared to them in the highest degree absurd, and the undermined tower and the broken chains were regarded as dreams of the imagination. When, however, they went down to his dungeon, and were unable to open the doors, on account of the prodigious stones piled up against them, they were obliged to climb ladders in order to look in at the air-holes at the top, and were then frightened at the scene which presented itself. They had recourse to entreaties, and assumed a tone of great respect towards the new mason. Rue swore that he should have the best room in the Bastille, and what society he pleased, if he would but open the door: but Brisefer would not trust him, as the keeper had often deceived him, and desired to negotiate with M. du Joncas. That gentleman at length came, and, mounted on the top of the ladder, he was obliged to give the Prince of Grivois his word of honour, that he would not only procure him satisfaction, but his liberty too, if it could possibly be done. On this promise of a man of honour, Brisefer surrendered; and at eight o'clock in the morning, when this capitulation was concluded, he began clearing away the stones, which occupied him till five in the afternoon, when he delivered up the fortress to Rue. He afterwards acknowledged to me, that during this laborious business, his strength frequently failed him, as he had for two days had no other food than a small loaf and a jug of water. The place, like Rhodes, when surrendered by the grand-master to the Turks, was a heap of ruins.

The promise given to Molain was

kept—a rare circumstance in the Bastille—his immense strength had really terrified the officers. Rue permitted me the next morning to take a view of the devastations which Brisefer had committed—they were truly tremendous; it took six masons a week to restore the tower to its former state. Molain was placed with a M. de Bellevaux, a young man of a very mild disposition, with whom he agreed perfectly well, and for whom he soon conceived a strong attachment. A proposal was made to Brisefer to enter into the king's service, but he rejected it with contempt, saying he had already sworn allegiance to the Stadtholder of Holland; he could not take the same oath to Louis XIV. and he would rather die than perjure himself. He was offered his liberty if he would renounce the Protestant faith and turn Catholic; but he replied, that he could no more violate his oath to God than to man. At length it was surmised that it was M. de Bellevaux who inspired him with such firmness; on which the latter was separated from him and thrown into a dungeon. Brisefer murmured, and insisted that the officers should give him back his beloved companion; on which Molain was again remanded to our tower, but not to his former dungeon, for fear he should play the same trick as he had before done. For better security, he was placed in the *Stone Stomacher*, as it was called; a hole six or seven feet square. To prevent him from tumbling the ruins of this new abode into the court-yard, they put on him a pair of handcuffs, which were so thick and strong, that the smith declared

it would be utterly impossible for him to break them. They were forged cold, and Rue swore that the padlock alone cost fifty livres. When these chains were fastened on him, I heard the major say, "Brisefer, if you tear this pair of ruffles, I'll give you a white blackbird." Scarcely had the major reached the foot of the stairs, before Molain had extricated himself from his fetters, with which he banged the door, crying, "Here are your pretty bracelets, major; now give me my white blackbird!" —In order to keep him quiet, it was found necessary to restore to him his former companion, who could do what he pleased with him, because he always treated him with civility and kindness. Brisefer even assumed milder manners to please M. de Bellevaux, whose example he imitated in his behaviour.

I could learn but very little respecting his earlier life, because they were very close on this subject in the Bastille; and he never spoke of it himself. When, after a confinement of eleven years, I had recovered my liberty, and was making in Holland every possible exertion to effect his release, I learned the following particulars: that he was a native of Castelnau-dari, and had quitted his country for reasons unknown, and entered into an English regiment of dragoons, in which he had distinguished himself as a subaltern by courage and unimpeachable conduct. Having, in the month of September 1705, applied for post-horses at Bourg-la-Reine, he was suddenly apprehended, and carried to the Bastille. Some reported that he

was going to the Cevennes, to assume the command of the rebels there; others asserted, that he had been sent thither by higher powers. Notwithstanding all the pains I took to accomplish the liberation of this modern Hercules, I heard nothing more of him but the following account, given me by a friend subsequently liberated through my means: that his extraordinary bodily powers had greatly declined, owing to hunger and confinement, and that he was sick from vexation: so that in all probability he fell a victim to the cruel policy of those times.

Molain was not tall, but very strongly built and broad-shouldered: his hands, arms, and legs were particularly large and strong.

When he stood firmly upon his legs, it was impossible for any man to stir him from the spot: the iron bars before his window he would bend and straighten again, and yet they were as thick as a man's wrist. With two heavy men in his arms he would dance and leap about as if they weighed nothing, and he nevertheless declared, that hunger and grief had then robbed him of half his strength.

Such is the account of this extraordinary man published by M. de Renneville, who would assuredly have been contradicted by his fellow-prisoners, many of whom witnessed these facts, and afterwards regained their liberty, had that writer deviated from the truth.

CORNELIA :

A Tale, from the Spanish of CERVANTES.

(Concluded from p. 293.)

THEY then called Sulpicia, formerly Cornelia's servant, who was much alarmed at seeing Bentivoglio. They pointed out to her Don Juan as the person whom she had mistaken for Fabio, and whether from terror or joy, as she confirmed every particular of that interview, she wept abundantly.—“Come, come,” said the duke, “dry your tears, Sulpicia: this is a moment of too great happiness for us all to admit of grief. Let us hasten,” continued he, addressing Bentivoglio and the two Spaniards, “to seek Cornelia; let us fly to dispel her fears, and to assure ourselves that our happiness is not a dream.” Don Antonio perceiving that this

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suggestion was about to be immediately followed, resolved to push forward, and announce to Cornelia all that had occurred, fearing lest the surprise should be attended with ill consequences. He therefore hastened on, after having taken leave of the duke, who approved his precaution, but in vain, Cornelia was no longer in Bologna. Don Antonio was extremely surprised at this unexpected intelligence: in vain he questioned his servants, they could give him no information; all they knew was, that their hostess had disappeared at the same time: in reality, her measures had been so well taken, that no traces of their flight could

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be discovered. The consternation of our young Spaniard may be easily imagined: besides that Don Juan and himself might be suspected to be impostors, the duke and Bentivoglio might at least form suspicions dishonourable alike to them and Cornelia. They were at any rate exposed to the resentment of her lover and brother, powerful, proud, and revengeful, and might well fear lest they should cause them to be assassinated, if they were unable to produce Cornelia, after having acknowledged she had been in their power. Bewildered, agitated, and grieved, Antonio flung himself into a chair, and waited the arrival of the duke and his companions; they had entered the town unaccompanied, and the *better to avoid notice, had taken the most unfrequented streets.* Don Juan no sooner came into the room where Don Antonio was, than he demanded what had agitated him, and where Cornelia was. "I am in despair," replied he: "Cornelia is not here, the woman of the house is also gone away, and they departed so secretly the same day we left Ferrara, that not one of our servants has been enabled to trace them. At these words, Don Juan turned pale; the duke and Bentivoglio gazed on each other in silence. Just at this moment one of the servants approached Don Antonio, and whispered in his ear, that another, Saintestevan, had in his room a young and lovely woman; "and I think," added he, "her name is Cornelia; at least, I have heard him call her so." These words were like a thunderbolt to the bewildered Don Antonio, and completed his confusion. He dis-

sembled, however, as well as he could, and leaving the room, flew up stairs, but found Saintestevan's door locked. As he was anxious to unravel the mystery, he knocked loudly at the door, and called Cornelia. "Come, lady," said he, "and welcome your brother and the duke, who are waiting for you with impatience." He had scarcely finished, when a voice from within replied, "Whoever you are, Mr. Impertinence, your joke will not take; but, believe me, I am neither so old nor so ugly, but that dukes or counts might be glad to follow me." Don Antonio immediately perceived by the voice that it could not be Cornelia, and was about to return, when Saintestevan arrived, and was not a little surprised and embarrassed when his master demanded the key of his room. "Here it is, my lord," replied he, throwing himself at Don Antonio's feet: "pardon me this once, I own my fault; a sweetheart of mine has been in that room these three days, but if you will forgive me, I promise never to offend again."—"We shall see," replied Don Antonio, much exasperated: "but what is this woman's name?"—"Cornelia," replied Saintestevan. Whilst this was passing, the servant who had given the intelligence to Don Antonio maliciously explained to the duke and Bentivoglio his suspicions that Cornelia was concealed in a room above stairs, and at the moment of Saintestevan's reply, they both joined them, and imagining that Cornelia, from fear of discovery, and ignorant of all that had passed, had hidden herself, the duke burst into the room, and transported with

joy, demanded his beloved Cornelia. "She is here," replied a female, who advanced covered with a large black veil: "what a fuss is here about nothing!" Bentivoglio in a rage sprang forward, and tearing off the veil, discovered a very pretty girl, apparently more disconcerted than abashed at having been thus exposed. To their questions she replied, that her name was Cornelia; that she was descended of a good family, and had been reduced to her present disgraceful mode of life by poverty. The Duke of Ferrara knew not what to think of all this; his first idea was, that the Spaniards had intended to make game of him, but a moment shewed him his injustice: however, he left the room, followed by Bentivoglio, and both remounting their horses, departed, without speaking a word to Don Juan or Don Antonio. The mortification of the latter was great, and they saw but one course to pursue, which was, to use every exertion to discover the place of Cornelia's retreat. They felt their honour pledged to restore her, and that if they failed, disgrace might attach to their names for ever. In their consternation, they had totally forgotten to shew the duke any of the valuable jewels Cornelia had left with them, which would at least have convinced him of the truth of their story, which they could not but feel he had cause to doubt; but it was not yet too late to repair their omission, and they immediately hastened to Bentivoglio's palace, in hopes of finding the duke; but he had already set out for Ferrara. They mentioned the circumstance of the jewels to

Bentivoglio, and expressing their sorrow for the flight of his sister, requested his interference with the duke. "The duke," replied he, "is so convinced of your honour, and so satisfied with your statement, that my interference is needless. You are fully justified in his mind, and he agrees with me in thinking, that Cornelia, not considering herself safe with strangers, has taken advantage of your absence to place herself under protection, where she may be less exposed to danger, or at least to suspicion. Trust me, we shall soon discover her; she has probably taken refuge in a convent, and will shortly inform us of the place of her abode: since the duke is faithful, I have no doubt of a happy issue to our troubles."

The Duke of Ferrara was in much greater perplexity than Bentivoglio. He had left Bologna without actually knowing whither he should go, and feeling convinced that at Ferrara he could not hope to find Cornelia. Nevertheless he almost instinctively pursued his way to that city, and guided by his good fortune, chanced to stop at the village to which Cornelia had bent her flight. The ecclesiastic who had received her into his house was rich, and a man of wit and knowledge, and a great collector of rare and curious articles, and as he moreover resided in a country abounding with game, he was well known to the duke, who often visited him. The latter no sooner perceived where he was, than he went straight to the house of Ferdinand, which was the name of the ecclesiastic. The good man was not so much surprised at this

unexpected visit, as at the grief which was visible in the countenance of his illustrious guest, and concluded that some great misfortune must have happened to have occasioned so complete a metamorphosis. Cornelia was soon informed of the duke's arrival, which, though welcome, perplexed her. By what chance, thought she, can the duke have come here, and with what design: thus agitating herself about what should only have caused her joy, because she knew not whether she ought to hope or fear from it. She longed for an interview with Ferdinand; but the duke dismissing all his attendants excepting Fabio, informed him, he should stay that day at his house, as he had something of importance on his mind, and wished for his advice. The worthy old man, however, found means to see Cornelia for a moment, and bidding her trust in Heaven, which seemed to be working in her favour, directed her to dress her child in its richest clothes and ornaments, particularly the jewels which had been presented to her by the duke, and to leave the rest to his management.

Cornelia gratefully thanking him for his kindness, and perhaps partly guessing his intentions, hastened to obey him. The ecclesiastic, returning to the duke, took an op-

portunity of inquiring the cause of the melancholy in which he was plunged. The duke acknowledged his unhappiness, but could not resolve to discover the cause. "I do not wish for the disclosure," said Ferdinand, "but I have a curiosity to shew you, something quite unique." Saying this, he brought in the child, and presented it to the duke, who, bewildered with doubts on recognising the jewels, and perceiving by Ferdinand's manner that more was implied than expressed, rushed past him, and in a moment was in the presence of his beloved Cornelia. All was explained, and the arrival of Bentivoglio and the two Spaniards completed the joyful assembly.

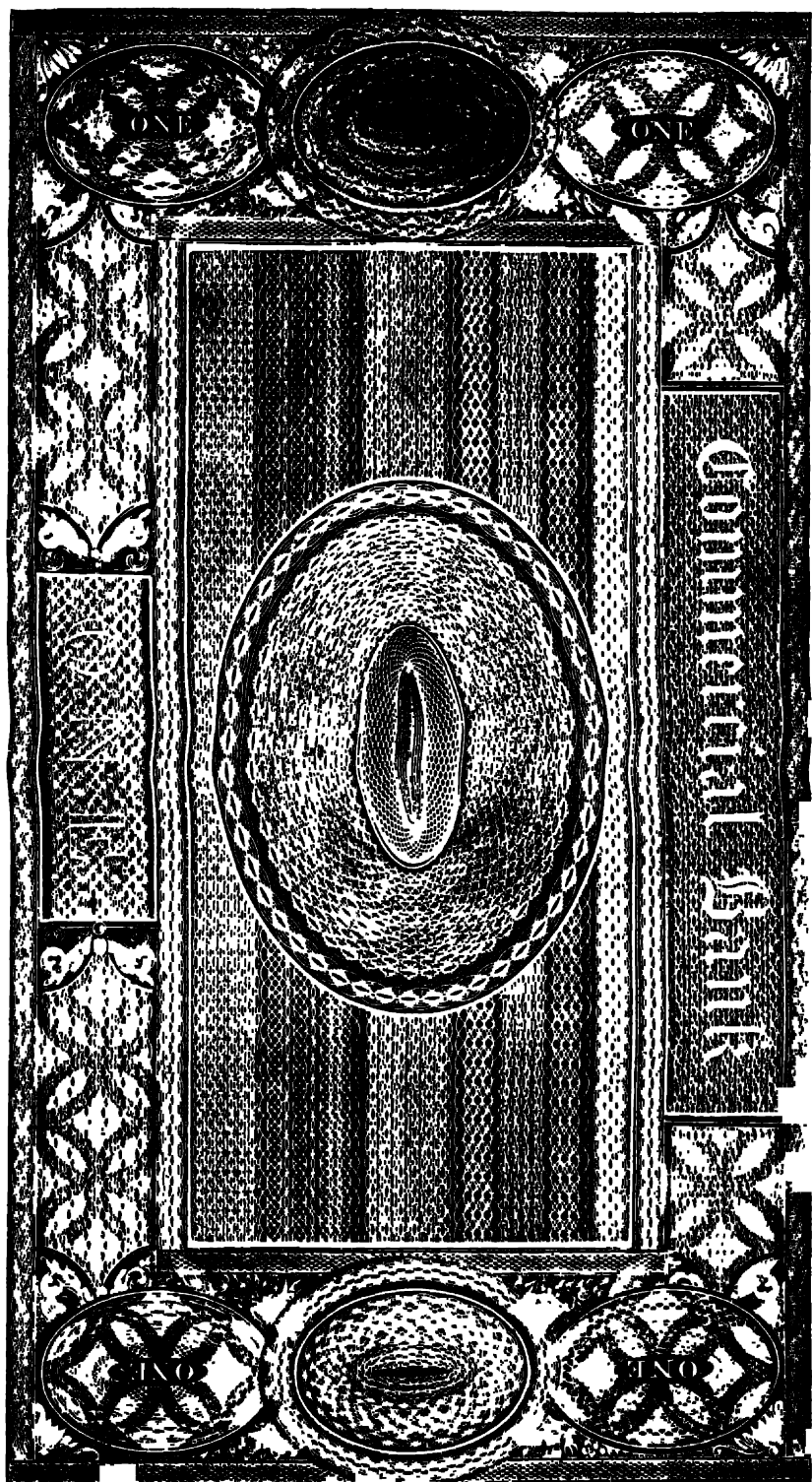
The same day the worthy Ferdinand had the happiness of uniting the duke to his adored mistress, and the death of the old duchess, which happened shortly afterwards, removed the only obstacle to the public acknowledgment of the young bride as Duchess of Ferrara. Our young Spaniards left Italy loaded with magnificent presents, and bearing with them the gratitude of the illustrious couple, who had been indebted to their gallantry and honour for that felicity which they long enjoyed.

PL. 37 & 38.—ON SIR W. CONGREVE'S BANK-NOTE STAMPS.
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

A VERY unfounded claim having been preferred in the last Monthly Magazine, by Mr. Bewick of Newcastle, to the invention of the coloured stamps and other work for the protection of bank-notes,

which I have had the honour to execute, under the patronage of Sir Wm. Congreve; and Messrs. Perkins and Co. or some friend of theirs, having thought fit to republish in one of the weekly papers a garbled extract of Mr. Bewick's article, for

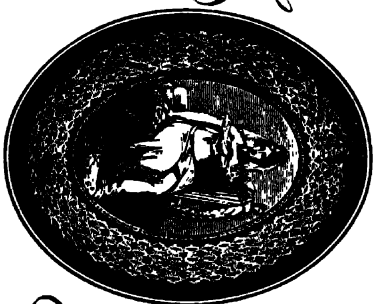


One.

Commercial Bank

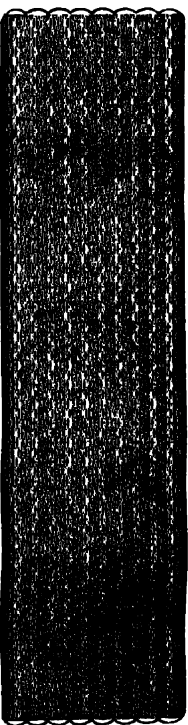
One.

I promise
on Demand **PAY**
Me £⁷⁵



to pay the Bearer
PAY here or at
Messrs. Barclay's London

THE BANK



the purpose of *sounding their own praises*, I feel myself called upon to reply to both these parties conjointly through the same channel; and as the origin of Mr. Bewick's claim seems to have been the publication of the specimens of my work in the coloured printing of the compound plate, which appeared in your *Repository of Arts* for the month of March, I have to request that you will insert in your next Number the annexed copy of my reply; together with certain other specimens, which are alluded to in that reply, and which I have now brought forward in performance of the pledge there given, to shew Messrs. Perkins and the public, that there is no part of the most intricate and difficult figures (for so I readily allow them to be) which they can print in *one* colour, that I cannot produce and print in *two* or *more* colours, with consequently enhanced value as to their security, and yet for at least two hundred per cent. less expense to the banker than the American notes. Not that it is my intention to confine myself to the American patterns; but after the repeated and unhandsome attacks which have been made upon me, I am compelled, by the production of their own patterns, either in one or more colours, thus to demonstrate, that I possess the power of giving *at least* as much security against forgery as they do, and on terms *far more advantageous* to the public. These points, however, will be more fully explained in the sequel, and by reference to the annexed specimens. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

R. BRANSTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,

As the artist who has had the honour to be employed by Sir William Congreve in executing the compound plates of his invention, for the perfection of printing in colours, with a view to the prevention of forgery, I feel called upon to notice an article which appeared in your paper of the 4th May, and trust to your impartiality for the insertion of this communication.

I am not induced to this by the attack made upon Sir William Congreve, illiberal as it is, for he stands far above all imputation of plagiarism; my object is, to vindicate a plan, to which, under the patronage of that gentleman, I have now devoted upwards of three years of constant application, from the imputation of easy imitation thus cast upon my work by the jealousy of a rival artist. I am anxious also to undeceive a very worthy man, Mr. Bewick of Newcastle, whose words have been very unfairly quoted and garbled by Mr. Perkins, but who, when these pages meet his eye, will, I am convinced, find himself completely mistaken, in supposing that Sir William Congreve's invention (for so I will call it, having witnessed its progress,) is in any way borrowed from him.

Sir William Congreve's plan is an engraving on a double or treble brass plate, curiously united in filigree work, to print in two or more colours at one single impression. Mr. Bewick states the security of his own plan to consist

in borders to bank-notes printed from wood-cuts or blocks, and doubtless *only in one colour*, or Mr. Bewick would of course have specified this, which is so distinguishing and important a feature in the plan. These compound plates were *first* employed at the Excise-Office, for the protection of the new duty then just laid upon paper; and were *subsequently* adopted at the Stamp-Office, for the better security of the stamp-duties; and collaterally in its application to country bank-notes, as giving a gratuitous security against forgery. I repeat, however, that the first application of Sir William Congreve's invention was not to the stamping of country bank-notes; but even if it had been, the merit of it would not have consisted in the mere substitution of a printed stamp for a blank stamp, but in the peculiarity of the stamp itself, thus introduced by the compound plate, as in fact half the stamps used in the Stamp-Office were printed stamps from their beginning: nor will it, I am confident, be long ere the peculiar value of this coloured stamp will be duly appreciated by the public, whatever doubts may have been attempted to be thrown upon it, as I have already observed, by the jealousy of rival artists; and, indeed, the very forgery of it that has lately been attempted is the best proof of its value, the colour having been so badly introduced in the imitation, that detection was certain and immediate.

Neither is the claim which Mr. Bewick has preferred in the Monthly Magazine less in its favour, since he would hardly claim that which he did not approve. We find

him accordingly bestowing the highest praise upon the specimens that were published in the *Repository of Arts*, though Mr. Perkins has thought fit to suppress this approbation in his garbled quotations.

Mr. Bewick is indeed too good an artist, and too candid a man, after taking credit for the security of surface-printing in one colour, which was his own proposition, not to admit it when combined with the additional difficulties arising from the perfect register of colour in the compound plate, which is the essence of Sir W. Congreve's plan. And we will now see whether Mr. Perkins, if he has any pretensions to either of these characters, can resist this same sort of admission. I pledge myself therefore in the next or the following *Repository of Arts*, to produce, in the most perfect register of colours, a variety of the most complicated of Mr. Perkins's engine-work patterns, on the security of which he so much insists, and without which indeed he will allow no security to any other plan; and I will then ask him, as a final settlement of the account of comparative security between us, whether, if these patterns are so super-excellent in mere black and white, they are not still better in different colours? that is, whether, if the forger finds so great a difficulty in producing them in one colour, he will not find them still more difficult to imitate in two? He cannot deny so self-evident a proposition. No man can so completely stultify himself as to deny it. Mr. Perkins may rely upon it, this is no empty boast: the thing is done, Sir William Congreve, urged by the continued and unhandsome at-

tacks made upon him, having lately extended the powers of the instrument which I employ, for the purpose of bringing the question to this issue. It is not that the engine now in my possession will not produce a variety of patterns, differing from those of the Americans, quite as difficult as theirs, or even still more so; but that, by thus using their own patterns on the present occasion, these gentlemen are left in a dilemma from which they cannot extricate themselves.

They have indeed denied that any one possessed the secret of producing these figures but themselves; it is even said that they offered a reward of a thousand pounds to any one who could do it: I might therefore fairly enough claim this reward, but I do not wish to be too hard upon them.

One circumstance more, however, I must add, that the public have yet to be told, that, by the compound plate, they may have this so greatly enhanced security at least two hundred per cent. ||

cheaper than Mr. Perkins can give it to them; and I am accordingly prepared to produce these notes, with every variety of pattern that has ever been seen, and with many still more intricate figures that have never been seen, for two guineas per thousand, the best bank-note paper included, and without any charge for plates; so that the country bankers may be able to afford continually to renew their notes, and thus obtain, in all respects, a better security at a much cheaper rate. R. BRANSTON.

P. S. Messrs. Perkins and Co. may possibly think fit to deny that they are the authors of the article to which this replies. All that I can say to this is, that if it be not actually written by them, the veil is so thin, that it is quite impossible not to perceive at whose instigation it has been written; and I should therefore recommend them, in future to employ some more skilful friend than they have done on several occasions of late. I am, sir, your obedient servant, R. B.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE revolving year, among the most delightful varieties of its gayest season, introduces us to the new Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and Somerset - House becomes for the time the most fascinating and agreeable lounge in the metropolis. We are here surrounded, as Sir Joshua Reynolds said, with an atmosphere of floating knowledge, where every mind may imbibe somewhat congenial

to its own original conceptions. Knowledge thus obtained has always something more popular and useful than that which is forced upon the mind by private precepts, or solitary meditation. The chambers of the Royal Academy are the only ones we know of in which, notwithstanding the bustle and variety of a crowd, we are constantly surrounded by objects of delight and instruction; the living beauty

of nature, and the reflected beauty of the artist, form here an endless source of enjoyment, and dull indeed must be that being who from such a scene can pass "unheededly away."

The present is the fifty-fourth Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and it contains upwards of *one thousand* works by our artists. Notwithstanding the distraction occasioned by such a number, and the shifting of colours upon the eye, as produced upon the vision by a kaleidoscope, when we enter the principal room of the Exhibition; still (thanks to the talents of our artists) there are always found standard works, which soon fix the eye, and gradually accommodate the attention to a detail of the merits constituting the claim of our artists to public patronage.

This year's Exhibition is strikingly good; it affords a greater variety of subject; there are rather fewer portraits than usual, and these few chiefly of a superior kind; and with these general attractions, it has (what our Exhibitions are seldom without) one or two very extraordinary pictures. Perhaps it is owing to the multiplicity of objects to which the artists who hang the pictures have to direct their attention, and the efforts to give general satisfaction in placing the principal pictures, which they are from so many quarters called upon to make, that the arrangement of the lower pictures is comparatively overlooked; and among them we often find, as on the present occasion, many very well-pleasing and well-finished pictures, which are necessarily hidden from the view by the crowds at

Somerset-House. Some of Leslie's, Etty's, and Landseer's, are passed by, except by the few who promenade next the wall, in consequence of this arrangement.

The President, Sir Thomas Lawrence, stands as usual at the head of the portrait-painters. The following are his principal works:

Portrait of his Majesty, for the Royal Palace, Windsor.

Portrait of H. R. II. the Duke of York.

Portrait of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington.

Portrait of Count Michael Woronzow.

Portrait of his Grace the Duke of Bedford.

The portraits of ladies are, *the Countess of Blessington* and *Mrs. Littleton.*

The full-length portrait of his Majesty is a noble picture. The king is attired in his full robes of state, the magnificent and flowing drapery of which gave the President a fine opportunity of displaying the splendour and delicacy which he combines and harmonizes in his colouring. The attitude is noble and commanding, and conveys a just delineation of the dignity of the illustrious original. The expression of the features is full of majesty, without, however, the slightest tendency to the solemn and severe cast which is too often infused into the representation of such a character; the artist has, on the contrary, faithfully preserved the condescending ease and graceful affability which distinguish the air and mien of the king.

The portrait of the Duke of York is a capital one. His Royal

Highness is in plain clothes; the likeness is the happiest we ever saw, and the tone of colouring admirable: nothing can exceed the high finish of this portrait. The same observation applies to the portrait of the Duke of Wellington; it is decidedly the best likeness we have seen of his Grace. The artist has caught a peculiar character of expression, particularly about the mouth, which marks the features of the duke, and which has hitherto baffled the numerous artists who have studied the original, even the President himself, who has often painted portraits of the Duke of Wellington. On the present occasion, he has caught, at a moment peculiarly happy, the energy and animation which at times (and those only of great intellectual excitement) beam in the expressive countenance of the warrior: the eyes are marvelously fine. The drawing and execution of this portrait cannot be surpassed. The Duke of Bedford's and Count Woronzow's portraits are also excellent. The ladies are indebted to Sir Thomas Lawrence for preserving the expression of those features, which, unfortunately for poor mortality, time must deface in the originals at some period, we hope very distant. The portrait of Mrs. Littleton (which is a capital likeness) is beautiful; the eyes are bright and interesting. A poet's dream could not furnish a more graceful and charming picture, and a painter's hand has rarely embodied a more poetic vision. The Countess of Blessington has received equal justice from the artist's pencil; her ladyship's portrait

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is full of playful delicacy, and soft and tender expression. We do not quarrel with the artist for being rather puzzled to select attitudes for such portraits, when there is so much life and beauty and animation; the calmness of repose would perhaps be too grave for the subject. To some, however, the attitudes would appear a little too fantastic, and somewhat theatrical: but it is in vain to cavil with such portraits as these.

Portraits of H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Alexandra Victoria.—Sir William Beechey, R.A.

This artist has several good portraits in this Exhibition. The above do him great credit. There is a calm dignity and gracefulness of manner in the attitude of the duchess, and a playful and innocent expression in the child, which are at once imposing and pleasing. The picture is very well painted. Sir Wm. Beechey has also a poetical subject from Prior—*Venus and Cupid*. Cupid having lost his arrows, &c. at dice with Ganymede, is reproved by Venus: it is finished with great delicacy.

Portrait of Sir B. Hobhouse, Bart.

—T. Phillips, R.A.

This is an excellent portrait. Mr. Phillips has also a *Portrait of Lady Anne Becket*—a good likeness of the mild and interesting original; and other *Portraits of General Sir C. Asgill, the Rev. Dr. Hodson*, and other family likenesses, which are very creditable to the fidelity of his pencil.

Portrait of T. S. Rice, Esq. M. P. painted for the Chamber of Commerce, Limerick.—M. A. Shee, R.A. 3 A

Mr. Shee in this, and several other portraits, maintains his just reputation in this department of his art. His likenesses (particularly that of Mr. Rice) are excellent, and remarkable for a distinctive expression of real character.

Mr. Jackson, Mr. Oliver, Mr. Drummond, Mr. Joseph, Mr. Raeburn, and other academicians, have been also very successfully employed in portrait-painting this year. Mr. Lonsdale, Mr. Thompson, and other artists, likewise deserve praise for their labours in this branch of art. The portraits are not so numerous as they were last year, a circumstance which we hope has not failed to give satisfaction to our friend Mr. Fuseli.

The principal attraction in the Exhibition appears to be Mr. Wilkie's picture. A railing preserves it from the rude contact of the crowd, which, supplied by successive numbers, is always in front of the picture. The description of the picture is essential. It represents Chelsea pensioners receiving the London Gazette, announcing the battle of Waterloo. An assemblage of pensioners and soldiers are in front of the Duke of York public-house at Chelsea. The light-horseman on the left has just arrived with the Gazette, and is relating further particulars to his comrades, among whom is a Glengary Highlander, who served with General Graham at Barossa. The Gazette is in the hands of an old pensioner, a survivor of the Seven Years' war, who was at the taking of Quebec with General Wolfe, and is now reading aloud to his companions the details of the victory of Waterloo. Opposite

to him is a Black, one of the band of the first regiment of foot-guards, who was in France during the Revolution, was present at the death of Louis XVI. and was afterwards servant to General Moreau, in his campaigns in Germany during the revolutionary war. Next to the Black, in a foraging dress, is an Irish light-horseman, explaining the news to an old pensioner, who was with General Elliot during the siege of Gibraltar; and behind the Black's head, is a soldier who served with the old Marquis of Granby. Farther to the right is a corporal of the Oxford Blues, who was at the battle of Vittoria; and at his feet is a black dog, known by the name of "Old Duke," who followed that regiment all over the Peninsula.

In whatever light we consider the arrangement of these complicated details, or in whatever light we behold this picture, we must pronounce it to be one of the finest works that ever adorned an exhibition. Its pretensions we may be told are not historic; but if relating an historical fact constitutes the essence of an historical picture, this certainly must be considered one. But again, its dimensions are small, and the figures taken from common life: we have seen a great deal of canvas filled with the *material* of battle; we have seen paintings of the Duke of Wellington and staff, squadrons of life-guards, dead horses, dismounted cannon, Congreve rockets, tumbrils and drums, all strewed about to represent the battle of Waterloo, but compared with this scene in Chelsea, we should not call any of them historical. It has been

said, that this is an age of efforts, not of works. Let those who think so look into the laborious workmanship of this picture, and the depth of thinking which it discloses. Is there any Dutch picture (select from the best of them) with more truth of imitation? And can any school in the universe present more expression of character? Although the figures are all from ordinary life, there is not a tendency to vulgarity in one of them, and in some of them there is much real native grace and beauty. It is, on the whole, a very complete picture. The man reading the dispatch, and the group immediately about him, cannot be surpassed. The detail of individual character, the agitating contrasts and varieties throughout the picture, reflect the highest credit upon the artist. The very landscape is beautiful, and the tints and demi-tints produce the happiest effects. We think the most captious taste must be satisfied with this picture.

Smugglers alarmed by an unexpected change from hazy weather while landing their Cargo.—A. W. Callcott, R. A.

This is a more bustling subject than usual, highly picturesque and finished; the effect broad and bright, perhaps too bright: the admission of a little more colour would have removed the too striking appearance of whiteness. The groups are admirably disposed, and the retiring coast amazingly grand and wild. It is perhaps impossible to represent the clearing up from a mist, and therefore that whiteness to which we have alluded. This picture is one of the complete productions which are calculated

to stamp the value of a national exhibition.

What you will?—J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

“What you will?” Mr. Turner asks us in this picture, and our reply to the artist is, we should rather have your own, for truth, nature, taste, and colour, than such a whimsical attempt at Watteau, as this picture is. Mr. Turner is a man of too much original power, and capable of producing a corresponding effect, to be indulged in this species of painting.

Ariel released by Prospero.—H. Howard, R. A.

“It was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made
gape

The pine, and let thee out.”

Caliban teased by the Spirits of Prospero.—The same.

“For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometimes like apes that mow and chatter at
me,

And after 'bite me; then like hedgehogs,
which

Lie tumbling in my barefoot way.”

These two pictures, from Shakespeare's *Tempest*, are highly poetical and original. Had they more of the blandishments of colour, and somewhat a lighter execution, they would be the most praiseworthy efforts of the English school. They are not, however, without much of the fascination of poetry. Mr. Howard has other works in the Exhibition which are well entitled to notice.

Miranda's first Sight of Ferdinand.
—H. Thomson, R. A.

Fer. Where should this music be, i'th' air
or the earth?

—I hear it now above me.

Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye
advance,

And say what thou seest yond!

Mir. What is't? A spirit.

Mr. Thomson has also resorted to the *Tempest* for a subject, and produced a good deal of poetical effect in his picture; but the execution did not appear to us as good as this artist is in the habit of giving.

Bayham Abbey, a Seat of the Marquis Camden, during the celebration of a Fête given upon the coming of age of Lord Brecknock.—W. Collins, R. A.

This artist has several pictures this year. The Scene near Chichester and the Devonshire Views are very beautiful; that of Bayham Abbey is perhaps the best coloured of any. Mr. Collins's landscapes are always pleasing; they always partake of the best chosen natural effects. Could we presume to direct an artist of his merit, we should say, that he must avoid falling into a mannered style of foliage, and give a better proportion between his trees and figures.

Hampstead Heath.—J. Constable, A.

Mr. Constable has several very pleasing views: they possess great truth and simplicity. There is little variety in this artist's scenery: his pictures are nevertheless remarkable for a pleasing effect; they are the transcripts of some favourite spot, which mostly happens to be familiar with the public.

The Princess Bridget Plantagenet, fourth Daughter of King Edward IV. who, when very young, was consigned to the care of the Abbess of the Monastery of Dartford, where she afterwards became a Nun, and there spending her life in devotion and contemplation, was buried in that convent, in the year 1517.

—J. Northcote, R. A.

The Burial of Christ.—The same.

Mr. Northcote's historic pencil still glows in the decline of years, and the discouragement of the world for that branch of art does not stifle in the individual the desire to leave behind him some record of his superiority over the common pursuits and feelings of the day. The first picture we confess did not appear to us very attractive, but we beheld the other (*the Entombment*) with very different sensations: in it, age seems to have invigorated the artist's powers, and he has given us a work quite unlike a modern picture. Like a magician, he calls up the shades of the old masters, and produces a grand and solemn work: its impressive chiaro-scuro and tone are full of energy and pathos.

The Boa Serpent seizing a Horse.—*Portrait of Adonis, the favourite Charger of his late Majesty: a Study for a large Picture.*—J. Ward, R. A.

Besides this picture, Mr. Ward has several portraits of favourite horses belonging to the principal noblemen and gentlemen in the sporting world: they are most beautiful in their kind, and for anatomy, life, vigour, and colouring, cannot be surpassed. The style of finishing is exquisite.

The Convalescent.—W. Mulready, R. A.

This picture looks hard and unfinished; but the sentiment of the figures is extremely pretty, and the action of the boys is good. In many parts of it is a pleasing example of Mr. Mulready's powers. *Cupid and Psyche.*—R. Westall, R. A.

This is an experiment in what

might be termed the new Venetian school, but the old is better. This picture, though too warm in its colouring, is not without some good poetical effect.

A Recruiting Party.—The Funeral Procession of Wm. Canynge to Rudcliffe Church, Bristol, in the reign of Edward IV. 1474.—E. V. Ripplingille.

The latter of these pictures represents a monkish funeral procession, and in the fore-ground, the artist has protruded, singularly enough (though we know he can plead precedents for such odd anachronisms) portraits of those whom he calls "Bristol worthies:" poor Chatterton of course is among them; Colston, Bird, and Southey also; and last, not least, Sebastian Cabot, with his dog. The execution of this picture is really fine; the artist's pencil has quite a peculiar touch, and like his preceptor, the late Mr. Bird, succeeds always well in the pathetic. In the recruiting picture, the representation of the parents of the young man who has enlisted is exquisite; but a little more pains would remedy a drizziness of colour which mars the effect in this artist's pictures.

View of the Market and Fountain of the Innocents, Paris—J. J. Chalon, is an excellent picture, and full of sun-light. Independent of the technical merit of the picture in point of execution, it is full of French humour and vivacity.

The Rivals.—C. R. Leslie, A.

This picture is also remarkable for point and humour: it has the additional merit of great delicacy of execution. The swarthy and cumbrous rival endeavouring to

pick up the lady's fan, is a very ludicrous object in the school of love: The lady herself is very sweet, and the contrast of graceful importunities and jealousy in the two rivals, is admirable.

Mr. Stothard displays as usual a rich imagination in his works; Mr. Daniell has some pleasing Oriental scenery; Mr. Cooper has some inimitable battle pieces; and Etty, Stephanoff, Fradelle, and other colourists, are this year very successful.

Lady Long stands as usual at the head of the honorary contributors: there is an exquisite Parisian view by her ladyship; it is full of character and delicacy of execution.

Mr. W. Ross, Mr. Cregan, Mr. Vincent, Mr. Leahy, and several other students, are this year successful.

The architectural drawings are as usual fine, and convey an infinite variety of subject.

The miniatures are beautiful. Mrs. Mee has two or three very pretty miniatures, remarkable for a delicacy of touch, and sprightliness of female character. Mr. Watts has a finely executed miniature of Mr. Gifford, the distinguished literary character. It is a capital likeness; the peculiar conformation of the head is very singular.

The enamels surpass any description which words can convey. Mr. Bone's are unique. Those from Titian, Poussin, and Vandyke, are the finest and most perfect productions we have ever seen in this arduous, and we may add, perilous branch of art. Mr. Muss has also a good enamel.

Our principal sculptors have fur-

nished the Model Academy with its attractions.

Satan overcome by St. Michael: a Group.—J. Flaxman, R. A.

A noble group, exceedingly grand, and full of energy. The angel is almost supernatural.

The Houseless Traveller: a Group in Marble, intended to illustrate the benevolence of a Lady whose house was an asylum to necessitous Travellers.—R. Westmacott, R. A.

The story is that of a distressed mother with her infant, who, in place of the accustomed hospitality she had sought, finds the tomb of her benefactress. The figure of the distressed female is particularly interesting and touching. The con-

traction of the figure so resembles the expression of a sigh or a sob, as to convey forcibly the natural feeling of distress. The statue of Psyche is also beautiful.

Bust of his Majesty.—F. Chantrey, R. A.

This is the finest bust in the Academy. The likeness is excellent, and the air of the head full of majesty and grace.

Mr. Rossi, Mr. Bailey, and several other sculptors grace this Exhibition with their works; but we lament that the pressure of time and space compels us to overlook many pictures, drawings, and models, which would otherwise command that detailed notice to which their merits entitle them.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE British Institution has just opened with a capital collection of the works of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch schools; but we can only this month take a bird's-eye view of these pictures. The directors deserve the highest credit for the pains which they must have devoted to the formation of so excellent an Exhibition; and no less praise is due to the illustrious and distinguished personages who have contributed to place in the British Gallery these splendid records of the glories of art in the brightest era of its history. It is due to the liberality of the owners of the principal pictures to mention, that they have been sent to the British Institution by his Majesty, H. R. H. the Duke of York, the Duke of Wellington, the Duchess of Dorset, Marquises of Stafford, Bute, and Lansdowne; the

Earls of Coventry, Darnley, Howe, Carlisle, Ashburnham, Mulgrave, Egremont, Derby, and Grosvenor; Lords Eardley, Radstock, Holland, and Yarmouth; Sirs H. Wellesley, R. Peel, J. Murray, W. Wynn, Claude Scott, S. Clarke, A. Hume, M. W. Ridley, and T. Neave; Mr. Watson Taylor, Mr. Miles, Mr. Hanbury Tracy, Mr. Cholmondeley, Mr. Wells, Mr. Townley, Mr. Baring, and a number of other distinguished patrons of art.

The painters are, Rembrandt (some of his best), Titian, Rubens, Correggio, the Poussins, Guercino, Holbein, Maes, Sebastiano del Piombo, Teniers, Salvator Rosa, Tintoretto, Guido, Hobbima, Ostade, Carlo Dolci, Dominichino, Parmegiano, Cuyp, Ruysdael, Vandyke, Velasquez, Wouvermans, du Jardin, Schalken, P. Potter, Van-

develde, Claude, Murillo, Guercino, Salvator Rosa, and a number of others. Amongst the beauties of this collection, are here and there Gothic pictures, which, if they do not relieve the eye, at least enable it to pass with renewed delight to the splendid objects which

adorn the walls of the British Gallery.

We shall return to this collection in detail in our next; but we could not refrain from taking this early opportunity of declaring our gratification at so capital an Exhibition.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

IN our last Number we briefly noticed the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, at the Egyptian Hall, which had just then opened, and expressed a hope that we should have this month an opportunity of dwelling upon it more in detail; a gratification which, however, we can but imperfectly enjoy, owing to the press of matter which has since accumulated upon us for this Number.

We have already expressed the advantages which this society, as well as their peculiar department in the arts, cannot fail to derive from confining their annual Exhibitions to Water Colours: that determination, though so lately acted upon, is in strict accordance with the intentions avowed by the founders of the society. Their original object was to promote a branch of their art which is strictly national, which was invented in England above half a century ago, and has since been brought, by the skill and industry of individuals, to its present high state of perfection. Who can trace the progressive advance of painting in water colours among us, from the time of Paul Sandby to the present day, without feeling admiration for the artists who have gradually produced

it, and wishing them to stand as a body peculiarly entitled to public patronage?

This is the eighteenth Exhibition of the Society in Water Colours, and it is of a very pleasing character: it possesses a great variety of subjects, some charming landscapes, a few poetical subjects of merit, some excellent architectural views, and in the foreign scenery, much local character is introduced, if not with novelty, at least with truth, and mostly with good effect; and we must again premise, that if in our hasty glance we omit the names of meritorious individuals, it is not because we are insensible to their merits; time and space controul us—"necessity, not our will, consents."

Mr. Robson's name opens the catalogue; he has seventeen or eighteen pictures, many of them extremely beautiful. They are views of Edinburgh, Norwich, York, Ely, Welch scenery, lakes, some local views, Waterloo Bridge, &c. Where so much excellence prevails, we do not mean to make particular selections; but we cannot withhold our gratification from the *View of York*. There is a degree of grandeur in the composition which is productive of very fine effect; the rich though subdued tone

of the setting sun, the lofty architectural objects which shoot up their Gothic pyramids, and cast a few streaky shadows over the scene, give a deep and solemn interest to the view. The *Waterloo Bridge* is ~~also~~ very pleasing; and Mr. Robson's mountain scenery is admirably composed: there is a sweeping grandeur, a quietness and repose in these landscapes, and a powerful effect produced by the execution, which cannot be too highly praised. The *Pont Aberglaslyn* improves upon our view; we thought it excellent at the first view, but it imparts additional pleasure on a closer examination, from the effect of truth and nature which pervades the picture. The sky is particularly well painted.

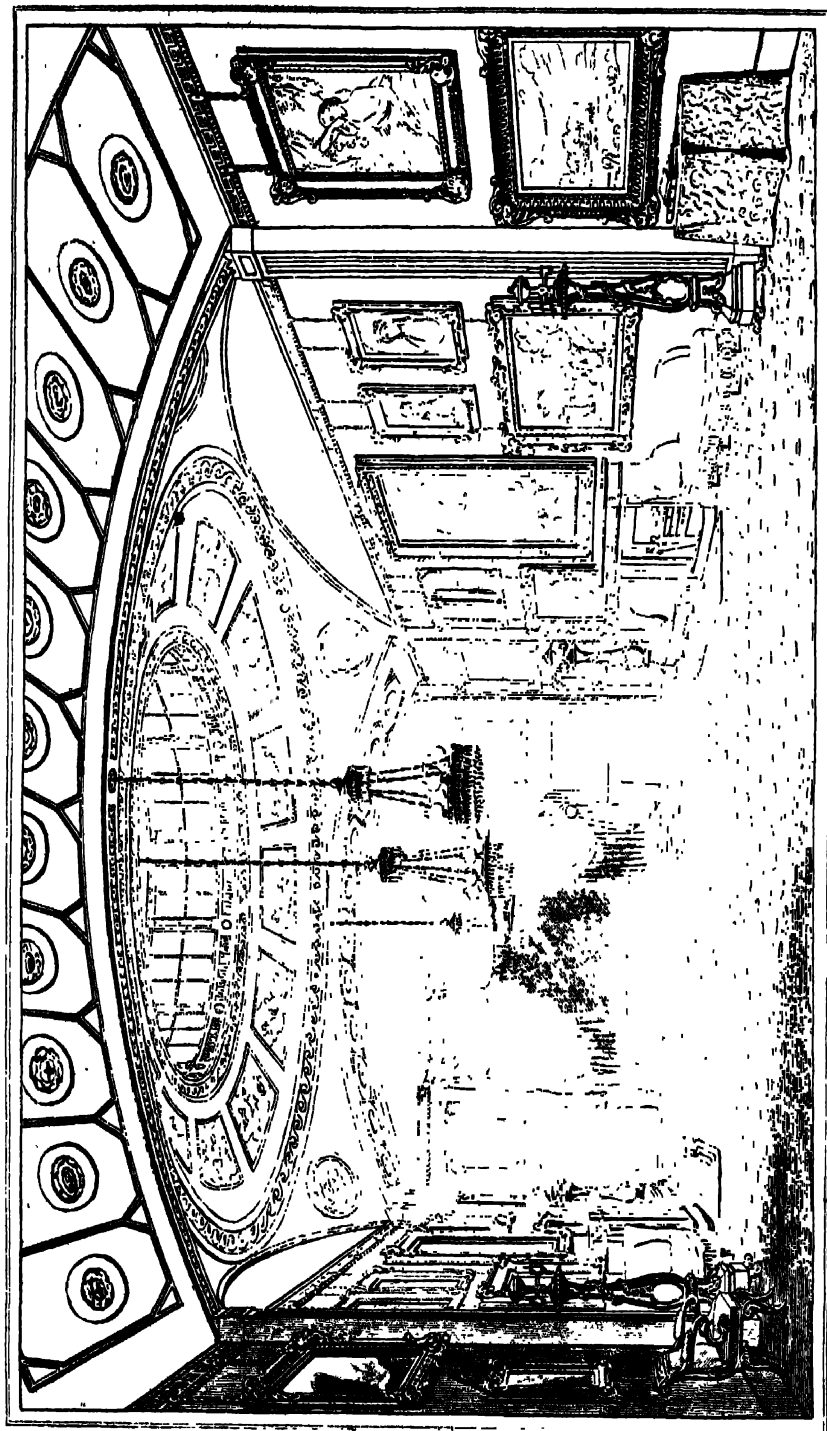
Mr. Copley Fielding has been uncommonly industrious, and has contributed between thirty and forty pictures. The *Sunrise* has a good deal of merit. The *Scene in North Wales* is well finished. 'The *Fall of the Oltschibach*, near Meyringen, Switzerland, is excellent: the spray might have been somewhat more foaming, from the precipitous nature of the fall. The picture of the *Sands at Low Water near Park-Gate, Cheshire*, has some grandeur of effect. These are Mr. Fielding's principal productions.

Mr. Proffitt exhibits sixteen pictures, all of which denote a considerable improvement in this artist's style of finishing. He seems peculiarly happy in the manner in which he introduces the grouping, which gives life and bustle to his subjects: the figures are all in character; there is the same fidelity of expression of the Dutch masters, without that minute and la-

boured touching, which interposes with general freedom of effect. The boats returning from a wreck, the fishing-boats, the Indiaman ashore, are very well executed; but the views at Lahnstein, Metz, Strasbourg, and other parts of the Continent, are truly admirable. We have already said that the finishing is beautiful; the drawing, particularly of the architectural objects, is perfect in its kind, and the bustle of character is in the highest degree interesting. If a fault can be found with this artist, it is, that his drawings are sold at too low a price. He travels far for subjects, and stands alone in that walk. We understand all his drawings were sold the first day the Exhibition opened.

Mr. Barrett has contributed about a dozen pictures, which are very able delineations of natural effect. The *Sunset, Evening, Richmond Hill*, and different local views, are charming in their effect. The chaste and quiet feeling, the delicate and tasteful colouring, which these pictures display, render them well entitled to the praise which has been bestowed upon them by the frequenters of this Exhibition.

Mr. Mackenzie has selected the magnificent subject of his present Majesty's Coronation in Westminster Abbey, for a picture. The gorgeous splendour and dazzling richness of such a scene, required the pencil of Rubens to render the representation in any way worthy of the scene itself. Mr. Mackenzie has, however, given the subject great interest: the architecture of the Abbey is good, and the arrangement of the figures, and distribution of the different objects,



THE PICTURE GALLERY OF SIR JOHN LEICESTER, HART

carefully and distinctly preserved; on the whole, a most splendid drawing.

Mr. Wild has views of some English Cathedrals. We have already spoken of the merits of his French Cathedrals, now engraving: correct drawing, neatness, and precision of execution, and the most judicious selection of subjects, constitute the chief merit of this artist. Nothing can exceed the imposing solemnity of effect of the florid Gothic architecture in his French Cathedral Views.

Mr. Pugin has a good drawing of the gallery in Dr. Fisher's apartments at the Charter-House; it is very rich, and neatly finished.

Mr. Cox has some pleasing landscapes.

Mr. Cristall's landscapes are uncommonly attractive; they stand deservedly high for that happy combination of figure and pleasing scenery, which, when well intro-

duced, so forcibly recall to our minds the scenes we daily observe in nature.

Miss Byrne's little *fruit and flower* pictures are very agreeable copies from nature. This lady has preserved the rich and glowing tints of the objects of her study.

The other exhibitors are, Mr. Varley, Mr. Stephanoff, Mr. Smith, Mr. Turner (of Oxford), Mr. Harding, Mr. Gartineau, Mr. Finch, Mr. Moore, Mr. Scott, Mr. Cattermole, not forgetting Mrs. T. Fielding; and nothing but the pressure of the general articles for this month prevents our paying these respectable artists the tribute to which their works separately lay claim.

The Exhibition is, we repeat, most flattering to the Society in Water Colours, and we have no doubt they will continue to maintain the reputation which they have acquired.

PLATE 33.—SIR JOHN LEYCESTER'S GALLERY.

It has often been our pleasing task to refer to Sir John Leycester's Gallery of British Pictures, as justifying the opinions we have expressed in favour of the pretensions of our artists to the patronage and respect of our country. Sir John Leycester's patriotic example has been since very generally followed in the fashionable world, and there are at present few galleries without being adorned by some works of the best masters in the British school.

The distinguished patron of our native arts whom we have named, has, in addition to his fine collection of the works of Reynolds, Opie,

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Hoppner, West, Loutherbourn, Romney, and others of the old British school, as well as of many of the best pictures by our living masters, given liberal encouragement to students, by selecting from among their best productions, some which are well entitled to a place in a collection destined to commemorate the claims of British artists to the grateful remembrance of posterity.

Among the additions of able students to which we have alluded, Sir John Leycester has this year placed an interesting picture of the younger Landseer. There is some humour even in the title of the pic-

ture: it is called in the catalogue, *A Monkey dismissing impertinent Puppies*. Two young dogs have stily got at the monkey's fare, who is only caught winking for the moment, for the rescue is at hand; he pulls away one dog by a hearty squeeze of the tail, while he grasps for the ear of the other, and appears by the effort pretty well to have spoiled the appetite of both. The drawing of the animals is perfect nature: it is full of spirit and character. Another picture is Vincent's *View of London*, from the Surry side under Waterloo bridge: it is the best picture he has painted, and the sky strongly reminds us of Turner. These pictures reflect the

highest credit upon the artists, and the taste of the present owner, who has added them to his elegant collection.

Those who have had the gratification of visiting Sir John Leycester's Gallery need not be reminded of the elegant arrangement of the works, and those who have not can appreciate the elegance and taste which reign in the suite of apartments, from the annexed etching, after a drawing by Stephanoff.

Mr. Young has engraved a catalogue of etchings of the pictures in this gallery, which, like the Grosvenor etchings, are pleasing examples of his skill.

MR. WARD'S EXHIBITION.

MR. WARD, the royal academican, has just opened a gallery containing his works in Newman-street; it contains above one hundred pictures, the greater part in Mr. Ward's best style, and some entirely new, and disclosing additional claims of this artist to the highest rank in his profession. The works are chiefly animal pieces, and so happily introduced and embellished with appropriate scenery, that the admirers of nature cannot but feel highly gratified at a union of the objects which most ordinarily attract their attention.

The principal picture represents a *Group of Cattle* from local breeds, which are described in the catalogue: it is perfect nature in all its parts. The principal object is the bull, who looks around in conscious vigour, as if in the act of protecting the cow and calf standing near him in a feeblor position.

The timidity of the calf leaning towards the cow for support indicates its helpless character. The contrast between the air of formidable defiance of the bull, and the simple and almost tottering attitudes of the cow and calf, convey an expression of truth which is at once characteristic and forcible. Other animals are at pasturage near the spot, and distributed in an easy and natural manner, so as to heighten the effect, and fill up the expansive surface of the landscape, than which, we repeat, nothing can be better or more suitably composed and finished. It is a great effort of Mr. Ward's pencil, and will, we trust, secure for him (if possible) an increase of public attention and patronage.

The next is an unfinished picture—the *Deer-Stealer*. The deer is supposed to have been mortally wounded, but to have retained suf-



ficient strength to give the depredator a long and anxious chase, until at length it fell exhausted. The deer-stealer is in the act of securing his prey; he leads a rough but well-shaped pony to aid him in carrying off his booty. In the distance are the gamekeepers, unobserved by the depredator, ready to avail themselves of their own opportunity. This being an unfinished picture, we can only speak in general terms of its execution, which appears good. There is a great deal of character in the composition, and spirit and skill in the details.

There are also in Mr. Ward's gallery some very fine studies from nature, and sketches for large works. *The young Fawn, the Head of an Arabian, the North American Deer,* and a number of other pictures in the same class, are really beautiful.

The Newfoundland Dog and Wounded Lioness deserve also the highest praise.

Mr. Ward has arranged with these works, in his more ordinary style, a few historical productions; but with these the public are already familiar. *The Angel of Bethesda, the Saviour embracing his Cross,* a variety of heads from the Cartoons, and some interesting delineations of individual character, constitute the whole of this collection, which we recommend to the public attention. It is one of those Exhibitions which cannot fail to give general satisfaction; for all classes and ages are familiar with the majority of objects represented in it, and must be pleased with the delusion which the artist has succeeded in accomplishing in their delineation.

PLATE 34.—MONUMENT TO THE LATE KING.

WE this month present our readers with an etching of Mr. Wyatt's intended monument, to commemorate the reign of his late Majesty King GEORGE III. a reign endeared to the British empire by the firmness, dignity, and purity of the principles of the King.

The artist has represented his late Majesty standing erect in a triumphal car, drawn by four horses of exquisite beauty and vigour: the King bears the orb and sceptre. Under the feet of the horses lie prostrate the odious emblems of Discord and Vice; and around the chariot move in joyful acclamations figures of Fame, Victory, Wealth, Valour, &c. The base of the monument is intended to admit various

designs in basso-relievo, suitable to the subject.

The group, as a whole, is beautiful and interesting; it is also highly characteristic of the monumental object. No reign in British history required a more striking designation of all the attributes of public glory and private worth. The situation of the principal figure, from its elevation, is the great object of the artist's care, and he has accordingly given to it great dignity and a most commanding air. The horses are the next objects, and they are models of Grecian beauty from the finest source. They are drawn with all the anatomical perfection of the bronze Venetian horses, but from their

size and arrangement, in conjunction with the other grouping, they are calculated to produce a far nobler and more vigorous effect.

Mr. Wyatt has already attracted attention from his design for the Nelson monument at Liverpool, and his beautiful model for the late lamented Princess Charlotte's cenotaph: the late King's monument will we trust crown his success. It is carrying on by subscription, and ||

as on the success of the aid must depend the progress of the work, it is expected that the admirers of the late reign will hasten to accelerate the erection of a monument, calculated to record the glories of a monarch whose memory must ever live in the hearts of British subjects. Already have the first personages in the country come forward to support Mr. Wyatt's design.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Select Pieces from Himmel's favourite Opera of FANCHON, arranged as Duets for two Performers on the Piano-forte, by V. Novello, Organist to the Portuguese Embassy. Books I. and II. Pr. 5s. each.—(Chappell and Co. Bond-street.)

WITH the operette of Fanchon an attempt was made to introduce on the German stage dramatic pieces, similar to the French *vaudevilles*, in which the action is copiously assisted, or perhaps rather interrupted, by numerous little songs, of a quaint, witty, or sentimental character. Although Himmel lent his great talent to the undertaking, and produced a number of the most fascinating melodies, the success did not correspond with the expectations that had been formed. The music was, and is to this day, heard with rapture; but the *vaudeville* was found to be a plant which would thrive on the light soil of France alone.

The shortness of the pieces in Fauchon, their beautiful melody, and masterly treatment, render them eminently susceptible of the

form which Mr. Novello has taken the pains of giving them; and his good taste, united to his matured skill as a harmonist, has succeeded in producing a work of great value to the musical amateur, and which has the additional advantage of falling within the reach of the majority of piano-forte players.

"Oh! hasten on, thou lovely spring"
(the Words from Clare's Address to Spring), set to Music by J. F. Danneley. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)

Among the few gratifications which counterbalance the critic's vexations, we number the pleasure that is felt in watching the gradual advance towards perfection of an author, whose first productions, amidst all their defects, held out, in ambush as it were, unequivocal signs of great promise. These signs, discovered in Mr. D.'s early essays, we held it to be our duty to proclaim some years ago; and we have since had the satisfaction of finding our opinion confirmed by successive evidence of uninterrupted improvement.

The above song, in our judgment,

not only claims the highest rank of all Mr. D.'s compositions, but deserves altogether a conspicuous place among our vocal productions of the present day. Its rhythmical construction is throughout in good keeping; the motivo is elegant, indeed the whole air is replete with good melody—fresh as the subject on which it dwells—and the harmonic treatment is effective and well diversified.

In the first line, p. 3, the harmony might have been devised with greater smoothness, and a slight change at "Then come! and while my heart," &c. would have produced the effect of the sign of exclamation: whereas the melody, as it stands, blends the whole line into one continuous phrase.

"*Le Carnaval de Venise*," a favourite Venetian Air, arranged for the Piano-forte, and dedicated to Miss Susannah Sykes, by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)

An andante, in F $\frac{4}{4}$, forms the introduction to an allegretto, in the same key, founded on the above well-known melody. In the treatment of this air, and the superadded digressive matter, Mr. K. has shewn the tasteful facility which characterizes his pen. The latter half, however, is decidedly the best portion; the sixth and seventh pages in particular demand our unqualified approbation.

"*The Blackbird*," a favourite Air, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte, and dedicated to Miss Spence, by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)

The introduction to this rondo cannot fail to ingratiate itself by the graceful simplicity of its subject. The rondo is constructed on

a French air of universal popularity at Paris, which seems to be known here under the above title. The gaiety and prettiness of this subject would of itself infuse some interest into almost any composition of which it forms the basis, and Mr. B. will have experienced the less difficulty in arranging and diversifying the materials into a whole, which, with no great effort of executive proficiency, is calculated to shew the performer's progress to advantage, and cannot fail to win his partiality.

A Series of Hibernian Airs arranged for the Piano-forte by J. F. Burrowes. No. I. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)

The success of Mr. B.'s "Caledonian Airs," the greater part of which has been noticed in former Numbers of our Miscellany, appears to have encouraged him to put the national melodies of the sister kingdom in requisition towards a similar undertaking. The task could not be in better hands. This opinion we are warranted in entertaining, not only from our experience of Mr. B.'s talents and tasteful facility of invention, but also from the earnest furnished by the first number before us, which is founded upon the air of "Planxty Connor." The treatment is *en rondo*; and without entering into any analysis of the successive constituent parts, we can assure our readers, that the opportunities held out by the attractive subject, have been made use of in such a way as to produce a rondo of great interest and elegance, accessible to the majority of performers.

Rossini's Cavatina "*Di piacer mi balza il cuor*," arranged as a Duet

for two Performers on the Piano-forte, and respectfully dedicated to Miss and Miss C. Delauney, by C. T. Sykes. Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)

This is the fine air in the *Gazza Ladra*, with which Madame Cam-porese has so often enraptured the frequenters of the King's Theatre. The motivos, both of the slower and quick movements, breathe the fervid but pure joy expressed by the text; and the abundant graces and decorative amplifications, tastefully as they have been devised by Rossini, add to the beauty of the themes, as elegance in ornament enhances female charms. Mr. Sykes has added little of his own, and in this we see his judgment; for the composer's figures of embellishments so completely fill every space betwixt the essentials of the melody, that no room is left for adding much to any purpose. Here, therefore, we possess the air in its complete form, with all its harmony, arranged in a very effective manner, and perfectly easy of execution; indeed, the Second might soon be mastered by almost a beginner.

Fantasia for the Harp on Henry R. Bishop's "Bid me discourse," dedicated to Miss Lascelles Ironmonger, by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)

The above air is preceded by an allegro of conspicuous merit and good harmonic construction, replete with clever contrapuntal touches and classic modulations. Mr. Bishop's fine air, in Mr. Bochsa's powerful hands, could not but yield wherewith to satisfy the amateurs of the higher order. It appears to us as if in this instance

Mr. B. had more than usually adhered to the solid old style of writing. There is much counterpointing, and various detached portions in the fugue manner call upon the performer to observe the context with unrelaxed attention. Some of the passages are rather of a common description; while others, such as those above adverted to, and the modulations, and the part in E b, p. 10, evince originality blended with a classic taste.

A favourite Rondo scherzando, for the Piano-forte, composed, and respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Matthew, by J. C. Nightingale, Organist to the Foundling Hospital. Pr. 2s.—(Clementi and Co.)

A good slow movement, in the manner of a march, precedes the rondo, the motivo of which is in the style of a hornpipe, not very original, and rather too much in the higher keys, but lively and agreeable. In the fourth page we observe an interesting line or two in G minor, leading to the motivo in the tonic E b, from which there is a good transition to the key, followed by some modulations of a very select cast. The whole composition is written with propriety.

A Grand March for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Grandin, by Miss Copeland, of the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane.—(Fitzwilliam and Co. New-street, Covent-Garden.)

Viewing this march as probably a first essay on the part of a fair amateur—a clever and meritorious actress to boot—our wish is rather to encourage than to depress. The composition has its imperfections, without exhibiting gross faults; but it is, as a whole, creditable to

Miss C.'s taste and industry; and it warrants us in recommending a continuance of the pursuit in moments of leisure from her active and zealous professional avocations. Here we might conclude; but our regard for the author whispers, that we have not done enough unless we indicate where, in the present case, improvements might have been possible. This we shall briefly endeavour to do, confident, as we feel, that our motives will not be misunderstood.

The whole piece has, throughout, the merit of good rhythmical keeping; i.e. all its parts square well, and are in proper symmetry. This shews a spirit of order often looked for in vain in works of greater pretension. The theme of the march is not very original, and its bass is rather too plain. Bar 9 being the commencement of a new part, would have been better with the fundamental chord E \flat 7, than an inversion of the same. B. 10, 11, 12, exhibit very proper responsive passages between the bass and treble. The trio (from b. 17) is pretty, and the whole of this page evinces good taste. 18 might have exhibited a slight variety from 17—19 ought to have had for accompaniment A, 6; B, 7, instead of D \sharp , 5, 6; B 7*, the former chord being here out of place: the same observation applies to corresponding bars, such as 23, 31, &c.—B. 20, the chromatic descent should have proceeded by flats, not sharps; b. 24, the chromatic descent is not in proper connection with the phrase to which it is meant to serve as a leader. From 25 on-

* The key being four flats, these are to be understood here.

wards, the semiquaver passages are very fluent and well devised. With bar 49, a new part in F minor commences, which is quite in its place; but, in consequence of that commencement, it would have been well to strike the tonic F (with pedal, if thought proper), instead of its inversion: the semiquaver passage, b. 55, preparing the cadence, is uncouth and faulty.

We have already stated our object in entering upon this brief analysis: it is, of course, strictly impartial, and although we deemed it right to advert to the above imperfections, we can freely say, Miss C.'s essay has, upon the whole, afforded us considerable satisfaction.

"*The Parliament-Man, or Hear! Hear!! Hear!!!*" a celebrated comic Song, sung by Mr. Harley at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, in the comic Opera, "*The Veteran*," written by E. Knight, Esq. composed and arranged for the Piano-forte by E. Knight, junior. Pr. 1s. 6d.--(Fitzwilliam and Co.)

As songs of this description have their admirers, we may be justified in giving "*The Parliament-Man*" this brief notice. Their musical merit is scarcely an object of consideration, nor, frequently, is it the value of the poetry; it is the prose declamation, or what the green-room terms "patter," which gives the zest to the whole. Of this ingredient Mr. Knight senior has given a proper quantum, to fit in between the tune of Mr. K. jun. a young gentleman whose musical attainments reflect credit both on his instructor, Mr. T. Cooke, and on the pupil's zealous study of the art. We have more than once lis-

toned to him with pleasure at the head-quarters of humour, where his steady and immoveably grave countenance serves as a foil to the waggeries of the British archmimic.

Companion Glee's, Duets, &c. arrang-

ed on the same Succession of Harmonies as the easy Lessons in Mr. Logier's Companion to the Chiroplast, so as to be sung, if required, in concert with those Lessons and their Sequels, or alone; for which is added, a separate Piano forte Accompaniment: the Poetry selected from works which are familiar to most young People: composed by J. Green. Pr. 2s. 6d.— (J. Green, Soho-square.)

As the object of this publication is fully stated in its ample title, we content ourselves with expressing our approbation of the plan which Mr. G. is pursuing in his course of vocal instruction, a plan of which we took occasion to speak in our critique of his edition of Massimino's treatise. We make no doubt that the system of collective tuition will be found highly effective in the vocal department, if it be judiciously blended with individual instruction.

Although the book before us is written in reference to Mr. Logier's publication, it may be used by itself. The simplicity of the melodies is a feature of recommendation, and progressive varieties in the parts of support are judiciously resorted to. Here and there, however, the harmony is not in its most apt form. The texts are selected with a due attention to poetical merit and moral sentiment.

An entire new Guide to the Theory of Music, intended to facilitate the Study by playing a great va-

riety of easy and very amusing Games with Musical Characters, arranged progressively, by R. M. Blagrove. Pr. 15s.; non-subscribers, 18s. — (Blagrove, 52, Berwick-street.)

This is a species of musical cribbage, played with pegs upon two key-boards, with the assistance of an assortment of musical characters arranged in two boxes, one for each player. The invention is ingenious, and certainly useful in the first stage of instruction; its object being, as the author states, "to render instruction easy, amusing, and lasting in the memory, by playing a great variety of games, entirely new and purely innocent, which embrace a very minute calculation of time, every degree and quality of the notes forming the ascending and descending scales, major and minor, with appropriate signatures, in a great variety of keys. The principal points of each game are points of knowledge, as they refer to the common chord of every note major or minor, and a game cannot be lost without making a mistake."

It appears from the book of instruction, that the games are limited to the exemplification of the value of notes and rests, and of the major and minor scales, in the treble cleff, the bass cleff being, to our surprise, not adverted to. But as the plan is susceptible of great extension, we presume it to be Mr. B.'s intention to enlarge upon it, more particularly as a further book of instruction is stated to be in preparation. It certainly would not be difficult to convey the rudiments of harmony upon similar principles.





Considering the varying degrees of sagacity, and the age of the parties for whom these games are designed, it appears to us, that the directions for playing them are not sufficiently perspicuous to be universally understood: an additional page of letter-press, by way of more precise and minute elucidation, might easily be appended, and would, in our opinion, benefit the sale of the work.

"*Wandle's wace*," a new Ballad, introduced, and sung by Mr. Pyne, in the Opera of *Inkle and Yarico*, at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden; composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by R. W. Evans. Pr. 2s.

"*Beneath a weeping willow's shade*," a Ballad, written by W. Bygrave,

Esq. sung by Mr. Nelson at the Nobility's Concerts, composed by R. W. Evans. Pr. 1s. 6d. (Evans, Cheapside.)

Neither of these ballads presents any striking melodic or harmonic feature, which could materially distinguish them from the abundant stock of compositions of this description. They proceed regularly and not unpleasantly through the track which many composers seem to consider as almost prescriptive. We could wish a less frequented path might occasionally be selected for ballad music, especially with regard to the motives, most of which bear a family likeness to each other. The last of these ballads is liable to an objection or two as to the harmonic arrangement.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 35.—COURT DRESS.

THE gown is composed of a new and very beautiful white transparent material: it is worn over a white satin slip, and is finished at the bottom of the skirt by a trimming which may be styled a net-work of puffs; they are composed of *tulle*, crossed with pink gimp, and divided by moss rose-buds. The trimming consists of three rows: the effect is very striking. The *corsage* is cut low; it is rounded at the bust, which is shaded by a blond tucker: the lower part of the bust is ornamented with pink satin *cheviornels*, edged with blond. Short full sleeve, decorated with blond and rose-buds to correspond. The train is com-

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posed of pink watered lutestring, trimmed round with a *bouillonné* of *tulle*, which is divided into small compartments by moss rose-buds. The front hair is arranged in light loose curls at each side, so as to leave the forehead a good deal exposed. Head-dress, diamonds, and a profusion of white uncurled ostrich feathers. Necklace and earrings, diamonds. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

PLATE 36.—EVENING DRESS.

A round gown, composed of *buf crêpe lisse*: the skirt is ornamented with a trimming of the same material, intermixed with leaves formed of blue satin and *gras de Naples*,

disposed in two rows of stars, irregularly placed. Beneath this trimming is another, composed of bands of the same material, with satin *crêves* let in. The *corsage* is tight to the shape; the waist is rather more than the usual length, and the bust is cut low: it is rounded in front, and ornamented at top with a wreath embroidered in blue silk. Short sleeve, formed in the Spanish style, with full puffs and spaces between, embroidered in blue to cor-

respond with the *corsage*. The hind hair is brought rather high, and arranged in full bows. The front hair is a good deal divided, and dressed low at the sides. Head-dress, a bouquet of wild flowers. Necklace and ear-rings, pearl. Blue kid shoes, and white kid gloves.

We are indebted for this dress to Miss Pierpoint, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, of No. 12, Edward-street, Portman-square.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, May 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

WHITE and coloured muslins are at present very much the rage in promenade dress, but silk is by no means exploded; on the contrary, we still see several round dresses and a few *rédingotes*: the latter are trimmed up the front and round the bottom with bands of satin, disposed *à la militaire*; the trimming of the front is progressively narrower as it approaches the waist, and the bands form knots in the middle and brandenbourgs at the ends. The front of the bust is covered with these bands, disposed in the same style as a hussar's jacket. The bands at the bottom of the skirt are disposed in three rows of waves, each wave being finished by a knot. Waists are worn longer than when I wrote last, but the ends of the sleeves do not fall so much over the hand. The fronts of spencers have now a small stomacher formed by buttons and cord: I have seen a few trimmed in this manner with gold or silver cord and buttons, with a row of buttons to correspond, placed at some dis-

tance from each other, round the bottom of the epaulette. The effect is very striking; but at present silk to correspond with the colour of the dress is more general. *Ruches*, though they have been so long worn, are still the most fashionable trimming for round dresses. *Pelerines* are very fashionable with silk dresses; they always correspond both in colour and trimming, and, like the dresses, they fasten behind.

Coloured muslins are now very much worn; the ground is white, but chequered: the pattern consists of rows of festoons disposed contrarywise, and so thickly placed, that very little of the ground is visible. Cherry and rose colours, azure, lilac, and various shades of yellow, are the colours most fashionable for these dresses; but I must observe to you, that there never is more than one colour in the gown: they are trimmed with the same material; the trimming consists of flounces, which are placed three together, and in three rows, or else *languettes* or *houllonné*.

Lace pelerines, with long ends,

are now much in favour; they are fashionable both in black and white lace, but the former is predominant.

There are two shapes very fashionable for bonnets: the one is close, of a moderate size, and something in the cottage form; the brim of the other is shallow, but very wide across the forehead, and a little bent. Gauze *chapeaux* are at present the most numerous; they are always ornamented with flowers, which also are frequently composed of gauze. I have seen within the last few days a good many hats composed of a new material, which is much in favour: it is called *gaze capillaire*, and is figured in a thick running pattern. Although all the flowers of the season are in favour, roses predominate: they are principally worn in bunches, sometimes of the natural colour, but oftener of blue or yellow. Fruits are very fashionable on the *chapeaux* of *bois blanc*, and marabouts, intermixed with tresses of straw, are worn on Leghorn hats.

Beside gauze hats, those of *crêpe lisse*, satin, *gros de Naples*, and *bois blanc*, are all fashionable. The edges of the brims are trimmed with folds or draperies of gauze or crape; the draperies are partially intermixed with flowers. The crowns are in some instances ornamented with gauze puffs; the spaces between are filled with flowers. Sometimes a knot of gauze is placed in the very middle of the crown, and a bouquet of flowers on each side; in other instances there are three shells of gauze, with a knot of satin or a flower between.

White, lilac, and straw colour are favourite hues for *chapeaux*:

there is also a very pretty shade of pink, which is called *cendre de roses*. The trimming for hats of this last hue is in general *bleu Eclodé* or *brun solitaire*; that is, in plain English, sky-blue or chesnut brown: they take their present appellations from M. D'Arlincourt's novel, *Le Solitaire*.

A fashionable dishabille for the bath, or a walk to the *quai aux Fleurs*, is composed of plaid cambric; the colours are striking, and the pattern large. This undress is in the form of a *rédingote*. Ladies who dislike this glaring costume, wear a *rédingote* of cambric muslin, which is trimmed up the front and round the bottom with muslin tucks; they are pretty deep, and are divided on the bust so as to leave a little stomacher in the middle. A *capote* of straw-coloured silk or unbleached cambric is very generally adopted with these dishabilles.

Dinner dress is now a good deal made in muslin. A robe called a *blouse* is much in favour; it is made something in the style of a waggoner's frock, but it has less fullness, and is more advantageous to the shape. Very young ladies wear a dress of the same name, which exactly resembles our waggoner's frock: they are usually made in white cambric.

A new sort of crape begins to be in favour for dress gowns; it resembles that of China, but is more soft and brilliant. White gauze robes, with a deep embroidery in *chenille*, are also much in favour. Sleeves are worn extremely short in full dress, and the glove never comes beyond the elbow. Gowns are cut very low round the bust, but a blond tucker or a gauze dra-

pery, which stands up, prevents the neck from appearing too bare.

Flowers, which are mixed sometimes with gold or silver ears of corn, form the favourite *coiffure* in full dress. Married *belles* have the hind hair arranged high on the crown of the head, and in very full curls on the temples. I should observe, that in order to make these curls appear more full, they are lightly frizzed. The tresses of the

youthful beauty are less displayed, and are ornamented only with a simple wreath or bouquet of flowers, without any mixture of silver or gold.

White, pink, and blue are the colours most fashionable in full dress, but the two last are much less worn than the first. Adieu, *ma chère amie!* Always your

EUDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN has nearly ready for publication, a useful assistant to the attainment of some of the rudiments of astronomical science in the *Astro-Chronometer*, or *Planisphere of the most important Northern Constellations*, by a comparison of which with the heavens, their names and situations may be easily learned in a single clear night: accompanied with a description of this instrument; directions for ascertaining the time by means of it; instructions how to determine the points of the compass by the pole star, and an indication of the various useful purposes to which the *Astro-Chronometer*, in conjunction with a knowledge of the principal stars, may be applied in common life.

The fifth volume of the fourth division of *The World in Miniature*, containing the manners, customs, &c. of the people of *Hindoostan*, will be published on the 1st of June. Another volume will complete this division, which is embellished with upwards of one hundred coloured engravings.

The author of the "British Bo-

tanist" is preparing for publication, a work, entitled *Hortus Anglicus*, or the Modern English Garden; containing an easy description of all the plants which are cultivated in the climate of Great Britain, either for use or ornament, and of a selection from the established favourites of the store and green house, arranged according to the system of Linneus: in two vols. 12mo.

Mr. Henry Matthews has issued a plan for a Dictionary to enable persons to translate languages without study or any previous acquaintance with them. This dictionary, by which, says the projector, it will be only pastime for children to translate English works into the languages of India and China, and their works into our own, he purposes to complete in English in three volumes.

In a few days will be published, the first part, being Oatlands in Surry, of an entire new work of *British Park-Scenery*, dedicated by permission to the King. The engravings are in the first style of execution in line, by John, Letitia, and Elizabeth Byrne, from draw-

ings by W. Daniell, R. A. with appropriate descriptions by Mr. Brayley. The peculiar character of the British park, and the highly cultivated beauty of its scenery, are excellent themes for the pencil of the artist, and interesting to the amateur of landscape and of rural nature. The mansion and architectural embellishments of the grounds are introduced as essential to the value of the work.

Dr. Meyrick has been many years engaged in collecting the scattered notices to be found in our old poets, chronicles, wills, deeds, and inventories of ancient armour, to which he has now given an historic form. The result will appear in the most splendid style, in three volumes imperial 4to. and contain above one hundred specimens of ancient armour.

The Book of Fate, formerly in the possession of Napoleon Buonaparte, and found in his cabinet after the battle of Leipsic, is now translated from the German, and will be published in the course of this month.

The Modern Art of Fencing, by the Sieur Guzman Rolando, care-

fully revised by Mr. J. S. Forsyth, is in the press.

In the press, in one vol. 8vo. *Love*, a poem, in three parts. To which is added, *The Giaour*, a satirical poem.

An Abridgment of the Prophecies as connected with profane history, both ancient and modern, in question and answer, selected from the best authors by Ann Smith, will speedily be published in a duodecimo volume.

Julian the Apostate, a dramatic poem, by Sir Aubrey de Vere Hunt, Bart. is in the press.

Mr. Turner, R. A. has rebuilt and newly arranged his private Gallery, which is now decorated with his own works, and open to the public inspection. The style and execution of this artist are too well known to the lovers of the fine arts to require any commentary from us. We have often admired his pictures, and some of the best of them can be now seen at his gallery, to which we recommend the attention of those who are lovers of the most picturesque scenery in nature.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of interesting Extracts from new popular Publications. .

(The two following Extracts are from an interesting volume, entitled *Napoleon and other Poems*, by BENJAMIN BARTON.)

THE RURAL VILLAGE.

Come, take thy stand upon this gentle ridge,
Which overlooks yon sweet secluded vale:

Before us is a rude and rustic bridge,
A simple plank; and by its side a rail
On either hand, to guide the footsteps frail
Of first or second childhood; while below
The murmuring brooklet tells its babbling tale,

Like a sweet under-song, which, in its flow,
It chanteth to the flowers that on its margin grow:

For many a flow'ret blossoms there to bless
The gentle loveliness whose charms imbue
Its border;—strawberry of the wilderness;
The star-like daisy; violet brightly blue;
Pale primrose, in whose cup the pearly dew
Glistens till noontide's languid listless hour;

And last of all, and sweetest to the view,
The lily of the vale, whose virgin flower
Trembles at every breeze within its leafy bowers.

Now glance thine eye along the streamlet's
banks:

Up through yon quiet valley; thou wilt
trace

Above, the giant mountains in their ranks,

Of hold and varied outline; little space

Below their summits, far above their base,

Umbrageous woods; and, last of all, thine
eye

Will rest on many an humble dwelling-place

Of happy human beings; and descry

The lowly temple where they worship the

Most High.

How quietly it stands within the bound

Of its low wall of grey and mossy stone!

And like a shepherd's peaceful flock around

Its guardian gather'd—graves, or tomb-
stones strown,

Make *their* last narrow resting-places known,

Who, living, lov'd it as a holy spot;

And, dying, made their deep attachment
shewn

By wishing here to sleep when life was not,
That so their turf, or stone, might keep them
unforgot!

It is a bright and balmy afternoon,

Approaching unto eventide; and all

Is still, except that streamlet's placid tune,

Or hum of bees, or lone wood-pigeon's
call,

Buried amid embow'ring forest tall,

Which feathers, half way up, each hill's
steep side:

Dost thou not feel such landscape's soothing
thrall,

And wish, if not within its bowers t'abide,
At least to explore its haunts, and know what
joys they hide?

Nor need'st thou wish a truer luxury,

Than in its depths delighted thou might'st
share:

I will not say that nought of agony,

Blest as it is, at times may harbour there,
For man is born to suffer and to bear:—

But could I go with thee from cot to cot,

And shew thee how this valley's inmates fare,

Thou might'st confess, to live in such a
spot,

And die there in old age, were no unlovely
lot.

THE POET.

Turn me to the silent cell

Of him who feels that hidden spell

Which binds the Muses' train.

Look in that room, if it may be
So term'd, where little room we see;

And mark the medley there:

With scraps of paper, scribbled o'er,

Strew'd are the table, desk, and floor,

And one else vacant chair.

Its master in the other sits;

Ransacks his memory, racks his wits,

For simile, or rhyme;

Now writes a line, now rubs it out;

Now o'er another hangs in doubt;

Nor heeds nor thinks of time.

Turn'st thou from such a scene with scorn,

Reader! or does such lot forlorn

Thy sympathy awake?

The former he would scarcely heed;

The latter might too fondly feed

A flame 'twere wise to slake.

'Tis past the noon of night, and yet

He seems, while writing, to forget

The silent lapse of hours;

And that a tenement of clay,

Proned to derangement and decay,

Contains his mental powers.

But he is happy, *for the time*,

Thus bodying forth in simple rhyme

Feelings and thoughts, which seem

To bring before his spirit's eye

Scenes, objects, persons, long gone by,

Each, in its turn, his theme.

Not "cribb'd in, cabin'd, and confin'd"

By that small closet's bounds, his mind,

In winter's long dark night,

Unfolds its wings; and fancy flies

Where landscapes, under summer skies,

Bask in its sunshine bright.

Perhaps some haunt, to boyhood dear,

Unvisited for many a year,

In fancy he surveys;

Or, dearer still, he seems to greet

Those whom in thought 'tis joy to meet,

The friends of former days.

He holds delightful converse, too,

With some whom he no more may view,

The lov'd, the long-since dead;

Yet such exist to him, thus brought

Before the vision of his thought,

Though they from earth are fled.

What is to him, in such an hour,

The frown which may hereafter lower

Upon a critic's brow?

It *then* may mortify his pride,

Or be with keener pangs supplied;

But it is harmless now.

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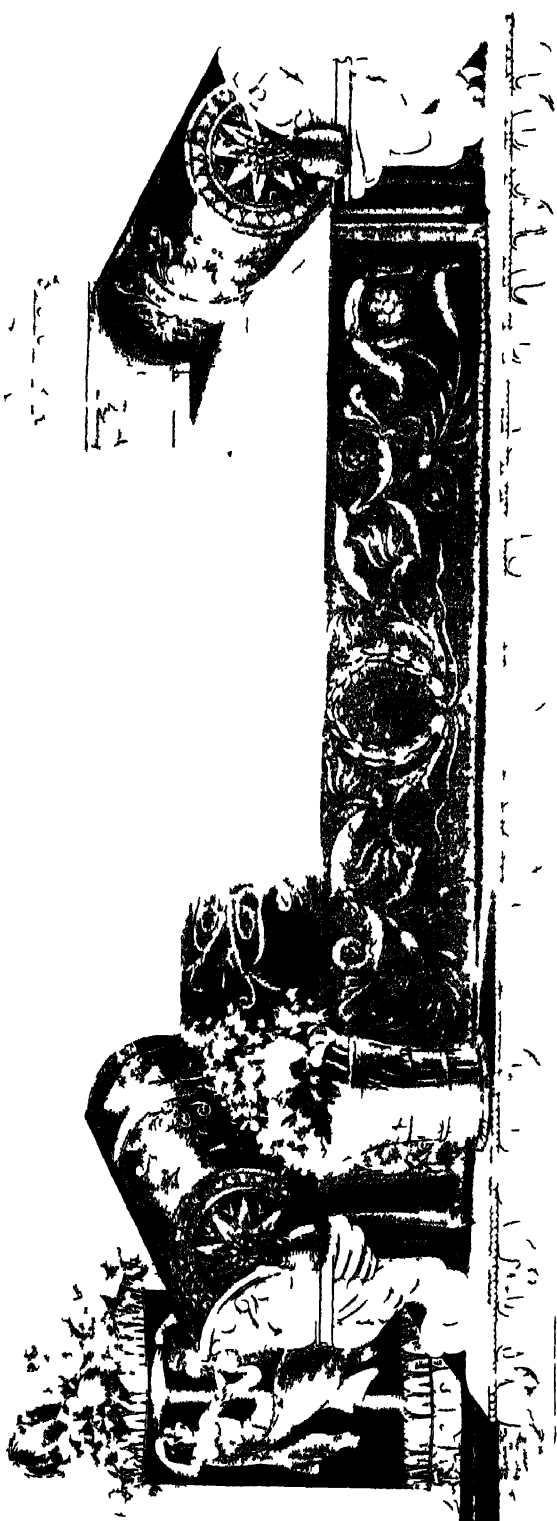
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ing down each side of the front, with satin leaves placed in the space between. These robes always fasten behind, the waists are as long, and the long sleeves as tight, as ever.

Below l'épingle, a new kind of spotted silk of the Lyons manufacture, and *gros d'été*, which, in fact, is but another name for lutestring, are the silks at present most in favour.

Bonnets are of rice-straw, cotton straw, gauze, crape, and satin; and what is very unusual at this time of year, we see also a good many in Leghorn. *chapeaux* of this last material are trimmed with broad gauze ribbon, disposed in a large knot at one side of the crown, and tied in a full bow under the chin. Crape bonnets are decorated with tresses of straw, interspersed with two or three pine-apples in open-work of straw: the stalk and the leaves are coloured green; the fruit is straw colour. Gauze bonnets, generally speaking, have the material laid full both on the crown and brim, and the fulness is confined by bands of gauze ribbon. Some of these ribbons are of a beautiful description, particularly one which is flowered with down in different colours. Garlands of flowers are generally used to trim bonnets of rice-straw: lilacs mixed with gold buttons are in great favour, as are also roses, mignonette, and jessamine. The brims of those bonnets that are not transparent are generally lined with a corresponding colour, except when the *chapeau* is

the colour of *œil de mouche*, a new and very favourite hue, warts of which are generally lined and trimmed with roses. The trimming consists of rosettes of broad rose-coloured ribbon, with a tress of straw in each rosette. A satin cord is the only ornament used for the edge of the brim of rice or cotton straw bonnets: those in crape or silk have a double row of satin shells at the edge of the crown.

Coloured *barège* still continues the favourite material for half-dress gowns; striped *barège* is more fashionable than that of a diamond pattern. Dinner gowns are mostly made high. The *blouse* is coming once more into favour, but there is some alteration in the form. The body is no longer made loose, but plaited, the bottom of the skirt is trimmed as formerly with tucks, but they are not so numerous, and are much deeper. Besides the *corsage en blouse*, there are three others also in favour, all which fasten behind. One crosses in front and behind; another is much ornamented in the centre of the bust, and the third is draped *à la Sevigné* from the shoulder to the *ceinture*. The eye-glass always used in public by dashing is now worn enormously large: it is set either in gold or steel.

Fashionable colours are, *œil de mouche*, lilac, azure, citron, mignonette, rose, and bright green. Adieu, *ma chère amie*! Always your

EUPHROSINE

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

A FURNITURE AND DECORATION.

THE annexed designs are from Parisian models of the respective pieces of furniture, the chief of which are to be seen in the middle of the drawing-room, and about it every

kind of decorative article is placed. Here also the *tablette*, the *table de marbre*, and the candelabra, find places, and are interspersed with ottoman-like seats.

The *faineante* is usually elevated on a platform, as here represented, covered with cloth, the same colour as the silk, satin, or velvet, of which the article itself is composed. This is usually in two colours of the same kind, as dark blue for the ground, and a lighter one for the pattern, and so of any other colour: but in large and splendid apartments, the scroll foliages are frequently embroidered in gold, or of colours that richly and decidedly contrast with

the groundwork; and in proportion to the size of the room, so is the magnitude of the *faineante* increased. The frame-work is composed of rose-wood, satin-wood, or ebony; or is carved and richly gilt: the latter is preferred when the covings are much embellished.

This piece of furniture is suited to the manners of the French; it is a substitute for the fire-place with us, as it becomes the rallying point or conversational centre: here the lady of the mansion seats herself, and here receives her friends; they assemble round her, and thus the party is collected into a group, occupying the middle of the apartment.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN is preparing for the press a *Picturesque Tour of the Oberland*, in the canton of Berne in Switzerland. This work will be illustrated by numerous coloured plates, and form in every respect a companion to the *Picturesque Tour of the Simpler*, published about two years since.

In our last Number we announced the speedy appearance of the second volume of a miniature edition of the *Tours of Dr. Sytva*. We have now to add, that the third volume also is preparing, to complete the work, for the convenience of those who may wish to possess it in that form.

The Rev. Richard Warner is preparing for the press, *Illustrations, Historical, Biographical, and Miscellaneous, of the Novels by the Author of Waverley*, which will be published in three parts.

Mr. J. Harrison Curtis has published a new edition of his *Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Ear*, in which he has shewn what may be done in otitis, otic surgery, particularly in nervous deafness, and in cases of deaf and dumb. The

has enriched this edition, for the purpose of giving all possible information, with the observations of the present most celebrated practitioners on the Continent, as Scarpa, Portal, Cuvier, Majendie, Robbi, Deleau, Malatides, Alard, and Itard.

Mr. Henry Phillips, author of the "History of Fruits" and of "Cultivated Vegetables," is engaged upon *Sytva Florifera, the Shrubbery*; containing an historical and botanical account of the flowering shrubs and trees which now ornament the shrubbery, the park, and rural scenes in general.

The long-promised *English Flora* of Sir J. E. Smith, President of the Linnean Society, is in the press. The English botanist will thus be furnished with an original and authentic guide to the study of our native plants in his own language, free from all unnecessary technical terms.

James F. the Ettrick Shepherd, will speedily publish *The Three Perils of Women, Love, Learning, and Jealousy*, in 4 vols.

Dr. Brown of Gloucester has under-

